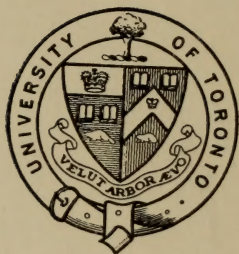
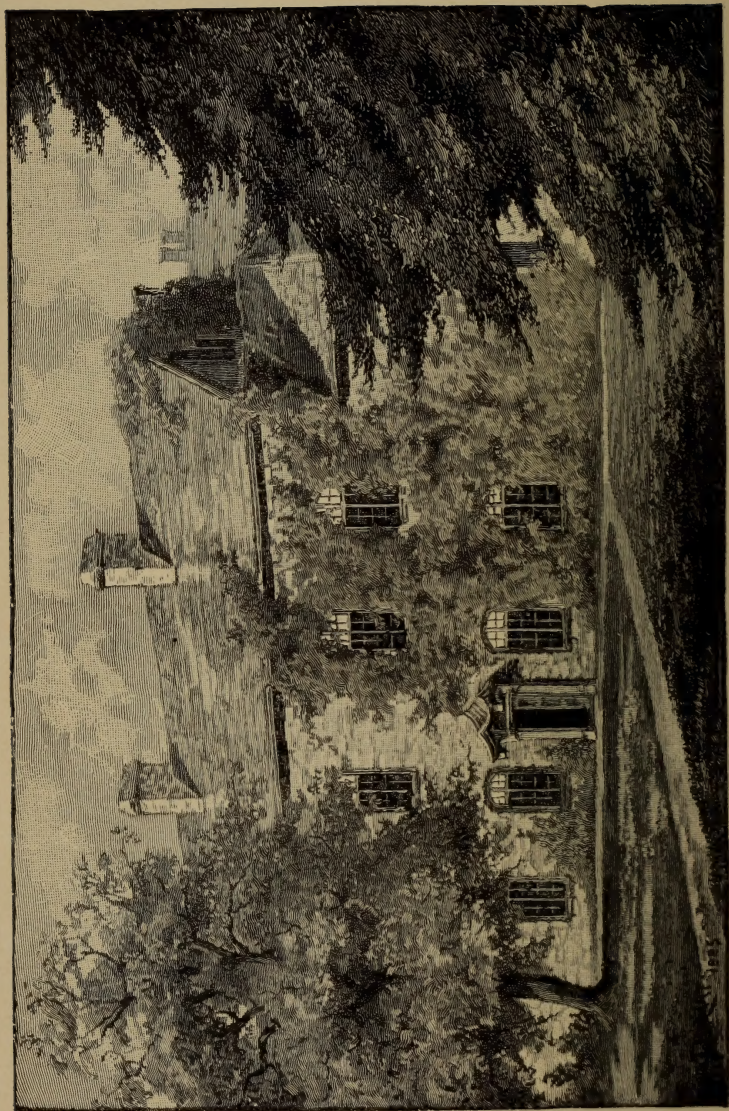


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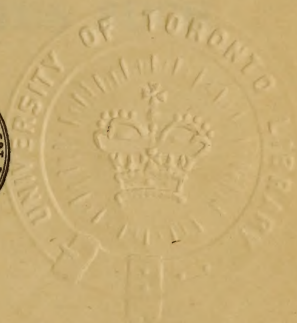
Griff House (where George Eliot passed her girlhood days).—*Frontis.*






IMPRESSIONS OF  
THEOPHRASTUS SUCH

ESSAYS AND POEMS  

By GEORGE ELIOT

Author of "ADAM BEDE," "DANIEL DERONDA,"
"FELIX HOLT," "ROMOLA," "SILAS MARNER,"
"MILL ON THE FLOSS," etc., etc.   



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THEOPHRASTUS SUCH

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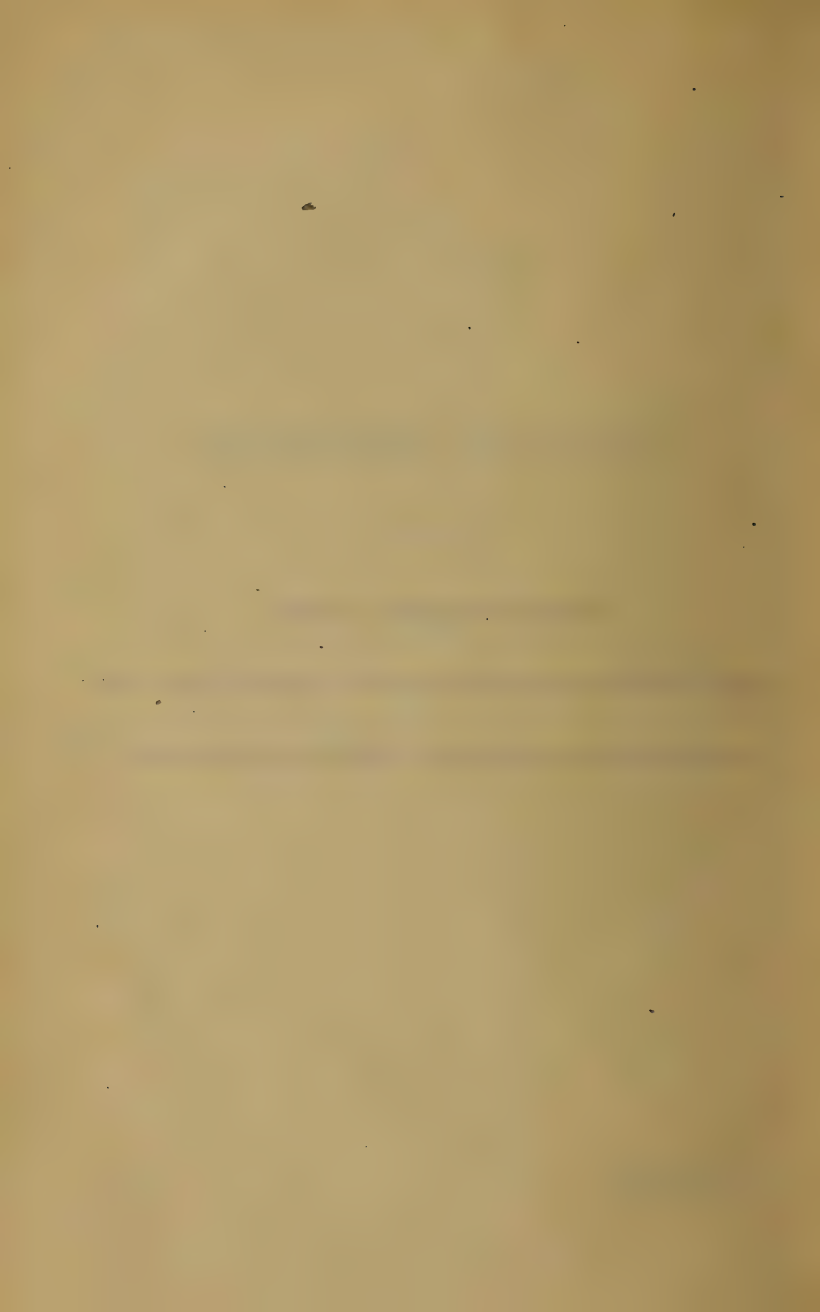
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THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

I.

LOOKING INWARD.

It is my habit to give an account to myself of the characters I meet with: can I give any true account of my own? I am a bachelor, without domestic distractions of any sort, and have all my life been an attentive companion to myself, flattering my nature agreeably on plausible occasions, reviling it rather bitterly when it mortified me, and in general remembering its doings and sufferings with a tenacity which is too apt to raise surprise if not disgust at the careless inaccuracy of my acquaintances, who impute to me opinions I never held, express their desire to convert me to my favorite ideas, forget whether I have ever been to the East, and are capable of being three several times astonished at my never having told them before of my accident in the Alps, causing me the nervous shock which has ever since notably diminished my digestive powers. Surely I ought to know myself better than these indifferent outsiders can know me; nay, better even than my intimate friends, to whom I have never breathed those items of my inward experience which have chiefly shaped my life.

Yet I have often been forced into the reflection that even the acquaintances who are as forgetful of my biography and tenets as they would be if I were a dead philosopher are probably aware of certain points in me which may not be included in my most active suspicion. We sing an exquisite passage out of tune and innocently repeat it for the greater pleasure of our hearers. Who can be aware of what his for-

eign accent is in the ears of a native? And how can a man be conscious of that dull perception which causes him to mistake altogether what will make him agreeable to a particular woman, and to persevere eagerly in a behavior which she is privately recording against him? I have had some confidences from my female friends as to their opinion of other men whom I have observed trying to make themselves amiable, and it has occurred to me that, though I can hardly be so blundering as Lippus and the rest of those mistaken candidates for favor whom I have seen ruining their chance by a too elaborate personal canvass, I must still come under the common fatality of mankind and share the liability to be absurd without knowing that I am absurd. It is in the nature of foolish reasoning to seem good to the foolish reasoner. Hence with all possible study of myself, with all possible effort to escape from the pitiable illusion which makes men laugh, shriek, or curl the lip at Folly's likeness, in total unconsciousness that it resembles themselves, I am obliged to recognize that while there are secrets in me unguessed by others, these others have certain items of knowledge about the extent of my powers and the figure I make with them, which in turn are secrets unguessed by me. When I was a lad I danced a hornpipe with arduous scrupulosity, and while suffering pangs of pallid shyness was yet proud of my superiority as a dancing pupil, imagining for myself a high place in the estimation of beholders; but I can now picture the amusement they had in the incongruity of my solemn face and ridiculous legs. What sort of hornpipe am I dancing now?

Thus if I laugh at you, O fellow-men! if I trace with curious interest your labyrinthine self-delusions, note the inconsistencies in your zealous adhesions, and smile at your helpless endeavors in a rashly chosen part, it is not that I feel myself aloof from you: the more intimately I seem to discern your weaknesses, the stronger to me is the proof that I share them. How otherwise could I get the discernment?—for even what we are averse to, what we vow not to entertain, must have shaped or shadowed itself within us as a possibility before we can think of exorcising it. No man can know his brother simply as a spectator. Dear blunderers, I am one of you. I

wince at the fact, but I am not ignorant of it, that I too am laughable on unsuspected occasions; nay, in the very tempest and whirlwind of my anger, I include myself under my own indignation. If the human race has a bad reputation, I perceive that I cannot escape being compromised. And thus while I carry in myself the key to other men's experience, it is only by observing others that I can so far correct my self-ignorance as to arrive at the certainty that I am liable to commit myself unawares and to manifest some incompetency which I know no more of than the blind man knows of his image in the glass.

Is it then possible to describe one's self at once faithfully and fully? In all autobiography there is, nay, ought to be, an incompleteness which may have the effect of falsity. We are each of us bound to reticence by the piety we owe to those who have been nearest to us and have had a mingled influence over our lives; by the fellow-feeling which should restrain us from turning our volunteered and picked confessions into an act of accusation against others, who have no chance of vindicating themselves; and most of all by that reverence for the higher efforts of our common nature which commands us to bury its lowest fatalities, its invincible remnants of the brute, its most agonizing struggles with temptation, in unbroken silence. But the incompleteness which comes of self-ignorance may be compensated by self-betrayal. A man who is affected to tears in dwelling on the generosity of his own sentiments makes me aware of several things not included under those terms. Who has sinned more against those three dutiful reticences than Jean Jacques? Yet half our impressions of his character come not from what he means to convey, but from what he unconsciously enables us to discern.

This naïve veracity of self-presentation is attainable by the slenderest talent on the most trivial occasions. The least lucid and impressive of orators may be perfectly successful in showing us the weak points of his grammar. Hence I too may be so far like Jean Jacques as to communicate more than I am aware of. I am not indeed writing an autobiography, or pretending to give an unreserved description of myself, but only offering some slight confessions in an apologetic light, to

indicate that if in my absence you dealt as freely with my unconscious weaknesses as I have dealt with the unconscious weaknesses of others, I should not feel myself warranted by common-sense in regarding your freedom of observation as an exceptional case of evil-speaking; or as malignant interpretation of a character which really offers no handle to just objection; or even as an unfair use for your amusement of disadvantages which, since they are mine, should be regarded with more than ordinary tenderness. Let me at least try to feel myself in the ranks with my fellow-men. It is true that I would rather not hear either your well-founded ridicule or your judicious strictures. Though not averse to finding fault with myself, and conscious of deserving lashes, I like to keep the scourge in my own discriminating hand. I never felt myself sufficiently meritorious to like being hated as a proof of my superiority, or so thirsty for improvement as to desire that all my acquaintances should give me their candid opinion of me. I really do not want to learn from my enemies: I prefer having none to learn from. Instead of being glad when men use me despitefully, I wish they would behave better and find a more amiable occupation for their intervals of business. In brief, after a close intimacy with myself for a longer period than I choose to mention, I find within me a permanent longing for approbation, sympathy, and love.

Yet I am a bachelor, and the person I love best has never loved me, or known that I loved her. Though continually in society, and caring about the joys and sorrows of my neighbors, I feel myself, so far as my personal lot is concerned, uncared for and alone. "Your own fault, my dear fellow!" said Minutius Felix, one day that I had incautiously mentioned this uninteresting fact. And he was right—in senses other than he intended. Why should I expect to be admired, and have my company doted on? I have done no services to my country beyond those of every peaceable orderly citizen; and as to intellectual contribution, my only published work was a failure, so that I am spoken of to inquiring beholders as "the author of a book you have probably not seen." (The work was a humorous romance, unique in its kind, and I am told is much tasted in a Cherokee translation, where the jokes

are rendered with all the serious eloquence characteristic of the Red races.) This sort of distinction, as a writer nobody is likely to have read, can hardly counteract an indistinctness in my articulation, which the best-intentioned loudness will not remedy. Then, in some quarters my awkward feet are against me, the length of my upper lip, and an inveterate way I have of walking with my head foremost and my chin projecting. One can become only too well aware of such things by looking in the glass, or in that other mirror held up to nature in the frank opinions of street-boys, or of our Free People travelling by excursion train; and no doubt they account for the half-suppressed smile which I have observed on some fair faces when I have first been presented before them. This direct perceptive judgment is not to be argued against. But I am tempted to remonstrate when the physical points I have mentioned are apparently taken to warrant unfavorable inferences concerning my mental quickness. With all the increasing uncertainty which modern progress has thrown over the relations of mind and body, it seems tolerably clear that wit cannot be seated in the upper lip, and that the balance of the haunches in walking has nothing to do with the subtle discrimination of ideas. Yet strangers evidently do not expect me to make a clever observation, and my good things are as unnoticed as if they were anonymous pictures. I have indeed had the mixed satisfaction of finding that when they were appropriated by some one else they were found remarkable and even brilliant. It is to be borne in mind that I am not rich, have neither stud nor cellar, and no very high connections such as give to a look of imbecility a certain prestige of inheritance through a titled line; just as "the Austrian lip" confers a grandeur of historical associations on a kind of feature which might make us reject an advertising footman. I have now and then done harm to a good cause by speaking for it in public, and have discovered too late that my attitude on the occasion would more suitably have been that of negative beneficence. Is it really to the advantage of an opinion that I should be known to hold it? And as to the force of my arguments, that is a secondary consideration with audiences who have given a new scope to the *ex pede Herculem* principle, and

from awkward feet infer awkward fallacies. Once, when zeal lifted me on my legs, I distinctly heard an enlightened artisan remark, "Here's a rum cut!"—and doubtless he reasoned in the same way as the elegant Glycera when she politely puts on an air of listening to me, but elevates her eyebrows and chills her glance in sign of predetermined neutrality: both have their reasons for judging the quality of my speech beforehand.

This sort of reception to a man of affectionate disposition, who has also the innocent vanity of desiring to be agreeable, has naturally a depressing if not embittering tendency; and in early life I began to seek for some consoling point of view, some warrantable method of softening the hard peas I had to walk on, some comfortable fanaticism which might supply the needed self-satisfaction. At one time I dwelt much on the idea of compensation; trying to believe that I was all the wiser for my bruised vanity, that I had the higher place in the true spiritual scale, and even that a day might come when some visible triumph would place me in the French heaven of having the laughs on my side. But I presently perceived that this was a very odious sort of self-cajolery. Was it in the least true that I was wiser than several of my friends who made an excellent figure, and were perhaps praised a little beyond their merit? Is the ugly unready man in the corner, outside the current of conversation, really likely to have a fairer view of things than the agreeable talker, whose success strikes the unsuccessful as a repulsive example of forwardness and conceit? And as to compensation in future years, would the fact that I myself got it reconcile me to an order of things in which I could see a multitude with as bad a share as mine, who, instead of getting their corresponding compensation, were getting beyond the reach of it in old age? What could be more contemptible than the mood of mind which makes a man measure the justice of divine or human law by the agreeableness of his own shadow and the ample satisfaction of his own desires?

I dropped a form of consolation which seemed to be encouraging me in the persuasion that my discontent was the chief evil in the world, and my benefit the soul of good in that evil.

May there not be at least a partial release from the imprisoning verdict that a man's philosophy is the formula of his personality? In certain branches of science we can ascertain our personal equation, the measure of difference between our own judgments and an average standard: may there not be some corresponding correction of our personal partialities in moral theorizing? If a squint or other ocular defect disturbs my vision, I can get instructed in the fact, be made aware that my condition is abnormal, and either through spectacles or diligent imagination I can learn the average appearance of things: is there no remedy or corrective for that inward squint which consists in a dissatisfied egoism or other want of mental balance? In my conscience I saw that the bias of personal discontent was just as misleading and odious as the bias of self-satisfaction. Whether we look through the rose-colored glass or the indigo, we are equally far from the hues which the healthy human eye beholds in heaven above and earth below. I began to dread ways of consoling which were really a flattering of native illusions, a feeding-up into monstrosity of an inward growth already disproportionate; to get an especial scorn for that scorn of mankind which is a transmuted disappointment of preposterous claims; to watch with peculiar alarm lest what I called my philosophic estimate of the human lot in general should be a mere prose lyric expressing my own pain and consequent bad temper. The standing-ground worth striving after seemed to be some Delectable Mountain, whence I could see things in proportions as little as possible determined by that self-partiality which certainly plays a necessary part in our bodily sustenance, but has a starving effect on the mind.

Thus I finally gave up any attempt to make out that I preferred cutting a bad figure, and that I liked to be despised, because in this way I was getting more virtuous than my successful rivals; and I have long looked with suspicion on all views which are recommended as peculiarly consolatory to wounded vanity or other personal disappointment. The consolations of egoism are simply a change of attitude or a resort to a new kind of diet which soothes and fattens it. Fed in this way it is apt to become a monstrous spiritual pride, or a

chuckling satisfaction that the final balance will not be against us, but against those who now eclipse us. Examining the world in order to find consolation is very much like looking carefully over the pages of a great book in order to find our own name, if not in the text, at least in a laudatory note: whether we find what we want or not, our preoccupation has hindered us from a true knowledge of the contents. But an attention fixed on the main theme or various matter of the book would deliver us from the slavish subjection to our own self-importance. And I had the mighty volume of the world before me. Nay, I had the struggling action of a myriad lives around me, each single life as dear to itself as mine to me. Was there no escape here from this stupidity of a murmuring self-occupation? Clearly enough, if anything hindered my thought from rising to the force of passionately interested contemplation, or my poor pent-up pond of sensitiveness from widening into a beneficent river of sympathy, it was my own dulness; and though I could not make myself the reverse of shallow all at once, I had at least learned where I had better turn my attention.

Something came of this alteration in my point of view, though I admit that the result is of no striking kind. It is unnecessary for me to utter modest denials, since none have assured me that I have a vast intellectual scope, or—what is more surprising, considering I have done so little—that I might, if I chose, surpass any distinguished man whom they wish to depreciate. I have not attained any lofty peak of magnanimity, nor would I trust beforehand in my capability of meeting a severe demand for moral heroism. But that I have at least succeeded in establishing a habit of mind which keeps watch against my self-partiality and promotes a fair consideration of what touches the feelings or the fortunes of my neighbors seems to be proved by the ready confidence with which men and women appeal to my interest in their experience. It is gratifying to one who would above all things avoid the insanity of fancying himself a more momentous or touching object than he really is to find that nobody expects from him the least sign of such mental aberration, and that he is evidently held capable of listening to all kinds of per-

sonal outpouring without the least disposition to become communicative in the same way. This confirmation of the hope that my bearing is not that of the self-flattering lunatic is given me in ample measure. My acquaintances tell me unreservedly of their triumphs and their piques; explain their purposes at length, and reassure me with cheerfulness as to their chances of success; insist on their theories and accept me as a dummy with whom they rehearse their side of future discussions; unwind their coiled-up griefs in relation to their husbands, or recite to me examples of feminine incomprehensibility as typified in their wives; mention frequently the fair applause which their merits have wrung from some persons, and the attacks to which certain oblique motives have stimulated others. At the time when I was less free from superstition about my own power of charming, I occasionally, in the glow of sympathy which embraced me and my confiding friend on the subject of his satisfaction or resentment, was urged to hint at a corresponding experience in my own case; but the signs of a rapidly lowering pulse and spreading nervous depression in my previously vivacious interlocutor warned me that I was acting on that dangerous misreading, "Do as you are done by." Recalling the true version of the golden rule, I could not wish that others should lower my spirits as I was lowering my friend's. After several times obtaining the same result from a like experiment in which all the circumstances were varied except my own personality, I took it as an established inference that these fitful signs of a lingering belief in my own importance were generally felt to be abnormal, and were something short of that sanity which I aimed to secure. Clearness on this point is not without its gratifications, as I have said. While my desire to explain myself in private ears has been quelled, the habit of getting interested in the experience of others has been continually gathering strength, and I am really at the point of finding that this world would be worth living in without any lot of one's own. Is it not possible for me to enjoy the scenery of the earth without saying to myself, I have a cabbage-garden in it? But this sounds like the lunacy of fancying one's self everybody else and being unable to play one's own part de-

cently—another form of the disloyal attempt to be independent of the common lot, and to live without a sharing of pain.

Perhaps I have made self-betrayals enough already to show that I have not arrived at that non-human independence. My conversational reticences about myself turn into garrulousness on paper—as the sea-lion plunges and swims the more energetically because his limbs are of a sort to make him shambling on land. The act of writing, in spite of past experience, brings with it the vague, delightful illusion of an audience nearer to my idiom than the Cherokees, and more numerous than the visionary One for whom many authors have declared themselves willing to go through the pleasing punishment of publication. My illusion is of a more liberal kind, and I imagine a far-off, hazy, multitudinous assemblage, as in a picture of Paradise, making an approving chorus to the sentences and paragraphs of which I myself particularly enjoy the writing. The haze is a necessary condition. If any physiognomy becomes distinct in the foreground, it is fatal. The countenance is sure to be one bent on discountenancing my innocent intentions: it is pale-eyed, incapable of being amused when I am amused or indignant at what makes me indignant; it stares at my presumption, pities my ignorance, or is manifestly preparing to expose the various instances in which I unconsciously disgrace myself. I shudder at this too corporeal auditor, and turn toward another point of the compass where the haze is unbroken. Why should I not indulge this remaining illusion, since I do not take my approving choral paradise as a warrant for setting the press to work again and making some thousand sheets of superior paper unsalable? I leave my manuscripts to a judgment outside my imagination, but I will not ask to hear it, or request my friend to pronounce, before I have been buried decently, what he really thinks of my parts, and to state candidly whether my papers would be most usefully applied in lighting the cheerful domestic fire. It is too probable that he will be exasperated at the trouble I have given him of reading them; but the consequent clearness and vivacity with which he could demonstrate to me that the fault of my manuscripts, as of my one published work, is simply flatness, and not that surpassing subtilty which is the prefer-

able ground of popular neglect—this verdict, however instructively expressed, is a portion of earthly discipline of which I will not beseech my friend to be the instrument. Other persons, I am aware, have not the same cowardly shrinking from a candid opinion of their performances, and are even importunately eager for it; but I have convinced myself in numerous cases that such expositors of their own back to the smiter were of too hopeful a disposition to believe in the scourge, and really trusted in a pleasant anointing, an outpouring of balm without any previous wounds. I am of a less trusting disposition, and will only ask my friend to use his judgment in insuring me against posthumous mistake.

Thus I make myself a charter to write, and keep the pleasing, inspiring illusion of being listened to, though I may sometimes write about myself. What I have already said on this too familiar theme has been meant only as a preface, to show that in noting the weaknesses of my acquaintances I am conscious of my fellowship with them. That a gratified sense of superiority is at the root of barbarous laughter may be at least half the truth. But there is a loving laughter in which the only recognized superiority is that of the ideal self, the God within, holding the mirror and the scourge for our own pettiness as well as our neighbors'.

II.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Most of us who have had decent parents would shrink from wishing that our father and mother had been somebody else whom we never knew; yet it is held no impiety, rather a graceful mark of instruction, for a man to wail that he was not the son of another age and another nation, of which also he knows nothing except through the easy process of an imperfect imagination and a flattering fancy.

But the period thus looked back on with a purely admiring regret, as perfect enough to suit a superior mind, is always a long way off; the desirable contemporaries are hardly nearer than Leonardo da Vinci, most likely they are the fellow-citizens of Pericles, or, best of all, of the Æolic lyrist whose sparse remains suggest a comfortable contrast with our redundancy. No impassioned personage wishes he had been born in the age of Pitt, that his ardent youth might have eaten the dearest bread, dressed itself with the longest coat-tails and the shortest waist, or heard the loudest grumbling at the heaviest war-taxes; and it would be really something original in polished verse if one of our young writers declared he would gladly be turned eighty-five that he might have known the joy and pride of being an Englishman when there were fewer reforms and plenty of highwaymen, fewer discoveries and more faces pitted with the small-pox, when laws were made to keep up the price of corn, and the troublesome Irish were more miserable. Three-quarters of a century ago is not a distance that lends much enchantment to the view. We are familiar with the average men of that period, and are still consciously encumbered with its bad contrivances and mistaken acts. The lords and gentlemen painted by young Lawrence talked and wrote their nonsense in a tongue we thor-

oughly understand; hence their times are not much flattered, not much glorified by the yearnings of that modern sect of Flagellants who make a ritual of lashing—not themselves, but—all their neighbors. To me, however, that paternal time, the time of my father's youth, never seemed prosaic, for it came to my imagination first through his memories, which made a wondrous perspective to my little daily world of discovery. And for my part I can call no age absolutely unpoetic: how should it be so, since there are always children to whom the acorns and the swallow's eggs are a wonder, always those human passions and fatalities through which Garrick as Hamlet in bobwig and knee-breeches moved his audience more than some have since done in velvet tunic and plume? But every age since the golden may be made more or less prosaic by minds that attend only to its vulgar and sordid elements, of which there was always an abundance even in Greece and Italy, the favorite realms of the retrospective optimists. To be quite fair toward the ages, a little ugliness as well as beauty must be allowed to each of them, a little implicit poetry even to those which echoed loudest with servile, pompous, and trivial prose.

Such impartiality is not in vogue at present. If we acknowledge our obligation to the ancients, it is hardly to be done without some flouting of our contemporaries, who with all their faults must be allowed the merit of keeping the world habitable for the refined eulogists of the blameless past. One wonders whether the remarkable originators who first had the notion of digging wells, or of churning for butter, and who were certainly very useful to their own time as well as ours, were left quite free from invidious comparison with predecessors who let the water and the milk alone, or whether some rhetorical nomad, as he stretched himself on the grass with a good appetite for contemporary butter, became loud on the virtue of ancestors who were uncorrupted by the produce of the cow; nay, whether in a high flight of imaginative self-sacrifice (after swallowing the butter) he even wished himself earlier born and already eaten for the sustenance of a generation more naïve than his own.

I have often had the fool's hectic of wishing about the un-

alterable, but with me that useless exercise has turned chiefly on the conception of a different self, and not, as it usually does in literature, on the advantage of having been born in a different age, and more especially in one where life is imagined to have been altogether majestic and graceful. With my present abilities, external proportions, and generally small provision for ecstatic enjoyment, where is the ground for confidence that I should have had a preferable career in such an epoch of society? An age in which every department has its awkward-squad seems in my mind's eye to suit me better. I might have wandered by the Strymon under Philip and Alexander without throwing any new light on method or organizing the sum of human knowledge; on the other hand, I might have objected to Aristotle as too much of a systematizer, and have preferred the freedom of a little self-contradiction as offering more chances of truth. I gather, too, from the undeniable testimony of his disciple Theophrastus that there were bores, ill-bred persons, and detractors even in Athens, of species remarkably corresponding to the English, and not yet made enduring by being classic; and, altogether, with my present fastidious nostril, I feel that I am the better off for possessing Athenian life solely as an inodorous fragment of antiquity. As to Sappho's Mitylene, while I am convinced that the Lesbian capital held some plain men of middle stature and slow conversational powers, the addition of myself to their number, though clad in the majestic folds of the himation and without cravat, would hardly have made a sensation among the accomplished fair ones who were so precise in adjusting their own drapery about their delicate ankles. Whereas by being another sort of person in the present age I might have given it some needful theoretic clew. Or I might have poured forth poetic strains which would have anticipated theory and seemed a voice from

"the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming of things to come."

Or I might have been one of those benignant lovely souls who, without astonishing the public and posterity, make a happy difference in the lives close around them, and in this way lift

the average of earthly joy. In some form or other I might have been so filled from the store of universal existence that I should have been freed from that empty wishing which is like a child's cry to be inside a golden cloud, its imagination being too ignorant to figure the lining of dimness and damp.

On the whole, though there is some rash boasting about enlightenment, and an occasional insistence on an originality which is that of the present year's corn-crop, we seem too much disposed to indulge, and to call by complimentary names, a greater charity for other portions of the human race than for our contemporaries. All reverence and gratitude for the worthy Dead on whose labors we have entered, all care for the future generations whose lot we are preparing; but some affection and fairness for those who are doing the actual work of the world, some attempt to regard them with the same freedom from ill-temper, whether on private or public grounds, as we may hope will be felt by those who will call us ancient! Otherwise, the looking before and after, which is our grand human privilege, is in danger of turning to a sort of other-worldliness, breeding a more illogical indifference or bitterness than was ever bred by the ascetic's contemplation of heaven. Except on the ground of a primitive golden age and continuous degeneracy, I see no rational footing for scorning the whole present population of the globe, unless I scorn every previous generation from whom they have inherited their diseases of mind and body, and by consequence scorn my own scorn, which is equally an inheritance of mixed ideas and feelings concocted for me in the boiling caldron of this universally contemptible life, and so on—scorning to infinity. This may represent some actual states of mind, for it is a narrow prejudice of mathematicians to suppose that ways of thinking are to be driven out of the field by being reduced to an absurdity. The Absurd is taken as an excellent juicy thistle by many constitutions.

Reflections of this sort have gradually determined me not to grumble at the age in which I happen to have been born—a natural tendency certainly older than Hesiod. Many ancient beautiful things are lost, many ugly modern things have arisen; but invert the proposition and it is equally true. I

at least am a modern with some interest in advocating tolerance, and notwithstanding an inborn beguilement which carries my affection and regret continually into an imagined past, I am aware that I must lose all sense of moral proportion unless I keep alive a stronger attachment to what is near, and a power of admiring what I best know and understand. Hence this question of wishing to be rid of one's contemporaries associates itself with my filial feeling, and calls up the thought that I might as justifiably wish that I had had other parents than those whose loving tones are my earliest memory, and whose last parting first taught me the meaning of death. I feel bound to quell such a wish as blasphemy.

Besides there are other reasons why I am contented that my father was a country parson, born much about the same time as Scott and Wordsworth; notwithstanding certain qualms I have felt at the fact that the property on which I am living was saved out of tithe before the period of commutation, and without the provisional transfiguration into a modus. It has sometimes occurred to me when I have been taking a slice of excellent ham that, from a too tenable point of view, I was breakfasting on a small squealing black pig which, more than half a century ago, was the unwilling representative of spiritual advantages not otherwise acknowledged by the grudging farmer or dairyman who parted with him. One enters on a fearful labyrinth in tracing compound interest backward, and such complications of thought have reduced the flavor of the ham; but since I have nevertheless eaten it, the chief effect has been to moderate the severity of my radicalism (which was not part of my paternal inheritance) and to raise the assuaging reflection that if the pig and the parishioner had been intelligent enough to anticipate my historical point of view, they would have seen themselves and the rector in a light that would have made tithe voluntary. Notwithstanding such drawbacks I am rather fond of the mental furniture I got by having a father who was well acquainted with all ranks of his neighbors, and am thankful that he was not one of those aristocratic clergymen who could not have sat down to a meal with any family in the parish except my lord's—still more that he was not an earl or a marquis. A chief misfor-

tune of high birth is that it usually shuts a man out from the large sympathetic knowledge of human experience which comes from contact with various classes on their own level, and in my father's time that entail of social ignorance had not been disturbed as we see it now. To look always from overhead at the crowd of one's fellow-men must be in many ways incapacitating, even with the best will and intelligence. The serious blunders it must lead to in the effort to manage them for their good one may see clearly by the mistaken ways people take of flattering and enticing others whose associations are unlike their own. Hence I have always thought that the most fortunate Britons are those whose experience has given them a practical share in many aspects of the national lot, who have lived long among the mixed commonalty, roughing it with them under difficulties, knowing how their food tastes to them, and getting acquainted with their notions and motives not by inference from traditional types in literature or from philosophical theories, but from daily fellowship and observation. Of course such experience is apt to get antiquated, and my father might find himself much at a loss amongst a mixed rural population of the present day; but he knew very well what could be wisely expected from the miners, the weavers, the field-laborers, and the farmers of his own time—yes, and from the aristocracy, for he had been brought up in close contact with them and had been companion to a young nobleman who was deaf and dumb. "A clergyman, lad," he used to say to me, "should feel in himself a bit of every class"; and this theory had a felicitous agreement with his inclination and practice, which certainly answered in making him beloved by his parishioners. They grumbled at their obligations toward him; but what then? It was natural to grumble at any demand for payment, tithe included, but also natural for a rector to desire his tithe and look well after the levying. A Christian pastor who did not mind about his money was not an ideal prevalent among the rural minds of fat central England, and might have seemed to introduce a dangerous laxity of supposition about Christian laymen who happened to be creditors. My father was none the less beloved because he was understood to be of a saving disposition,

and how could he save without getting his tithe? The sight of him was not unwelcome at any door, and he was remarkable among the clergy of his district for having no lasting feud with rich or poor in his parish. I profited by his popularity, and for months after my mother's death, when I was a little fellow of nine, I was taken care of first at one homestead and then at another; a variety which I enjoyed much more than my stay at the Hall, where there was a tutor. Afterward for several years I was my father's constant companion in his outdoor business, riding by his side on my little pony and listening to the lengthy dialogues he held with Darby or Joan, the one on the road or in the fields, the other outside or inside her door. In my earliest remembrance of him his hair was already gray, for I was his youngest as well as his only surviving child; and it seemed to me that advanced age was appropriate to a father, as indeed in all respects I considered him a parent so much to my honor that the mention of my relationship to him was likely to secure me regard among those to whom I was otherwise a stranger—my father's stories from his life including so many names of distant persons that my imagination placed no limit to his acquaintanceship. He was a pithy talker, and his sermons bore marks of his own composition. It is true, they must have been already old when I began to listen to them, and they were no more than a year's supply, so that they recurred as regularly as the Collects. But though this system has been much ridiculed, I am prepared to defend it as equally sound with that of a liturgy; and even if my researches had shown me that some of my father's yearly sermons had been copied out from the works of elder divines, this would only have been another proof of his good judgment. One may prefer fresh eggs though laid by a fowl of the meanest understanding, but why fresh sermons?

Nor can I be sorry, though myself given to meditative if not active innovation, that my father was a Tory who had not exactly a dislike to innovators and dissenters, but a slight opinion of them as persons of ill-founded self-confidence; whence my young ears gathered many details concerning those who might perhaps have called themselves the more advanced thinkers in our nearest market-town, tending to convince me

that their characters were quite as mixed as those of the thinkers behind them. This circumstance of my rearing has at least delivered me from certain mistakes of classification which I observe in many of my superiors, who have apparently no affectionate memories of a goodness mingled with what they now regard as outworn prejudices. Indeed, my philosophical notions, such as they are, continually carry me back to the time when the fitful gleams of a spring day used to show me my own shadow as that of a small boy on a small pony, riding by the side of a larger cob-mounted shadow over the breezy uplands which we used to dignify with the name of hills, or along by-roads with broad grassy borders and hedgerows reckless of utility, on our way to outlying hamlets, whose groups of inhabitants were as distinctive to my imagination as if they had belonged to different regions of the globe. From these we sometimes rode onward to the adjoining parish, where also my father officiated, for he was a pluralist, but—I hasten to add—on the smallest scale; for his one extra living was a poor vicarage, with hardly fifty parishioners, and its church would have made a very shabby barn, the gray worm-eaten wood of its pews and pulpit, with their doors only half hanging on the hinges, being exactly the color of a lean mouse which I once observed as an interesting member of the scant congregation, and conjectured to be the identical church mouse I had heard referred to as an example of extreme poverty; for I was a precocious boy, and often reasoned after the fashion of my elders, arguing that “Jack and Jill” were real personages in our parish, and that if I could identify “Jack” I should find on him the marks of a broken crown.

Sometimes when I am in a crowded London drawing-room (for I am a town-bird now, acquainted with smoky eaves, and tasting Nature in the parks) quick flights of memory take me back among my father’s parishioners while I am still conscious of elbowing men who wear the same evening uniform as myself; and I presently begin to wonder what varieties of history lie hidden under this monotony of aspect. Some of them, perhaps, belong to families with many quarterings; but how many “quarterings” of diverse contact with their fellow-countrymen enter into their qualifications to be parliamentary

leaders, professors of social science, or journalistic guides of the popular mind? Not that I feel myself a person made competent by experience; on the contrary, I argue that since an observation of different ranks has still left me practically a poor creature, what must be the condition of those who object even to read about the life of other British classes than their own? But of my elbowing neighbors with their crush hats, I usually imagine that the most distinguished among them have probably had a far more instructive journey into manhood than mine. Here, perhaps, is a thought-worn physiognomy, seeming at the present moment to be classed as a mere species of white cravat and swallow-tail, which may once, like Faraday's, have shown itself in curiously dubious embryonic form leaning against a cottage lintel in small corduroys, and hungrily eating a bit of brown bread and bacon; *there* is a pair of eyes, now too much wearied by the gas-light of public assemblies, that once perhaps learned to read their native England through the same alphabet as mine—not within the boundaries of an ancestral park, never even being driven through the country town five miles off, but—among the midland villages and markets, along by the tree-studded hedges, and where the heavy barges seem in the distance to float mysteriously among the rushes and the feathered grass. Our vision, both real and ideal, has since then been filled with far other scenes: among eternal snows and stupendous sun-scorched monuments of departed empires; within the scent of the long orange-groves; and where the temple of Neptune looks out over the siren-haunted sea. But my eyes at least have kept their early affectionate joy in our native landscape, which is one deep root of our national life and language.

And I often smile at my consciousness that certain conservative prepossessions have mingled themselves for me with the influence of our midland scenery, from the tops of the elms down to the buttercups and the little wayside vetches. Naturally enough. That part of my father's prime to which he oftenest referred had fallen on the days when the great wave of political enthusiasm and belief in a speedy regeneration of all things had ebbed, and the supposed millennial initiative of France was turning into a Napoleonic empire, the

sway of an Attila with a mouth speaking proud things in a jargon half revolutionary, half Roman. Men were beginning to shrink timidly from the memory of their own words and from the recognition of the fellowships they had formed ten years before; and even reforming Englishmen for the most part were willing to wait for the perfection of society, if only they could keep their throats perfect and help to drive away the chief enemy of mankind from our coasts. To my father's mind the noisy teachers of revolutionary doctrine were, to speak mildly, a variable mixture of the fool and the scoundrel; the welfare of the nation lay in a strong Government which could maintain order; and I was accustomed to hear him utter the word "Government" in a tone that charged it with awe, and made it part of my effective religion, in contrast with the word "rebel," which seemed to carry the stamp of evil in its syllables, and, lit by the fact that Satan was the first rebel, made an argument dispensing with more detailed inquiry. I gathered that our national troubles in the first two decades of this century were not at all due to the mistakes of our administrators; and that England, with its fine Church and Constitution, would have been exceedingly well off if every British subject had been thankful for what was provided, and had minded his own business—if, for example, numerous Catholics of that period had been aware how very modest they ought to be considering they were Irish. The times, I heard, had often been bad; but I was constantly hearing of "bad times" as a name for actual evenings and mornings when the god-fathers who gave them that name appeared to be remarkably comfortable. Altogether, my father's England seemed to me lovable, laudable, full of good men, and having good rulers, from Mr. Pitt on to the Duke of Wellington, until he was for emancipating the Catholics; and it was so far from prosaic to me that I looked into it for a more exciting romance than such as I could find in my own adventures, which consisted mainly in fancied crises calling for the resolute wielding of domestic swords and firearms against unapparent robbers, rioters, and invaders who, it seemed, in my father's prime had more chance of being real. The morris-dancers had not then dwindled to a ragged and almost vanished rout (owing

the traditional name probably to the historic fancy of our superannuated groom); also the good old king was alive and well, which made all the more difference because I had no notion what he was and did—only understanding in general that if he had been still on the throne he would have hindered everything that wise persons thought undesirable.

Certainly that elder England with its frankly salable boroughs, so cheap compared with the seats obtained under the reformed method, and its boroughs kindly presented by noblemen desirous to encourage gratitude; its prisons with a miscellaneous company of felons and maniacs and without any supply of water; its bloated, idle charities; its non-resident, jovial clergy; its militia-balloting; and, above all, its blank ignorance of what we, its posterity, should be thinking of it,—has great differences from the England of to-day. Yet we discern a strong family likeness. Is there any country which shows at once as much stability and as much susceptibility to change as ours? Our national life is like that scenery which I early learned to love, not subject to great convulsions, but easily showing more or less delicate (sometimes melancholy) effects from minor changes. Hence our midland plains have never lost their familiar expression and conservative spirit for me; yet at every other mile, since I first looked on them, some sign of world-wide change, some new direction of human labor has wrought itself into what one may call the speech of the landscape—in contrast with those grander and vaster regions of the earth which keep an indifferent aspect in the presence of men's toil and devices. What does it signify that a lilliputian train passes over a viaduct amidst the abysses of the Apennines, or that a caravan laden with a nation's offerings creeps across the unresting sameness of the desert, or that a petty cloud of steam sweeps for an instant over the face of an Egyptian colossus immovably submitting to its slow burial beneath the sand? But our woodlands and pastures, our hedge-parted corn-fields and meadows, our bits of high common where we used to plant the windmills, our quiet little rivers here and there fit to turn a mill-wheel, our villages along the old coach-roads, are all easily alterable lineaments that seem to make the face of our Motherland sym-

pathetic with the laborious lives of her children. She does not take their ploughs and wagons contemptuously, but rather makes every hovel and every sheep-fold, every railed bridge or fallen tree-trunk, an agreeably noticeable incident; not a mere speck in the midst of unmeasured vastness, but a piece of our social history in pictorial writing.

Our rural tracts — where no Babel-chimney scales the heavens—are without mighty objects to fill the soul with the sense of an outer world unconquerably aloof from our efforts. The wastes are playgrounds (and let us try to keep them such for the children's children who will inherit no other sort of demesne); the grasses and reeds nod to each other over the river, but we have cut a canal close by; the very heights laugh with corn in August or lift the plough-team against the sky in September. Then comes a crowd of burly navvies with pick-axes and barrows, and while hardly a wrinkle is made in the fading mother's face or a new curve of health in the blooming girl's, the hills are cut through or the breaches between them spanned, we choose our level and the white steam-pennon flies along it.

But because our land shows this readiness to be changed, all signs of permanence upon it raise a tender attachment instead of awe: some of us, at least, love the scanty relics of our forests, and are thankful if a bush is left of the old hedgerow. A crumbling bit of wall where the delicate ivy-leaved toad-flax hangs its light branches, or a bit of gray thatch with patches of dark moss on its shoulder and a troop of grass-stems on its ridge, is a thing to visit. And then the tiled roof of cottage and homestead, of the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently, of the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music, while the watch-dog barked at the timidly venturesome fowls making pecking raids on the outflying grain—the roofs that have looked out from among the elms and walnut-trees, or beside the yearly group of hay and corn stacks, or below the square stone-steeple, gathering their gray or ochre-tinted lichens and their olive-green mosses under all ministries,—let us praise the sober harmonies they give to our landscape, helping to unite us pleasantly with the elder gen-

erations who tilled the soil for us before we were born, and paid heavier and heavier taxes, with much grumbling, but without that deepest root of corruption—the self-indulgent despair which cuts down and consumes and never plants.

But I check myself. Perhaps this England of my affections is half visionary—a dream in which things are connected according to my well-fed, lazy mood, and not at all by the multitudinous links of graver, sadder fact, such as belong everywhere to the story of human labor. Well, well, the illusions that began for us when we were less acquainted with evil have not lost their value when we discern them to be illusions. They feed the ideal Better, and in loving them still, we strengthen the precious habit of loving something not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible, tangible selves.

I cherish my childish loves—the memory of that warm little nest where my affections were fledged. Since then I have learned to care for foreign countries, for literatures foreign and ancient, for the life of Continental towns dozing round old cathedrals, for the life of London, half sleepless with eager thought and strife, with indigestion or with hunger; and now my consciousness is chiefly of the busy, anxious metropolitan sort. My system responds sensitively to the London weather-signs, political, social, literary; and my bachelor's hearth is embedded where by much craning of head and neck I can catch sight of a sycamore in the Square garden: I belong to the "Nation of London." Why? There have been many voluntary exiles in the world, and probably in the very first exodus of the patriarchal Aryans—for I am determined not to fetch my examples from races whose talk is of uncles and no fathers—some of those who sallied forth went for the sake of a loved companionship, when they would willingly have kept sight of the familiar plains, and of the hills to which they had first lifted up their eyes.

III.

HOW WE ENCOURAGE RESEARCH.

THE serene and beneficent goddess Truth, like other deities whose disposition has been too hastily inferred from that of the men who have invoked them, can hardly be well pleased with much of the worship paid to her even in this milder age, when the stake and the rack have ceased to form part of her ritual. Some cruelties still pass for service done in her honor: no thumb-screw is used, no iron boot, no scorching of flesh; but plenty of controversial bruising, laceration, and even life-long maiming. Less than formerly; but so long as this sort of truth-worship has the sanction of a public that can often understand nothing in a controversy except personal sarcasm or slanderous ridicule, it is likely to continue. The sufferings of its victims are often as little regarded as those of the sacrificial pig offered in old time, with what we now regard as a sad miscalculation of effects.

One such victim is my old acquaintance Merman. Twenty years ago Merman was a young man of promise, a conveyancer with a practice which had certainly budded, but, unlike Aaron's rod, seemed not destined to proceed further in that marvellous activity. Meanwhile he occupied himself in miscellaneous periodical writing and in a multifarious study of moral and physical science. What chiefly attracted him in all subjects were the vexed questions which have the advantage of not admitting the decisive proof or disproof that renders many ingenious arguments superannuated. Not that Merman had a wrangling disposition: he put all his doubts, queries, and paradoxes deferentially, contended without unpleasant heat and only with a sonorous eagerness against the personality of Homer, expressed himself civilly though firmly on the origin of language, and had tact enough to drop at the

right moment such subjects as the ultimate reduction of all the so-called elementary substances, his own total scepticism concerning Manetho's chronology, or even the relation between the magnetic condition of the earth and the outbreak of revolutionary tendencies. Such flexibility was naturally much helped by his amiable feeling toward woman, whose nervous system, he was convinced, would not bear the continuous strain of difficult topics; and also by his willingness to contribute a song whenever the same desultory charmer proposed music. Indeed his tastes were domestic enough to beguile him into marriage when his resources were still very moderate and partly uncertain. His friends wished that so ingenious and agreeable a fellow might have more prosperity than they ventured to hope for him, their chief regret on his account being that he did not concentrate his talent and leave off forming opinions on at least half a dozen of the subjects over which he scattered his attention, especially now that he had married a "nice little woman" (the generic name for acquaintances' wives when they are not markedly disagreeable). He could not, they observed, want all his various knowledge and Laputan ideas for his periodical writing which brought him most of his bread, and he would do well to use his talents in getting a specialty that would fit him for a post. Perhaps these well-disposed persons were a little rash in presuming that fitness for a post would be the surest ground for getting it; and on the whole, in now looking back on their wishes for Merman, their chief satisfaction must be that those wishes did not contribute to the actual result.

For in an evil hour Merman did concentrate himself. He had for many years taken into his interest the comparative history of the ancient civilizations, but it had not preoccupied him so as to narrow his generous attention to everything else. One sleepless night, however (his wife has more than once narrated to me the details of an event memorable to her as the beginning of sorrows), after spending some hours over the epoch-making work of Grampus, a new idea seized him with regard to the possible connection of certain symbolic monuments common to widely scattered races. Merman started up in bed. The night was cold, and the sudden with-

drawal of warmth made his wife first dream of a snowball, and then cry,—

“What is the matter, Proteus?”

“A great matter, Julia. That fellow Grampus, whose book is cried up as a revelation, is all wrong about the Magicodumbras and the Zuzumotzis, and I have got hold of the right clew.”

“Good gracious! does it matter so much? Don’t drag the clothes, dear.”

“It signifies this, Julia, that if I am right I shall set the world right; I shall regenerate history; I shall win the mind of Europe to a new view of social origins; I shall bruise the head of many superstitions.”

“Oh no, dear, don’t go too far into things. Lie down again. You have been dreaming. What are the Madicojumbras and Zuzitotzums? I never heard you talk of them before. What use can it be troubling yourself about such things?”

“That is the way, Julia—that is the way wives alienate their husbands, and make any hearth pleasanter to him than his own!”

“What *do* you mean, Proteus?”

“Why, if a woman will not try to understand her husband’s ideas, or at least to believe that they are of more value than she can understand—if she is to join anybody who happens to be against him, and suppose he is a fool because others contradict him—there is an end of our happiness. That is all I have to say.”

“Oh no, Proteus, dear. I do believe what you say is right. That is my only guide. I am sure I never have any opinions in any other way: I mean about subjects. Of course there are many little things that would tease you, that you like me to judge of for myself. I know I said once that I did not want you to sing ‘Oh ruddier than the cherry,’ because it was not in your voice. But I cannot remember ever differing from you about *subjects*. I never in my life thought any one cleverer than you.”

Julia Merman was really a “nice little woman,” not one of the stately Dians sometimes spoken of in those terms. Her black *silhouette* had a very infantine aspect, but she had dis-

cernment and wisdom enough to act on the strong hint of that memorable conversation, never again giving her husband the slightest ground for suspecting that she thought treasonably of his ideas in relation to the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis, or in the least relaxed her faith in his infallibility because Europe was not also convinced of it. It was well for her that she did not increase her troubles in this way; but to do her justice, what she was chiefly anxious about was to avoid increasing her husband's troubles.

Not that these were great in the beginning. In the first development and writing out of his scheme, Merman had a more intense kind of intellectual pleasure than he had ever known before. His face became more radiant, his general view of human prospects more cheerful. Foreseeing that truth as presented by himself would win the recognition of his contemporaries, he excused with much liberality their rather rough treatment of other theorists whose basis was less perfect. His own periodical criticisms had never before been so amiable: he was sorry for that unlucky majority whom the spirit of the age, or some other prompting more definite and local, compelled to write without any particular ideas. The possession of an original theory which has not yet been assailed must certainly sweeten the temper of a man who is not beforehand ill-natured. And Merman was the reverse of ill-natured.

But the hour of publication came; and to half a dozen persons, described as the learned world of two hemispheres, it became known that Grampus was attacked. This might have been a small matter; for who or what on earth that is good for anything is not assailed by ignorance, stupidity, or malice—and sometimes even by just objection? But on examination it appeared that the attack might possibly be held damaging, unless the ignorance of the author were well exposed and his pretended facts shown to be chimeras of that remarkably hideous kind begotten by imperfect learning on the more feminine element of original incapacity. Grampus himself did not immediately cut open the volume which Merman had been careful to send him, not without a very lively and shifting conception of the possible effects which the explosive gift might

produce on the too eminent scholar—effects that must certainly have set in on the third day from the despatch of the parcel. But in point of fact Grampus knew nothing of the book until his friend Lord Narwhal sent him an American newspaper containing a spirited article by the well-known Professor Sperm N. Whale which was rather equivocal in its bearing, the passages quoted from Merman being of rather a telling sort, and the paragraphs which seemed to blow defiance being unaccountably feeble, coming from so distinguished a Cetacean. Then, by another post, arrived letters from Butzkopf and Dugong, both men whose signatures were familiar to the Teutonic world in the *Selteneerscheinende Monat-schrift* or Hayrick for the insertion of Split Hairs, asking their Master whether he meant to take up the combat, because, in the contrary case, both were ready.

Thus America and Germany were roused, though England was still drowsy, and it seemed time now for Grampus to find Merman's book under the heap and cut it open. For his own part he was perfectly at ease about his system; but this is a world in which the truth requires defence, and specious falsehood must be met with exposure. Grampus having once looked through the book, no longer wanted any urging to write the most crushing of replies. This, and nothing less than this, was due from him to the cause of sound inquiry; and the punishment would cost him little pains. In three weeks from that time the palpitating Merman saw his book announced in the programme of the leading *Review*. No need for Grampus to put his signature. Who else had his vast yet microscopic knowledge, who else his power of epithet? This article in which Merman was pilloried and as good as mutilated—for he was shown to have neither ear nor nose for the subtleties of philological and archæological study—was much read and more talked of, not because of any interest in the system of Grampus, or any precise conception of the danger attending lax views of the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis, but because the sharp epigrams with which the victim was lacerated, and the soaring fountains of acrid mud which were shot upward and poured over the fresh wounds, were found amusing in recital. A favorite passage was one in which a certain

kind of sciolist was described as a creature of the Walrus kind, having a phantasmal resemblance to higher animals when seen by ignorant minds in the twilight, dabbling or hobbling in first one element and then the other, without parts or organs suited to either, in fact one of Nature's impostors who could not be said to have any artful pretences, since a congenital incompetence to all precision of aim and movement made their every action a pretence—just as a being born in doeskin gloves would necessarily pass a judgment on surfaces, but we all know what his judgment would be worth. In drawing-room circles, and for the immediate hour, this ingenious comparison was as damaging as the showing up of Merman's mistakes and the mere smattering of linguistic and historical knowledge which he had presumed to be a sufficient basis for theorizing; but the more learned cited his blunders aside to each other and laughed the laugh of the initiated. In fact, Merman's was a remarkable case of sudden notoriety. In London drums and clubs he was spoken of abundantly as one who had written ridiculously about the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis: the leaders of conversation, whether Christians, Jews, infidels, or of any other confession except the confession of ignorance, pronouncing him shallow and indiscreet if not presumptuous and absurd. He was heard of at Warsaw, and even Paris took knowledge of him. M. Cachalot had not read either Grampus or Merman, but he heard of their dispute in time to insert a paragraph upon it in his brilliant work, *L'orient au point de vue actuel*, in which he was dispassionate enough to speak of Grampus as possessing a *coup d'œil presque français* in matters of historical interpretation, and of Merman as nevertheless an objector *qui mérite d'être connu*. M. Porpesse, also, availing himself of M. Cachalot's knowledge, reproduced it in an article with certain additions, which it is only fair to distinguish as his own, implying that the vigorous English of Grampus was not always as correct as a Frenchman could desire, while Merman's objections were more sophistical than solid. Presently, indeed, there appeared an able *extrait* of Grampus's article in the valuable *Rapporteur scientifique et historique*, and Merman's mistakes were thus brought under the notice of certain Frenchmen who are among the masters

of those who know on oriental subjects. In a word, Merman, though not extensively read, was extensively read about.

Meanwhile, how did he like it? Perhaps nobody, except his wife, for a moment reflected on that. An amused society considered that he was severely punished, but did not take the trouble to imagine his sensations; indeed this would have been a difficulty for persons less sensitive and excitable than Merman himself. Perhaps that popular comparison of the Walrus had truth enough to bite and blister on thorough application, even if exultant ignorance had not applauded it. But it is well known that the walrus, though not in the least a malignant animal, if allowed to display its remarkably plain person and blundering performances at ease in any element it chooses, becomes desperately savage and musters alarming auxiliaries when attacked or hurt. In this characteristic, at least, Merman resembled the walrus. And now he concentrated himself with a vengeance. That his counter-theory was fundamentally the right one he had a genuine conviction, whatever collateral mistakes he might have committed; and his bread would not cease to be bitter to him until he had convinced his contemporaries that Grampus had used his minute learning as a dust-cloud to hide sophisticated evasions—that, in fact, minute learning was an obstacle to clear-sighted judgment, more especially with regard to the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis, and that the best preparation in this matter was a wide survey of history, and a diversified observation of men. Still, Merman was resolved to muster all the learning within his reach, and he wandered day and night through many wildernesses of German print, he tried compendious methods of learning oriental tongues, and, so to speak, getting at the marrow of languages independently of the bones, for the chance of finding details to corroborate his own views, or possibly even to detect Grampus in some oversight or textual tampering. All other work was neglected: rare clients were sent away and amazed editors found this maniac indifferent to his chance of getting book-parcels from them. It was many months before Merman had satisfied himself that he was strong enough to face round upon his adversary. But at last he had prepared sixty condensed pages of eager argument which seemed

to him worthy to rank with the best models of controversial writing. He had acknowledged his mistakes, but he had restated his theory so as to show that it was left intact in spite of them; and he had even found cases in which Ziphius, Microps, Scrag Whale the explorer, and other Cetaceans of unanswerable authority, were decidedly at issue with Grampus. Especially a passage cited by this last from that greatest of fossils Megalosaurus was demonstrated by Merman to be capable of three different interpretations, all preferable to that chosen by Grampus, who took the words in their most literal sense; for, 1°, the incomparable Saurian, alike unequalled in close observation and far-glancing comprehensiveness, might have meant those words ironically; 2°, *motzis* was probably a false reading for *potzis*, in which case its bearing was reversed; and 3°, it is known that in the age of the Saurians there were conceptions about the *motzis* which entirely remove it from the category of things comprehensible in an age when Saurians run ridiculously small: all which views were godfathered by names quite fit to be ranked with that of Grampus. In fine, Merman wound up his rejoinder by sincerely thanking the eminent adversary without whose fierce assault he might not have undertaken a revision in the course of which he had met with unexpected and striking confirmations of his own fundamental views. Evidently Merman's anger was at white heat.

The rejoinder being complete, all that remained was to find a suitable medium for its publication. This was not so easy. Distinguished mediums would not lend themselves to contradictions of Grampus, or if they would, Merman's article was too long and too abstruse, while he would not consent to leave anything out of an article which had no superfluities; for all this happened years ago when the world was at a different stage. At last, however, he got his rejoinder printed, and not on hard terms, since the medium, in every sense modest, did not ask him to pay for its insertion.

But if Merman expected to call out Grampus again, he was mistaken. Everybody felt it too absurd that Merman should undertake to correct Grampus in matters of erudition, and an eminent man has something else to do than to refute a petty objector twice over. What was essential had been done; the

public had been enabled to form a true judgment of Merman's incapacity, the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis were but subsidiary elements in Grampus's system, and Merman might now be dealt with by younger members of the master's school. But he had at least the satisfaction of finding that he had raised a discussion which would not be let die. The followers of Grampus took it up with an ardor and industry of research worthy of their exemplar. Butzkopf made it the subject of an elaborate *Einleitung* to his important work, *Die Bedeutung des Ägyptischen Labyrinthes*; and Dugong, in a remarkable address which he delivered to a learned society in Central Europe, introduced Merman's theory with so much power of sarcasm that it became a theme of more or less derisive allusion to men of many tongues. Merman with his Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis was on the way to become a proverb, being used illustratively by many able journalists who took those names of questionable things to be Merman's own invention, "than which," said one of the graver guides, "we can recall few more melancholy examples of speculative aberration." Naturally the subject passed into popular literature, and figured very commonly in advertised programmes. The fluent Loligo, the formidable Shark, and a younger member of his remarkable family known as S. Catulus, made a special reputation by their numerous articles, eloquent, lively, or abusive, all on the same theme, under titles ingeniously varied, alliterative, sonorous, or boldly fanciful; such as "Moments with Mr. Merman," "Mr. Merman and the Magicodumbras," "Greenland Grampus and Proteus Merman," "Grampian Heights and their Climbers, or the New Excelsior." They tossed him on short sentences; they swathed him in paragraphs of winding imagery; they found him at once a mere plagiarist and a theorizer of unexampled perversity, ridiculously wrong about *potzis* and ignorant of Pali; they hinted, indeed, at certain things which to their knowledge he had silently brooded over in his boyhood, and seemed tolerably well assured that this preposterous attempt to gainsay an incomparable Cetacean of world-wide fame had its origin in a peculiar mixture of bitterness and eccentricity which, rightly estimated and seen in its definite proportions, would furnish the best key to his ar-

gumentation. All alike were sorry for Merman's lack of sound learning, but how could their readers be sorry? Sound learning would not have been amusing; and as it was, Merman was made to furnish these readers with amusement at no expense of trouble on their part. Even burlesque writers looked into his book to see where it could be made use of, and those who did not know him were desirous of meeting him at dinner as one likely to feed their comic vein.

On the other hand, he made a serious figure in sermons under the name of "Some" or "Others" who had attempted presumptuously to scale eminences too high and arduous for human ability, and had given an example of ignominious failure edifying to the humble Christian.

All this might be very advantageous for able persons whose superfluous fund of expression needed a paying investment, but the effect on Merman himself was unhappily not so transient as the busy writing and speaking of which he had become the occasion. His certainty that he was right naturally got stronger in proportion as the spirit of resistance was stimulated. The scorn and unfairness with which he felt himself to have been treated by those really competent to appreciate his ideas had galled him and made a chronic sore; and the exultant chorus of the incompetent seemed a pouring of vinegar on his wound. His brain became a registry of the foolish and ignorant objections made against him, and of continually amplified answers to these objections. Unable to get his answers printed, he had recourse to that more primitive mode of publication, oral transmission or button-holding, now generally regarded as a troublesome survival, and the once pleasant, flexible Merman was on the way to be shunned as a bore. His interest in new acquaintances turned chiefly on the possibility that they would care about the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis; that they would listen to his complaints and exposures of unfairness, and not only accept copies of what he had written on the subject, but send him appreciative letters in acknowledgment. Repeated disappointment of such hopes tended to embitter him, and not the less because after a while the fashion of mentioning him died out, allusions to his theory were less understood, and people could only pretend to re-

member it. And all the while Merman was perfectly sure that his very opponents who had knowledge enough to be capable judges were aware that his book, whatever errors of statement they might detect in it, had served as a sort of divining rod, pointing out hidden sources of historical interpretation; nay, his jealous examination discerned in a new work by Grampus himself a certain shifting of ground which—so poor Merman declared—was the sign of an intention gradually to appropriate the views of the man he had attempted to brand as an ignorant impostor.

And Julia? And the housekeeping?—the rent, food, and clothing, which controversy can hardly supply unless it be of the kind that serves as a recommendation to certain posts. Controversial pamphlets have been known to earn large plums; but nothing of the sort could be expected from unpractical heresies about the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis. Painfully the contrary. Merman's reputation as a sober thinker, a safe writer, a sound lawyer, was irretrievably injured: the distractions of controversy had caused him to neglect useful editorial connections, and indeed his dwindling care for miscellaneous subjects made his contributions too dull to be desirable. Even if he could now have given a new turn to his concentration, and applied his talents so as to be ready to show himself an exceptionally qualified lawyer, he would only have been like an architect in competition, too late with his superior plans: he would not have had an opportunity of showing his qualification. He was thrown out of the course. The small capital which had filled up deficiencies of income was almost exhausted, and Julia, in the effort to make supplies equal to wants, had to use much ingenuity in diminishing the wants. The brave and affectionate woman whose small outline, so unimpressive against an illuminated background, held within it a good share of feminine heroism, did her best to keep up the charm of home and soothe her husband's excitement; parting with the best jewel among her wedding presents in order to pay rent, without ever hinting to her husband that this sad result had come of his undertaking to convince people who only laughed at him. She was a resigned little creature, and reflected that some husbands took to drinking and others to

forgery: hers had only taken to the Magicodumbras and Zuzumotzis, and was not unkind—only a little more indifferent to her and the two children than she had ever expected he would be, his mind being eaten up with “subjects,” and constantly a little angry, not with her, but with everybody else, especially those who were celebrated.

This was the sad truth. Merman felt himself ill used by the world, and thought very much worse of the world in consequence. The gall of his adversaries’ ink had been sucked into his system and ran in his blood. He was still in the prime of life, but his mind was aged by that eager monotonous construction which comes of feverish excitement on a single topic and uses up the intellectual strength.

Merman had never been a rich man, but he was now conspicuously poor, and in need of the friends who had power or interest which he believed they could exert on his behalf. Their omitting or declining to give this help could not seem to him so clearly as to them an inevitable consequence of his having become impracticable, or at least of his passing for a man whose views were not likely to be safe and sober. Each friend in turn offended him, though unwillingly, and was suspected of wishing to shake him off. It was not altogether so; but poor Merman’s society had undeniably ceased to be attractive, and it was difficult to help him. At last the pressure of want urged him to try for a post far beneath his earlier prospects, and he gained it. He holds it still, for he has no vices, and his domestic life has kept up a sweetening current of motive around and within him. Nevertheless, the bitter flavor mingling itself with all topics, the premature weariness and withering, are irrevocably there. It is as if he had gone through a disease which alters what we call the constitution. He has long ceased to talk eagerly of the ideas which possess him, or to attempt making proselytes. The dial has moved onward, and he himself sees many of his former guesses in a new light. On the other hand, he has seen what he foreboded, that the main idea which was at the root of his too rash theorizing has been adopted by Grampus and received with general respect, no reference being heard to the ridiculous figure this important conception made when ushered in by the incompetent “Others.”

Now and then, on rare occasions, when a sympathetic *tête-à-tête* has restored some of his old expansiveness, he will tell a companion in a railway carriage, or other place of meeting favorable to autobiographical confidences, what has been the course of things in his particular case, as an example of the justice to be expected of the world. The companion usually allows for the bitterness of a disappointed man, and is secretly disinclined to believe that Grampus was to blame.

IV.

A MAN SURPRISED AT HIS ORIGINALITY.

AMONG the many acute sayings of La Rochefoucauld, there is hardly one more acute than this: "La plus grande ambition n'en a pas la moindre apparence lorsqu'elle se rencontre dans une impossibilité absolue d'arriver où elle aspire." Some of us might do well to use this hint in our treatment of acquaintances and friends from whom we are expecting gratitude because we are so very kind in thinking of them, inviting them, and even listening to what they say—considering how insignificant they must feel themselves to be. We are often fallaciously confident in supposing that our friend's state of mind is appropriate to our moderate estimate of his importance: almost as if we imagined the humble mollusk (so useful as an illustration) to have a sense of his own exceeding softness and low place in the scale of being. Your mollusk, on the contrary, is inwardly objecting to every other grade of solid rather than to himself. Accustomed to observe what we think an unwarrantable conceit exhibiting itself in ridiculous pretensions and forwardness to play the lion's part, in obvious self-complacency and loud peremptoriness, we are not on the alert to detect the egoistic claims of a more exorbitant kind often hidden under an apparent neutrality or an acquiescence in being put out of the question.

Thoughts of this kind occurred to me yesterday when I saw the name of Lentulus in the obituary. The majority of his acquaintances, I imagine, have always thought of him as a man justly unpretending and as nobody's rival; but some of them have perhaps been struck with surprise at his reserve in praising the works of his contemporaries, and have now and then felt themselves in need of a key to his remarks on men of celebrity in various departments. He was a man of fair

position, deriving his income from a business in which he did nothing, at leisure to frequent clubs and at ease in giving dinners; well-looking, polite, and generally acceptable in society as a part of what we may call its bread-crumbs—the neutral basis needful for the plums and spice. Why, then, did he speak of the modern Maro or the modern Flaccus with a peculiarity in his tone of assent to other people's praise which might almost have led you to suppose that the eminent poet had borrowed money of him and showed an indisposition to repay? He had no criticism to offer, no sign of objection more specific than a slight cough, a scarcely perceptible pause before assenting, and an air of self-control in his utterance—as if certain considerations had determined him not to inform against the so-called poet, who to his knowledge was a mere versifier. If you had questioned him closely, he would perhaps have confessed that he did think something better might be done in the way of Eclogues and Georgics, or of Odes and Epodes, and that to his mind poetry was something very different from what had hitherto been known under that name.

For my own part, being of a superstitious nature, given readily to imagine alarming causes, I immediately, on first getting these mystic hints from Lentulus, concluded that he held a number of entirely original poems, or at the very least a revolutionary treatise on poetics, in that melancholy manuscript state to which works excelling all that is ever printed are necessarily condemned; and I was long timid in speaking of the poets when he was present. For what might not Lentulus have done, or be profoundly aware of, that would make my ignorant impressions ridiculous? One cannot well be sure of the negative in such a case, except through certain positives that bear witness to it; and those witnesses are not always to be got hold of. But time wearing on, I perceived that the attitude of Lentulus toward the philosophers was essentially the same as his attitude toward the poets; nay, there was something so much more decided in his mode of closing his mouth after brief speech on the former, there was such an air of rapt consciousness in his private hints as to his conviction that all thinking hitherto had been an elaborate mistake, and

as to his own power of conceiving a sound basis for a lasting superstructure, that I began to believe less in the poetical stores, and to infer that the line of Lentulus lay rather in the rational criticism of our beliefs and in systematic construction. In this case I did not figure to myself the existence of formidable manuscripts ready for the press; for great thinkers are known to carry their theories growing within their minds long before committing them to paper, and the ideas which made a new passion for them when their locks were jet or auburn, remained perilously unwritten, an inwardly developing condition of their successive selves, until the locks are gray or scanty. I only meditated improvingly on the way in which a man of exceptional faculties, and even carrying within him some of that fierce refiner's fire which is to purge away the dross of human error, may move about in society totally unrecognized, regarded as a person whose opinion is superfluous, and only rising into a power in emergencies of threatened blackballing. Imagine a Descartes or a Locke being recognized for nothing more than a good fellow and a perfect gentleman—what a painful view does such a picture suggest of impenetrable dulness in the society around them!

I would at all times rather be reduced to a cheaper estimate of a particular person, if by that means I can get a more cheerful view of my fellow-men generally; and I confess that in a certain curiosity which led me to cultivate Lentulus's acquaintance, my hope leaned to the discovery that he was a less remarkable man than he had seemed to imply. It would have been a grief to discover that he was bitter or malicious, but by finding him to be neither a mighty poet, nor a revolutionary poetical critic, nor an epoch-making philosopher, my admiration for the poets and thinkers whom he rated so low would recover all its buoyancy, and I should not be left to trust to that very suspicious sort of merit which constitutes an exception in the history of mankind, and recommends itself as the total abolitionist of all previous claims on our confidence. You are not greatly surprised at the infirm logic of the coachman who would persuade you to engage him by insisting that any other would be sure to rob you in the matter of hay and

corn, thus demanding a difficult belief in him as the sole exception from the frailties of his calling; but it is rather astonishing that the wholesale decriers of mankind and its performances should be even more unwary in their reasoning than the coachman, since each of them not merely confides in your regarding himself as an exception, but overlooks the almost certain fact that you are wondering whether he inwardly excepts *you*. Now, conscious of entertaining some common opinions which seemed to fall under the mildly intimated but sweeping ban of Lentulus, my self-complacency was a little concerned.

Hence I deliberately attempted to draw out Lentulus in private dialogue, for it is the reverse of injury to a man to offer him that hearing which he seems to have found nowhere else. And for whatever purposes silence may be equal to gold, it cannot be safely taken as an indication of specific ideas. I sought to know why Lentulus was more than indifferent to the poets, and what was that new poetry which he had either written or, as to its principles, distinctly conceived. But I presently found that he knew very little of any particular poet, and had a general notion of poetry as the use of artificial language to express unreal sentiments: he instanced "The Giaour," "Lalla Rookh," "The Pleasures of Hope," and "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King"; adding, "and plenty more." On my observing that he probably preferred a larger, simpler style, he emphatically assented. "Have you not," said I, "written something of that order?"—"No; but I often compose as I go along. I see how things might be written as fine as Ossian, only with true ideas. The world has no notion what poetry will be."

It was impossible to disprove this, and I am always glad to believe that the poverty of our imagination is no measure of the world's resources. Our posterity will no doubt get fuel in ways that we are unable to devise for them. But what this conversation persuaded me of was, that the birth with which the mind of Lentulus was pregnant could not be poetry, though I did not question that he composed as he went along, and that the exercise was accompanied with a great sense of power. This is a frequent experience in dreams, and much of our wak-

ing experience is but a dream in the daylight. Nay, for what I saw, the compositions might be fairly classed as Ossianic. But I was satisfied that Lentulus could not disturb my grateful admiration for the poets of all ages by eclipsing them, or by putting them under a new electric light of criticism.

Still, he had himself thrown the chief emphasis of his protest and his consciousness of corrective illumination on the philosophic thinking of our race; and his tone in assuring me that everything which had been done in that way was wrong—that Plato, Robert Owen, and Dr. Tuffle who wrote in the "Regulator," were all equally mistaken—gave my superstitious nature a thrill of anxiety. After what had passed about the poets, it did not seem likely that Lentulus had all systems by heart; but who could say he had not seized that thread which may somewhere hang out loosely from the web of things and be the clew of unravelment? We need not go far to learn that a prophet is not made by erudition. Lentulus at least had not the bias of a school; and if it turned out that he was in agreement with any celebrated thinker, ancient or modern, the agreement would have the value of an undesigned coincidence not due to forgotten reading. It was therefore with renewed curiosity that I engaged him on this large subject—the universal erroneousness of thinking up to the period when Lentulus began that process. And here I found him more copious than on the theme of poetry. He admitted that he did contemplate writing down his thoughts, but his difficulty was their abundance. Apparently he was like the woodcutter entering the thick forest and saying, "Where shall I begin?" The same obstacle appeared in a minor degree to cling about his verbal exposition, and accounted perhaps for his rather helter-skelter choice of remarks bearing on the number of unaddressed letters sent to the post-office; on what logic really is, as tending to support the buoyancy of human mediums and mahogany tables; on the probability of all miracles under all religions when explained by hidden laws, and my unreasonableness in supposing that their profuse occurrence at half a guinea an hour in recent times was anything more than a coincidence; on the haphazard way in which marriages are

determined—showing the baselessness of social and moral schemes; and on his expectation that he should offend the scientific world when he told them what he thought of electricity as an agent.

No man's appearance could be graver or more gentlemanlike than that of Lentulus as we walked along the Mall while he delivered these observations, understood by himself to have a regenerative bearing on human society. His wristbands and black gloves, his hat and nicely clipped hair, his laudable moderation in beard, and his evident discrimination in choosing his tailor, all seemed to excuse the prevalent estimate of him as a man untainted with heterodoxy, and likely to be so unencumbered with opinions that he would always be useful as an assenting and admiring listener. Men of science seeing him at their lectures doubtless flattered themselves that he came to learn from them; the philosophic ornaments of our time, expounding some of their luminous ideas in the social circle, took the meditative gaze of Lentulus for one of surprise not unmixed with a just reverence at such close reasoning toward so novel a conclusion; and those who are called men of the world considered him a good fellow who might be asked to vote for a friend of their own and would have no troublesome notions to make him unaccommodating. You perceive how very much they were all mistaken, except in qualifying him as a good fellow.

This Lentulus certainly was, in the sense of being free from envy, hatred, and malice; and such freedom was all the more remarkable an indication of native benignity, because of his gaseous, illimitably expansive conceit. Yes, conceit; for that his enormous and contentedly ignorant confidence in his own rambling thoughts was usually clad in a decent silence, is no reason why it should be less strictly called by the name directly implying a complacent self-estimate unwarranted by performance. Nay, the total privacy in which he enjoyed his consciousness of inspiration was the very condition of its undisturbed placid nourishment and gigantic growth. Your audibly arrogant man exposes himself to tests: in attempting to make an impression on others he may possibly (not always) be made to feel his own lack of definiteness; and the demand

for definiteness is to all of us a needful check on vague depreciation of what others do, and vague ecstatic trust in our own superior ability. But Lentulus was at once so unreceptive, and so little gifted with the power of displaying his miscellaneous deficiency of information, that there was really nothing to hinder his astonishment at the spontaneous crop of ideas which his mind secretly yielded. If it occurred to him that there were more meanings than one for the word "motive," since it sometimes meant the end aimed at and sometimes the feeling that prompted the aiming, and that the word "cause" was also of changeable import, he was naturally struck with the truth of his own perception, and was convinced that if this vein were well followed out much might be made of it. Men were evidently in the wrong about cause and effect, else why was society in the confused state we behold? And as to motive, Lentulus felt that when he came to write down his views he should look deeply into this kind of subject and show up thereby the anomalies of our social institutions; meanwhile the various aspects of "motive" and "cause" flitted about among the motley crowd of ideas which he regarded as original, and pregnant with reformatory efficacy. For his unaffected good-will made him regard all his insight as only valuable because it tended toward reform.

The respectable man had got into his illusory maze of discoveries by letting go that clew of conformity in his thinking which he had kept fast hold of in his tailoring and manners. He regarded heterodoxy as a power in itself, and took his acquaintance with doctrines for a creative dissidence. But his epitaph needs not to be a melancholy one. His benevolent disposition was more effective for good than his silent presumption for harm. He might have been mischievous but for the lack of words: instead of being astonished at his inspirations in private, he might have clad his addled originalities, disjointed commonplaces, blind denials, and balloon-like conclusions, in that mighty sort of language which would have made a new Koran for a knot of followers. I mean no disrespect to the ancient Koran, but one would not desire the roc to lay more eggs and give us a whole wing-flapping brood to soar and make twilight.

Peace be with Lentulus, for he has left us in peace. Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact—from calling on us to look through a heap of millet-seed in order to be sure that there is no pearl in it.

V.

A TOO DEFERENTIAL MAN.

A LITTLE unpremeditated insincerity must be indulged under the stress of social intercourse. The talk even of an honest man must often represent merely his wish to be inoffensive or agreeable rather than his genuine opinion or feeling on the matter in hand. His thought, if uttered, might be wounding; or he has not the ability to utter it with exactness and snatches at a loose paraphrase; or he has really no genuine thought on the question and is driven to fill up the vacancy by borrowing the remarks in vogue. These are the winds and currents we have all to steer amongst, and they are often too strong for our truthfulness or our wit. Let us not bear too hardly on each other for this common incidental frailty, or think that we rise superior to it by dropping all considerateness and deference.

But there are studious, deliberate forms of insincerity which it is fair to be impatient with: Hinze's, for example. From his name you might suppose him to be German: in fact, his family is Alsatian, but has been settled in England for more than one generation. He is the superlatively deferential man, and walks about with murmured wonder at the wisdom and discernment of everybody who talks to him. He cultivates the low-toned *tête-à-tête*, keeping his hat carefully in his hand and often stroking it, while he smiles with downcast eyes, as if to relieve his feelings under the pressure of the remarkable conversation which it is his honor to enjoy at the present moment. I confess to some rage on hearing him yesterday talking to Felicia, who is certainly a clever woman, and, without any unusual desire to show her cleverness, occasionally says something of her own or makes an allusion which is not quite common. Still, it must happen to her as to every one else to

speak of many subjects on which the best things were said long ago, and in conversation with a person who has been newly introduced those well-worn themes naturally recur as a further development of salutations and preliminary media of understanding, such as pipes, chocolate, or mastic-chewing, which serve to confirm the impression that our new acquaintance is on a civilized footing and has enough regard for formulas to save us from shocking outbursts of individualism, to which we are always exposed with the tamest bear or baboon. Considered purely as a matter of information, it cannot any longer be important for us to learn that a British subject included in the last census holds Shakespeare to be supreme in the presentation of character; still, it is as admissible for any one to make this statement about himself as to rub his hands and tell you that the air is brisk, if only he will let it fall as a matter of course, with a parenthetic lightness, and not announce his adhesion to a commonplace with an emphatic insistence, as if it were a proof of singular insight. We mortals should chiefly like to talk to each other out of good will and fellowship, not for the sake of hearing revelations or being stimulated by witticisms; and I have usually found that it is the rather dull person who appears to be disgusted with his contemporaries because they are not always strikingly original, and to satisfy whom the party at a country house should have included the prophet Isaiah, Plato, Francis Bacon, and Voltaire. It is always your heaviest bore who is astonished at the tameness of modern celebrities: naturally; for a little of his company has reduced them to a state of flaccid fatigue. It is right and meet that there should be an abundant utterance of good sound commonplaces. Part of an agreeable talker's charm is that he lets them fall continually with no more than their due emphasis. Giving a pleasant voice to what we are all well assured of, makes a sort of wholesome air for more special and dubious remark to move in.

Hence it seemed to me far from unbecoming in Felicia that in her first dialogue with Hinze, previously quite a stranger to her, her observations were those of an ordinarily refined and well-educated woman on standard subjects, and might have been printed in a manual of polite topics and creditable opin-

ions. She had no desire to astonish a man of whom she had heard nothing particular. It was all the more exasperating to see and hear Hinze's reception of her well-bred conformities. Felicia's acquaintances know her as the suitable wife of a distinguished man, a sensible, vivacious, kindly disposed woman, helping her husband with graceful apologies written and spoken, and making her receptions agreeable to all comers. But you would have imagined that Hinze had been prepared by general report to regard this introduction to her as an opportunity comparable to an audience of the Delphic Sibyl. When she had delivered herself on the changes in Italian travel, on the difficulty of reading Ariosto in these busy times, on the want of equilibrium in French political affairs, and on the pre-eminence of German music, he would know what to think. Felicia was evidently embarrassed by his reverent wonder, and, in dread lest she should seem to be playing the oracle, became somewhat confused, stumbling on her answers rather than choosing them. But this made no difference to Hinze's rapt attention and subdued eagerness of inquiry. He continued to put large questions, bending his head slightly that his eyes might be a little lifted in awaiting her reply.

"What, may I ask, is your opinion as to the state of Art in England?"

"Oh," said Felicia, with a light deprecatory laugh, "I think it suffers from two diseases—bad taste in the patrons and want of inspiration in the artists."

"That is true indeed," said Hinze, in an undertone of deep conviction. "You have put your finger with strict accuracy on the causes of decline. To a cultivated taste like yours this must be particularly painful."

"I did not say there was actual decline," said Felicia, with a touch of *brusquerie*. "I don't set myself up as the great personage whom nothing can please."

"That would be too severe a misfortune for others," says my complimentary ape. "You approve, perhaps, of Rosemary's 'Babes in the Wood,' as something fresh and naïve in sculpture?"

"I think it enchanting."

“Does he know that? Or *will* you permit me to tell him?”

“Heaven forbid! It would be an impertinence in me to praise a work of his—to pronounce on its quality; and that I happen to like it can be of no consequence to him.”

Here was an occasion for Hinze to smile down on his hat and stroke it—Felicia’s ignorance that her praise was inestimable being peculiarly noteworthy to an observer of mankind. Presently he was quite sure that her favorite author was Shakespeare, and wished to know what she thought of Hamlet’s madness. When she had quoted Wilhelm Meister on this point, and had afterward testified that “Lear” was beyond adequate presentation, that “Julius Cæsar” was an effective acting play, and that a poet may know a good deal about human nature while knowing little of geography, Hinze appeared so impressed with the plentitude of these revelations that he recapitulated them, weaving them together with threads of compliment—“As you very justly observed”; and—“It is most true, as you say”; and—“It were well if others noted what you have remarked.”

Some listeners incautious in their epithets would have called Hinze an “ass.” For my part I would never insult that intelligent and unpretending animal who no doubt brays with perfect simplicity and substantial meaning to those acquainted with his idiom, and if he feigns more submission than he feels, has weighty reasons for doing so—I would never, I say, insult that historic and ill-appreciated animal, the ass, by giving his name to a man whose continuous pretence is so shallow in its motive, so unexcused by any sharp appetite as this of Hinze’s.

But perhaps you would say that his adulatory manner was originally adopted under strong promptings of self-interest, and that his absurdly over-acted deference to persons from whom he expects no patronage is the unreflecting persistence of habit—just as those who live with the deaf will shout to everybody else.

And you might indeed imagine that in talking to Tulpian, who has considerable interest at his disposal, Hinze had a desired appointment in his mind. Tulpian is appealed to on innumerable subjects, and if he is unwilling to express himself on any one of them, says so with instructive copiousness:

he is much listened to, and his utterances are registered and reported with more or less exactitude. But I think he has no other listener who comports himself as Hinze does—who, figuratively speaking, carries about a small spoon ready to pick up any dusty crumb of opinion that the eloquent man may have let drop. Tulpian, with reverence be it said, has some rather absurd notions, such as a mind of large discourse often finds room for: they slip about among his higher conceptions and multitudinous acquirements like disreputable characters at a national celebration in some vast cathedral, where to the ardent soul all is glorified by rainbow light and grand associations: any vulgar detective knows them for what they are. But Hinze is especially fervid in his desire to hear Tulpian dilate on his crotchets, and is rather troublesome to bystanders in asking them whether they have read the various fugitive writings in which these crotchets have been published. If an expert is explaining some matter on which you desire to know the evidence, Hinze teases you with Tulpian's guesses, and asks the expert what he thinks of them.

In general, Hinze delights in the citation of opinions, and would hardly remark that the sun shone without an air of respectful appeal or fervid adhesion. The "Iliad," one sees, would impress him little if it were not for what Mr. Fugleman has lately said about it; and if you mention an image or sentiment in Chaucer he seems not to heed the bearing of your reference, but immediately tells you that Mr. Hautboy, too, regards Chaucer as a poet of the first order, and he is delighted to find that two such judges as you and Hautboy are at one.

What is the reason of all this subdued ecstasy, moving about, hat in hand, with well-dressed hair and attitudes of unimpeachable correctness? Some persons conscious of sagacity decide at once that Hinze knows what he is about in flattering Tulpian, and has a carefully appraised end to serve though they may not see it. They are misled by the common mistake of supposing that men's behavior, whether habitual or occasional, is chiefly determined by a distinctly conceived motive, a definite object to be gained or a definite evil to be avoided. The truth is, that, the primitive wants of nature once toler-

ably satisfied, the majority of mankind, even in a civilized life full of solicitations, are with difficulty aroused to the distinct conception of an object toward which they will direct their actions with careful adaptation, and it is yet rarer to find one who can persist in the systematic pursuit of such an end. Few lives are shaped, few characters formed, by the contemplation of definite consequences seen from a distance and made the goal of continuous effort or the beacon of a constantly avoided danger: such control by foresight, such vivid picturing and practical logic are the distinction of exceptionally strong natures; but society is chiefly made up of human beings whose daily acts are all performed either in unreflecting obedience to custom and routine or from immediate promptings of thought or feeling to execute an immediate purpose. They pay their poor-rates, give their vote in affairs political or parochial, wear a certain amount of starch, hinder boys from tormenting the helpless, and spend money on tedious observances called pleasures, without mentally adjusting these practices to their own well-understood interest or to the general, ultimate welfare of the human race; and when they fall into ungraceful compliment, excessive smiling, or other luckless efforts of complaisant behavior, these are but the tricks or habits gradually formed under the successive promptings of a wish to be agreeable, stimulated day by day without any widening resources for gratifying the wish. It does not in the least follow that they are seeking by studied hypocrisy to get something for themselves. And so with Hinze's deferential bearing, complimentary parentheses, and worshipful tones, which seem to some like the overacting of a part in a comedy. He expects no appointment or other appreciable gain through Tulpian's favor; he has no doubleness toward Felicia; there is no sneering or backbiting obverse to his ecstatic admiration. He is very well off in the world, and cherishes no unsatisfied ambition that could feed design and direct flattery. As you perceive, he has had the education and other advantages of a gentleman without being conscious of marked result, such as a decided preference for any particular ideas or functions: his mind is furnished as hotels are, with everything for occasional and transient use. But one cannot be an Englishman and

gentleman in general: it is in the nature of things that one must have an individuality, though it may be of an often-repeated type. As Hinze in growing to maturity had grown into a particular form and expression of person, so he necessarily gathered a manner and frame of speech which made him additionally recognizable. His nature is not tuned to the pitch of a genuine direct admiration, only to an attitudinizing deference which does not fatigue itself with the formation of real judgments. All human achievement must be wrought down to this spoon-meat—this mixture of other persons' washy opinions and his own flux of reverence for what is third-hand, before Hinze can find a relish for it.

He has no more leading characteristic than the desire to stand well with those who are justly distinguished; he has no base admirations, and you may know by his entire presentation of himself, from the management of his hat to the angle at which he keeps his right foot, that he aspires to correctness. Desiring to behave becomingly and also to make a figure in dialogue, he is only like the bad artist whose picture is a failure. We may pity these ill-gifted strivers, but not pretend that their works are pleasant to behold. A man is bound to know something of his own weight and muscular dexterity, and the puny athlete is called foolish before he is seen to be thrown. Hinze has not the stuff in him to be at once agreeably conversational and sincere, and he has got himself up to be at all events agreeably conversational. Notwithstanding this deliberateness of intention in his talk he is unconscious of falsity, for he has not enough of deep and lasting impression to find a contrast or diversity between his words and his thoughts. He is not fairly to be called a hypocrite, but I have already confessed to the more exasperation at his make-believe reverence, because it has no deep hunger to excuse it.

VI.

ONLY TEMPER.

WHAT is temper? Its primary meaning, the proportion and mode in which qualities are mingled, is much neglected in popular speech, yet even here the word often carries a reference to an habitual state or general tendency of the organism in distinction from what are held to be specific virtues and vices. As people confess to bad memory without expecting to sink in mental reputation, so we hear a man declared to have a bad temper and yet glorified as the possessor of every high quality. When he errs or in any way commits himself, his temper is accused, not his character, and it is understood that but for a brutal bearish mood he is kindness itself. If he kicks small animals, swears violently at a servant who mistakes orders, or is grossly rude to his wife, it is remarked apologetically that these things mean nothing—they are all temper.

Certainly there is a limit to this form of apology, and the forgery of a bill, or the ordering of goods without any prospect of paying for them, has never been set down to an unfortunate habit of sulkiness or of irascibility. But on the whole there is a peculiar exercise of indulgence toward the manifestations of bad temper which tends to encourage them, so that we are in danger of having among us a number of virtuous persons who conduct themselves detestably, just as we have hysterical patients who, with sound organs, are apparently laboring under many sorts of organic disease. Let it be admitted, however, that a man may be "a good fellow" and yet have a bad temper, so bad that we recognize his merits with reluctance, and are inclined to resent his occasionally amiable behavior as an unfair demand on our admiration.

Touchwood is that kind of good fellow. He is by turns

insolent, quarrelsome, repulsively haughty to innocent people who approach him with respect, neglectful of his friends, angry in face of legitimate demands, procrastinating in the fulfilment of such demands, prompted to rude words and harsh looks by a moody disgust with his fellow-men in general—and yet, as everybody will assure you, the soul of honor, a steadfast friend, a defender of the oppressed, an affectionate-hearted creature. Pity that, after a certain experience of his moods, his intimacy becomes insupportable! A man who uses his balmorals to tread on your toes with much frequency and an unmistakable emphasis may prove a fast friend in adversity, but meanwhile your adversity has not arrived and your toes are tender. The daily sneer or growl at your remarks is not to be made amends for by a possible eulogy or defence of your undertaking against depreciators who may not present themselves, and on an occasion which may never arise. I cannot submit to a chronic state of blue and green bruise as a form of insurance against an accident.

Touchwood's bad temper is of the contradicting pugnacious sort. He is the honorable gentleman in opposition, whatever proposal or proposition may be broached, and when others join him he secretly damns their superfluous agreement, quickly discovering that his way of stating the case is not exactly theirs. An invitation or any sign of expectation throws him into an attitude of refusal. Ask his concurrence in a benevolent measure: he will not decline to give it, because he has a real sympathy with good aims; but he complies resentfully, though where he is let alone he will do much more than any one would have thought of asking for. No man would shrink with greater sensitiveness from the imputation of not paying his debts, yet when a bill is sent in with any promptitude he is inclined to make the tradesman wait for the money he is in such a hurry to get. One sees that this antagonistic temper must be much relieved by finding a particular object, and that its worst moments must be those where the mood is that of vague resistance, there being nothing specific to oppose. Touchwood is never so little engaging as when he comes down to breakfast with a cloud on his brow, after parting from you the night before with an affectionate effusiveness at the end of

a confidential conversation which has assured you of mutual understanding. Impossible that you can have committed any offence. If mice have disturbed him, that is not your fault; but, nevertheless, your cheerful greeting had better not convey any reference to the weather, else it will be met by a sneer which, taking you unawares, may give you a crushing sense that you make a poor figure with your cheerfulness, which was not asked for. Some daring person perhaps introduces another topic, and uses the delicate flattery of appealing to Touchwood for his opinion, the topic being included in his favorite studies. An indistinct muttering, with a look at the carving-knife in reply, teaches that daring person how ill he has chosen a market for his deference. If Touchwood's behavior affects you very closely you had better break your leg in the course of the day: his bad temper will then vanish at once; he will take a painful journey on your behalf; he will sit up with you night after night; he will do all the work of your department so as to save you from any loss in consequence of your accident; he will be even uniformly tender to you till you are well on your legs again, when he will some fine morning insult you without provocation, and make you wish that his generous goodness to you had not closed your lips against retort.

It is not always necessary that a friend should break his leg, for Touchwood to feel compunction and endeavor to make amends for his bearishness or insolence. He becomes spontaneously conscious that he has misbehaved, and he is not only ashamed of himself, but has the better prompting to try and heal any wound he has inflicted. Unhappily the habit of being offensive "without meaning it" leads usually to a way of making amends which the injured person cannot but regard as a being amiable without meaning it. The kindness, the complimentary indications or assurances, are apt to appear in the light of a penance adjusted to the foregoing lapses, and by the very contrast they offer call up a keener memory of the wrong they atone for. They are not a spontaneous prompting of good-will, but an elaborate compensation. And, in fact, Dion's atoning friendliness has a ring of artificiality. Because he formerly disguised his good feeling toward you he

now expresses more than he quite feels. It is in vain. Having made you extremely uncomfortable last week he has absolutely diminished his power of making you happy to-day: he struggles against this result by excessive effort, but he has taught you to observe his fitfulness rather than to be warmed by his episodic show of regard.

I suspect that many persons who have an uncertain, incalculable temper flatter themselves that it enhances their fascination; but perhaps they are under the prior mistake of exaggerating the charm which they suppose to be thus strengthened; in any case they will do well not to trust in the attractions of caprice and moodiness for a long continuance or for close intercourse. A pretty woman may fan the flame of distant adorers by harassing them, but if she lets one of them make her his wife, the point of view from which he will look at her poutings and tossings and mysterious inability to be pleased will be seriously altered. And if slavery to a pretty woman, which seems among the least conditional forms of abject service, will not bear too great a strain from her bad temper even though her beauty remain the same, it is clear that a man whose claims lie in his high character or high performances had need impress us very constantly with his peculiar value and indispensableness, if he is to test our patience by an uncertainty of temper which leaves us absolutely without grounds for guessing how he will receive our persons or humbly advanced opinions, or what line he will take on any but the most momentous occasions.

For it is among the repulsive effects of this bad temper, which is supposed to be compatible with shining virtues, that it is apt to determine a man's sudden adhesion to an opinion, whether on a personal or impersonal matter, without leaving him time to consider his grounds. The adhesion is sudden and momentary, but it either forms a precedent for his line of thought and action, or it is presently seen to have been inconsistent with his true mind. This determination of partisanship by temper has its worst effects in the career of the public man, who is always in danger of getting so enthralled by his own words that he looks into facts and questions not to get rectifying knowledge, but to get evidence that will justify his

actual attitude which was assumed under an impulse dependent on something else than knowledge. There has been plenty of insistence on the evil of swearing by the words of a master, and having the judgment uniformly controlled by a "He said it"; but a much worse woe to befall a man is to have every judgment controlled by an "I said it"—to make a divinity of his own short-sightedness or passion-led aberration and explain the world in its honor. There is hardly a more pitiable degradation than this for a man of high gifts. Hence I cannot join with those who wish that Touchwood, being young enough to enter on public life, should get elected for Parliament and use his excellent abilities to serve his country in that conspicuous manner. For hitherto, in the less momentous incidents of private life, his capricious temper has only produced the minor evil of inconsistency, and he is even greatly at ease in contradicting himself, provided he can contradict you, and disappoint any smiling expectation you may have shown that the impressions you are uttering are likely to meet with his sympathy, considering that the day before he himself gave you the example which your mind is following. He is at least free from those fetters of self-justification which are the curse of parliamentary speaking, and what I rather desire for him is that he should produce the great book which he is generally pronounced capable of writing, and put his best self imperturbably on record for the advantage of society; because I should then have steady ground for bearing with his diurnal incalculableness, and could fix my gratitude as by a strong staple to that unvarying monumental service. Unhappily, Touchwood's great powers have been only so far manifested as to be believed in, not demonstrated. Everybody rates them highly, and thinks that whatever he chose to do would be done in a first-rate manner. Is it his love of disappointing complacent expectancy which has gone so far as to keep up this lamentable negation, and made him resolve not to write the comprehensive work which he would have written if nobody had expected it of him?

One can see that if Touchwood were to become a public man and take to frequent speaking on platforms or from his seat in the House, it would hardly be possible for him to maintain

much integrity of opinion, or to avoid courses of partisanship which a healthy public sentiment would stamp with discredit. Say that he were endowed with the purest honesty, it would inevitably be dragged captive by this mysterious, Protean bad temper. There would be the fatal public necessity of justifying oratorical Temper which had got on its legs in its bitter mood and made insulting imputations, or of keeping up some decent show of consistency with opinions vented out of Temper's contradictoriness. And words would have to be followed up by acts of adhesion.

Certainly if a bad-tempered man can be admirably virtuous, he must be so under extreme difficulties. I doubt the possibility that a high order of character can coexist with a temper like Touchwood's. For it is of the nature of such temper to interrupt the formation of healthy mental habits, which depend on a growing harmony between perception, conviction, and impulse. There may be good feelings, good deeds—for a human nature may pack endless varieties and blessed inconsistencies in its windings—but it is essential to what is worthy to be called high character, that it may be safely calculated on, and that its qualities shall have taken the form of principles or laws habitually, if not perfectly, obeyed.

If a man frequently passes unjust judgments, takes up false attitudes, intermits his acts of kindness with rude behavior or cruel words, and falls into the consequent vulgar error of supposing that he can make amends by labored agreeableness, I cannot consider such courses any the less ugly because they are ascribed to "temper." Especially I object to the assumption that his having a fundamentally good disposition is either an apology or a compensation for his bad behavior. If his temper yesterday made him lash the horses, upset the curricule and cause a breakage of my rib, I feel it no compensation that to-day he vows he will drive me anywhere in the gentlest manner any day as long as he lives. Yesterday was what it was, my rib is paining me, it is not a main object of my life to be driven by Touchwood—and I have no confidence in his lifelong gentleness. The utmost form of placability I am capable of is to try and remember his better deeds already per-

formed, and, mindful of my own offences, to bear him no malice. But I cannot accept his amends.

If the bad-tempered man wants to apologize he had need to do it on a large public scale, make some beneficent discovery, produce some stimulating work of genius, invent some powerful process—prove himself such a good to contemporary multitudes and future generations, as to make the discomfort he causes his friends and acquaintances a vanishing quantity, a trifle even in their own estimate.

VII.

A POLITICAL MOLECULE.

THE most arrant denier must admit that a man often furthers larger ends than he is conscious of, and that while he is transacting his particular affairs with the narrow pertinacity of a respectable ant, he subserves an economy larger than any purpose of his own. Society is happily not dependent for the growth of fellowship on the small minority already endowed with comprehensive sympathy: any molecule of the body politic working toward his own interest in an orderly way gets his understanding more or less penetrated with the fact that his interest is included in that of a large number. I have watched several political molecules being educated in this way by the nature of things into a faint feeling of fraternity. But at this moment I am thinking of Spike, an elector who voted on the side of Progress though he was not inwardly attached to it under that name. For abstractions are deities having many specific names, local habitations, and forms of activity, and so get a multitude of devout servants who care no more for them under their highest titles than the celebrated person who, putting with forcible brevity a view of human motives now much insisted on, asked what Posterity had done for him that he should care for Posterity? To many minds even among the ancients (thought by some to have been invariably poetical) the goddess of wisdom was doubtless worshipped simply as the patroness of spinning and weaving. Now spinning and weaving from a manufacturing, wholesale point of view, was the chief form under which Spike from early years had unconsciously been a devotee of Progress.

He was a political molecule of the most gentlemanlike appearance, not less than six feet high, and showing the utmost nicety in the care of his person and equipment. His umbrella

was especially remarkable for its neatness, though perhaps he swung it unduly in walking. His complexion was fresh, his eyes small, bright, and twinkling. He was seen to great advantage in a hat and greatcoat—garments frequently fatal to the impressiveness of shorter figures; but when he was uncovered in the drawing-room, it was impossible not to observe that his head shelved off too rapidly from the eyebrows toward the crown, and that his length of limb seemed to have used up his mind so as to cause an air of abstraction from conversational topics. He appeared, indeed, to be preoccupied with a sense of his exquisite cleanliness, clapped his hands together and rubbed them frequently, straightened his back, and even opened his mouth and closed it again with a slight snap, apparently for no other purpose than the confirmation to himself of his own powers in that line. These are innocent exercises, but they are not such as give weight to a man's personality. Sometimes Spike's mind, emerging from its preoccupation, burst forth in a remark delivered with smiling zest; as, that he did like to see gravel walks well rolled, or that a lady should always wear the best jewelry, or that a bride was a most interesting object; but finding these ideas received rather coldly, he would relapse into abstraction, draw up his back, wrinkle his brows longitudinally, and seem to regard society, even including gravel walks, jewelry, and brides, as essentially a poor affair. Indeed his habit of mind was desponding, and he took melancholy views as to the possible extent of human pleasure and the value of existence. Especially after he had made his fortune in the cotton manufacture, and had thus attained the chief object of his ambition—the object which had engaged his talent for order and persevering application. For his easy leisure caused him much *ennui*. He was abstemious, and had none of those temptations to sensual excess which fill up a man's time first with indulgence and then with the process of getting well from its effects. He had not, indeed, exhausted the sources of knowledge, but here again his notions of human pleasure were narrowed by his want of appetite; for though he seemed rather surprised at the consideration that Alfred the Great was a Catholic, or that apart from the Ten Commandments any con-

ception of moral conduct had occurred to mankind, he was not stimulated to further inquiries on these remote matters. Yet he aspired to what he regarded as intellectual society, willingly entertained benefited clergymen, and bought the books he heard spoken of, arranging them carefully on the shelves of what he called his library, and occasionally sitting alone in the same room with them. But some minds seem well glazed by nature against the admission of knowledge, and Spike's was one of them. It was not, however, entirely so with regard to politics. He had a strong opinion about the Reform Bill, and saw clearly that the large trading towns ought to send members. Portraits of the Reform heroes hung framed and glazed in his library: he prided himself on being a Liberal. In this last particular, as well as in not giving benefactions and not making loans without interest, he showed unquestionable firmness. On the Repeal of the Corn Laws, again, he was thoroughly convinced. His mind was expansive toward foreign markets, and his imagination could see that the people from whom he took corn might be able to take the cotton goods which they had hitherto dispensed with. On his conduct in these political concerns, his wife, otherwise influential as a woman who belonged to a family with a title in it, and who had condescended in marrying him, could gain no hold: she had to blush a little at what was called her husband's "radicalism"—an epithet which was a very unfair impeachment of Spike, who never went to the root of anything. But he understood his own trading affairs, and in this way became a genuine, constant political element. If he had been born a little later he could have been accepted as an eligible member of Parliament, and if he had belonged to a high family he might have done for a member of the Government. Perhaps his indifference to "views" would have passed for administrative judiciousness, and he would have been so generally silent that he must often have been silent in the right place. But this is empty speculation: there is no warrant for saying what Spike would have been and known so as to have made a calculable political element, if he had not been educated by having to manage his trade. A small mind trained to useful occupation for the satisfying of private need be-

comes a representative of genuine class needs. Spike objected to certain items of legislation because they hampered his own trade, but his neighbors' trade was hampered by the same causes; and though he would have been simply selfish in a question of light or water between himself and a fellow-townsmen, his need for a change in legislation, being shared by all his neighbors in trade, ceased to be simply selfish, and raised him to a sense of common injury and common benefit. True, if the law could have been changed for the benefit of his particular business, leaving the cotton trade in general in a sorry condition while he prospered, Spike might not have thought that result intolerably unjust; but the nature of things did not allow of such a result being contemplated as possible; it allowed of an enlarged market for Spike only through the enlargement of his neighbors' market, and the Possible is always the ultimate master of our efforts and desires. Spike was obliged to contemplate a general benefit, and thus became public-spirited in spite of himself. Or rather, the nature of things transmuted his active egoism into a demand for a public benefit.

Certainly if Spike had been born a marquis he could not have had the same chance of being useful as a political element. But he might have had the same appearance, have been equally null in conversation, sceptical as to the reality of pleasure, and destitute of historical knowledge; perhaps even dimly disliking Jesuitism as a quality in Catholic minds, or regarding Bacon as the inventor of physical science. The depth of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations in this branch.

VIII.

THE WATCH-DOG OF KNOWLEDGE.

MORDAX is an admirable man, ardent in intellectual work, public-spirited, affectionate, and able to find the right words in conveying ingenious ideas or elevated feeling. Pity that to all these graces he cannot add what would give them the utmost finish—the occasional admission that he has been in the wrong, the occasional frank welcome of a new idea as something not before present to his mind! But no: Mordax's self-respect seems to be of that fiery quality which demands that none but the monarchs of thought shall have an advantage over him, and in the presence of contradiction or the threat of having his notions corrected, he becomes astonishingly unscrupulous and cruel for so kindly and conscientious a man.

"You are fond of attributing those fine qualities to Mordax," said Acer, the other day, "but I have not much belief in virtues that are always requiring to be asserted in spite of appearances against them. True fairness and good will show themselves precisely where his are conspicuously absent. I mean, in recognizing claims which the rest of the world are not likely to stand up for. It does not need much love of truth and justice in me to say that Aldebaran is a bright star, or Isaac Newton the greatest of discoverers; nor much kindness in me to want my notes to be heard above the rest in a chorus of hallelujahs to one already crowned. It is my way to apply tests. Does the man who has the ear of the public use his advantage tenderly toward poor fellows who may be hindered of their due if he treats their pretensions with scorn? That is my test of his justice and benevolence."

My answer was, that his system of moral tests might be as delusive as what ignorant people take to be tests of intellect and learning. If the scholar or *servant* cannot answer their

haphazard questions on the shortest notice, their belief in his capacity is shaken. But the better informed have given up the Johnsonian theory of mind as a pair of legs able to walk east or west according to choice. Intellect is no longer taken to be a ready-made dose of ability to attain eminence (or mediocrity) in all departments; it is even admitted that application in one line of study or practice has often a laming effect in other directions, and that an intellectual quality or special facility which is a furtherance in one medium of effort is a drag in another. We have convinced ourselves by this time that a man may be a sage in celestial physics and a poor creature in the purchase of seed-corn, or even in theorizing about the affections; that he may be a mere fumbler in physiology and yet show a keen insight into human motives; that he may seem the "poor Poll" of the company in conversation and yet write with some humorous vigor. It is not true that a man's intellectual power is like the strength of a timber beam, to be measured by its weakest point.

Why should we any more apply that fallacious standard of what is called consistency to a man's moral nature, and argue against the existence of fine impulses or habits of feeling in relation to his actions generally, because those better movements are absent in a class of cases which act peculiarly on an irritable form of his egoism? The mistake might be corrected by our taking notice that the ungenerous words or acts which seem to us the most utterly incompatible with good dispositions in the offender, are those which offend ourselves. All other persons are able to draw a milder conclusion. Laniger, who has a temper but no talent for repartee, having been run down in a fierce way by Mordax, is inwardly persuaded that the highly lauded man is a wolf at heart: he is much tried by perceiving that his own friends seem to think no worse of the reckless assailant than they did before; and Corvus, who has lately been flattered by some kindness from Mordax, is unmindful enough of Laniger's feeling to dwell on this instance of good-nature with admiring gratitude. There is a fable that when the badger had been stung all over by bees, a bear consoled him by a rhapsodic account of how he himself had just breakfasted on their honey. The badger replied, peevishly,

“The stings are in my flesh, and the sweetness is on your muzzle.” The bear, it is said, was surprised at the badger’s want of altruism.

But this difference of sensibility between Laniger and his friends only mirrors in a faint way the difference between his own point of view and that of the man who has injured him. If those neutral, perhaps even affectionate persons, form no lively conception of what Laniger suffers, how should Mordax have any such sympathetic imagination to check him in what he persuades himself is a scourging administered by the qualified man to the unqualified? Depend upon it, his conscience, though active enough in some relations, has never given him a twinge because of his polemical rudeness and even brutality. He would go from the room where he has been tiring himself through the watches of the night in lifting and turning a sick friend, and straightway write a reply or rejoinder in which he mercilessly pilloried a Laniger who had supposed that he could tell the world something else or more than had been sanctioned by the eminent Mordax—and what was worse, had sometimes really done so. Does this nullify the genuineness of motive which made him tender to his suffering friend? Not at all. It only proves that his arrogant egoism, set on fire, sends up smoke and flame where just before there had been the dews of fellowship and pity. He is angry and equips himself accordingly—with a penknife to give the offender a *comprachico* countenance, a mirror to show him the effect, and a pair of nailed boots to give him his dismissal. All this to teach him who the Romans really were, and to purge inquiry of incompetent intrusion, so rendering an important service to mankind.

When a man is in a rage and wants to hurt another in consequence, he can always regard himself as the civil arm of a spiritual power, and all the more easily because there is real need to assert the righteous efficacy of indignation. I for my part feel with the Lanigers, and should object all the more to their or my being lacerated and dressed with salt, if the administrator of such torture alleged as a motive his care for Truth and posterity, and got himself pictured with a halo in consequence. In transactions between fellow-men it is well

to consider a little, in the first place, what is fair and kind toward the person immediately concerned, before we spit and roast him on behalf of the next century but one. Wide-reaching motives, blessed and glorious as they are, and of the highest sacramental virtue, have their dangers, like all else that touches the mixed life of the earth. They are archangels with awful brow and flaming sword, summoning and encouraging us to do the right and the divinely heroic, and we feel a beneficent tremor in their presence; but to learn what it is they thus summon us to do, we have to consider the mortals we are elbowing, who are of our own stature and our own appetites. I cannot feel sure how my voting will affect the condition of Central Asia in the coming ages, but I have good reason to believe that the future populations there will be none the worse off because I abstain from conjectural vilification of my opponents during the present parliamentary session, and I am very sure that I shall be less injurious to my contemporaries. On the whole, and in the vast majority of instances, the action by which we can do the best for future ages is of the sort which has a certain beneficence and grace for contemporaries. A sour father may reform prisons, but considered in his sourness he does harm. The deed of Judas has been attributed to far-reaching views, and the wish to hasten his Master's declaration of himself as the Messiah. Perhaps—I will not maintain the contrary—Judas represented his motive in this way, and felt justified in his traitorous kiss; but my belief that he deserved, metaphorically speaking, to be where Dante saw him, at the bottom of the Malebolge, would not be the less strong because he was not convinced that his action was detestable. I refuse to accept a man who has the stomach for such treachery, as a hero impatient for the redemption of mankind and for the beginning of a reign when the kisses shall be those of peace and righteousness.

All this is by the way, to show that my apology for Mordax was not founded on his persuasion of superiority in his own motives, but on the compatibility of unfair, equivocal, and even cruel actions with a nature which, apart from special temptations, is kindly and generous; and also to enforce the need of checks from a fellow-feeling with those whom our

acts immediately (not distantly) concern. Will any one be so hardy as to maintain that an otherwise worthy man cannot be vain and arrogant? I think most of us have some interest in arguing the contrary. And it is of the nature of vanity and arrogance, if unchecked, to become cruel and self-justifying. There are fierce beasts within: chain them, chain them, and let them learn to cower before the creature with wider reason. This is what one wishes for Mordax—that his heart and brain should restrain the outleap of roar and talons.

As to his unwillingness to admit that an idea which he has not discovered is novel to him, one is surprised that quick intellect and shrewd observation do not early gather reasons for being ashamed of a mental trick which makes one among the comic parts of that various actor Conceited Ignorance.

I have a sort of valet and factotum, an excellent, respectable servant, whose spelling is so unvitiated by non-phonetic superfluties that he writes *night* as *nit*. One day, looking over his accounts, I said to him jocosely, "You are in the latest fashion with your spelling, Pummel: most people spell 'night' with a *gh* between the *i* and the *t*, but the greatest scholars now spell it as you do."—"So I suppose, sir," says Pummel; "I've see it with a *gh*, but I've noways give into that myself."

You would never catch Pummel in an interjection of surprise. I have sometimes laid traps for his astonishment, but he has escaped them all, either by a respectful neutrality, as of one who would not appear to notice that his master had been taking too much wine, or else by that strong persuasion of his all-knowingness which makes it simply impossible for him to feel himself newly informed. If I tell him that the world is spinning round and along like a top, and that he is spinning with it, he says, "Yes, I've heard a deal of that in my time, sir," and lifts the horizontal lines of his brow a little higher, balancing his head from side to side as if it were too painfully full. Whether I tell him that they cook puppies in China, that there are ducks with fur coats in Australia, or that in some parts of the world it is the pink of politeness to put your tongue out on introduction to a respectable stranger, Pummel replies, "So I suppose, sir," with an air of resignation to

hearing my poor version of well-known things, such as elders use in listening to lively boys lately presented with an anecdote book. His utmost concession is, that what you state is what he would have replied if you had given him *carte blanche* instead of your needless instruction, and in this sense his favorite answer is, "I should say."

"Pummel," I observed, a little irritated at not getting my coffee, "if you were to carry your kettle and spirits of wine up a mountain of a morning, your water would boil there sooner."—"I should say, sir."—"Or, there are boiling springs in Iceland. Better go to Iceland."—"That's what I've been thinking, sir."

I have taken to asking him hard questions, and as I expected, he never admits his own inability to answer them without representing it as common to the human race. "What is the cause of the tides, Pummel?"—"Well, sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion, but if I was to give mine, it 'ud be different."

But while he is never surprised himself, he is constantly imagining situations of surprise for others. His own consciousness is that of one so thoroughly soaked in knowledge that further absorption is impossible, but his neighbors appear to him to be in the state of thirsty sponges which it is a charity to besprinkle. His great interest in thinking of foreigners is that they must be surprised at what they see in England, and especially at the beef. He is often occupied with the surprise Adam must have felt at the sight of the assembled animals—"for he was not like us, sir, used from a b'y to Wombwell's shows." He is fond of discoursing to the lad who acts as shoeblack and general subaltern, and I have overheard him saying to that small upstart, with some severity, "Now don't you pretend to know, because the more you pretend the more I see your ignirance"—a lucidity on his part which has confirmed my impression that the thoroughly self-satisfied person is the only one fully to appreciate the charm of humility in others.

Your diffident self-suspecting mortal is not very angry that others should feel more comfortable about themselves, provided they are not otherwise offensive: he is rather like the

chilly person, glad to sit next a warmer neighbor; or the timid, glad to have a courageous fellow-traveller. It cheers him to observe the store of small comforts that his fellow-creatures may find in their self-complacency, just as one is pleased to see poor old souls soothed by the tobacco and snuff for which one has neither nose nor stomach one's self.

But your arrogant man will not tolerate a presumption which he sees to be ill-founded. The service he regards society as most in need of is to put down the conceit which is so particularly rife around him that he is inclined to believe it the growing characteristic of the present age. In the schools of Magna Græcia, or in the sixth century of our era, or even under Kublai Khan, he finds a comparative freedom from that presumption by which his contemporaries are stirring his able gall. The way people will now flaunt notions which are not his without appearing to mind that they are not his, strikes him as especially disgusting. It might seem surprising to us that one strongly convinced of his own value should prefer to exalt an age in which *he* did not flourish, if it were not for the reflection that the present age is the only one in which anybody has appeared to undervalue him.

IX.

A HALF-BREED.

AN early deep-seated love to which we become faithless has its unfailing Nemesis, if only in that division of soul which narrows all newer joys by the intrusion of regret and the established presentiment of change. I refer not merely to the love of a person, but to the love of ideas, practical beliefs, and social habits. And faithlessness here means not a gradual conversion dependent on enlarged knowledge, but a yielding to seductive circumstance; not a conviction that the original choice was a mistake, but a subjection to incidents that flatter a growing desire. In this sort of love it is the forsaker who has the melancholy lot; for an abandoned belief may be more effectively vengeful than Dido. The child of a wandering tribe caught young and trained to polite life, if he feels an hereditary yearning can run away to the old wilds and get his nature into tune. But there is no such recovery possible to the man who remembers what he once believed without being convinced that he was in error, who feels within him unsatisfied stirrings toward old beloved habits and intimacies from which he has far receded without conscious justification or unwavering sense of superior attractiveness in the new. This involuntary renegade has his character hopelessly jangled and out of tune. He is like an organ with its stops in the lawless condition of obtruding themselves without method, so that hearers are amazed by the most unexpected transitions—the trumpet breaking in on the flute, and the oboë confounding both.

Hence the lot of *Mixtus* affects me pathetically, notwithstanding that he spends his growing wealth with liberality and manifest enjoyment. To most observers he appears to be simply one of the fortunate and also sharp commercial men

who began with meaning to be rich and have become what they meant to be: a man never taken to be well-born, but surprisingly better informed than the well-born usually are, and distinguished among ordinary commercial magnates by a personal kindness which prompts him not only to help the suffering in a material way through his wealth, but also by direct ministrations of his own; yet with all this, diffusing, as it were, the odor of a man delightedly conscious of his wealth as an equivalent for the other social distinctions of rank and intellect which he can thus admire without envying. Hardly one among those superficial observers can suspect that he aims or has ever aimed at being a writer; still less can they imagine that his mind is often moved by strong currents of regret and of the most unworldly sympathies from the memories of a youthful time when his chosen associates were men and women whose only distinction was a religious, a philanthropic, or an intellectual enthusiasm, when the lady on whose words his attention most hung was a writer of minor religious literature, when he was a visitor and exhorter of the poor in the alleys of a great provincial town, and when he attended the lectures given specially to young men by Mr. Apollos, the eloquent Congregational preacher, who had studied in Germany and had liberal advanced views then far beyond the ordinary teaching of his sect. At that time Mixtus thought himself a young man of socially reforming ideas, of religious principles and religious yearnings. It was within his prospects also to be rich, but he looked forward to a use of his riches chiefly for reforming and religious purposes. His opinions were of a strongly democratic stamp, except that even then, belonging to the class of employers, he was opposed to all demands in the employed that would restrict the expansiveness of trade. He was the most democratic in relation to the unreasonable privileges of the aristocracy and landed interest; and he had also a religious sense of brotherhood with the poor. Altogether, he was a sincerely benevolent young man, interested in ideas, and renouncing personal ease for the sake of study, religious communion, and good works. If you had known him then you would have expected him to marry a highly serious and perhaps literary woman, sharing his benevolent

and religious habits, and likely to encourage his studies—a woman who along with himself would play a distinguished part in one of the most enlightened religious circles of a great provincial capital.

How is it that Mixtus finds himself in a London mansion, and in society totally unlike that which made the ideal of his younger years? And whom *did* he marry?

Why, he married Scintilla, who fascinated him as she had fascinated others, by her prettiness, her liveliness, and her music. It is a common enough case—that of a man being suddenly captivated by a woman nearly the opposite of his ideal; or if not wholly captivated, at least effectively captured by a combination of circumstances along with an unwarily manifested inclination which might otherwise have been transient. Mixtus was captivated and then captured on the worldly side of his disposition, which had been always growing and flourishing side by side with his philanthropic and religious tastes. He had ability in business, and he had early meant to be rich; also, he was getting rich, and the taste for such success was naturally growing with the pleasure of rewarded exertion. It was during a business sojourn in London that he met Scintilla, who, though without fortune, associated with families of Greek merchants living in a style of splendor, and with artists patronized by such wealthy entertainers. Mixtus on this occasion became familiar with a world in which wealth seemed the key to a more brilliant sort of dominance than that of a religious patron in the provincial circles of X. Would it not be possible to unite the two kinds of sway? A man bent on the most useful ends might, *with a fortune large enough*, make morality magnificent, and recommend religious principle by showing it in combination with the best kind of house and the most liberal of tables; also with a wife whose graces, wit, and accomplishments gave a finish—sometimes lacking even to establishments got up with that unhesitating worldliness to which high cost is a sufficient reason. Enough.

Mixtus married Scintilla. Now this lively lady knew nothing of Nonconformists, except that they were unfashionable: she did not distinguish one conventicle from another, and Mr. Apollos with his enlightened interpretations seemed to her

as heavy a bore, if not quite so ridiculous, as Mr. Johns could have been with his solemn twang at the Baptist chapel in the lowest suburbs, or as a local preacher among the Methodists. In general, people who appeared seriously to believe in any sort of doctrine, whether religious, social, or philosophical, seemed rather absurd to Scintilla. Ten to one these theoretic people pronounced oddly, had some reason or other for saying that the most agreeable things were wrong, wore objectionable clothes, and wanted you to subscribe to something. They were probably ignorant of art and music, did not understand *badinage*, and, in fact, could talk of nothing amusing. In Scintilla's eyes the majority of persons were ridiculous and deplorably wanting in that keen perception of what was good taste, with which she herself was blessed by nature and education; but the people understood to be religious or otherwise theoretic, were the most ridiculous of all, without being proportionately amusing and inevitable.

Did Mixtus not discover this view of Scintilla's before their marriage? Or did he allow her to remain in ignorance of habits and opinions which had made half the occupation of his youth?

When a man is inclined to marry a particular woman, and had made any committal of himself, this woman's opinions, however different from his own, are readily regarded as part of her pretty ways, especially if they are merely negative; as, for example, that she does not insist on the Trinity or on the rightfulness or expediency of church rates, but simply regards her lover's troubling himself in disputation on these heads as stuff and nonsense. The man feels his own superior strength, and is sure that marriage will make no difference to him on the subjects about which he is in earnest. And to laugh at men's affairs is a woman's privilege, tending to enliven the domestic hearth. If Scintilla had no liking for the best sort of nonconformity, she was without any troublesome bias toward Episcopacy, Anglicanism, and early sacraments, and was quite contented not to go to church.

As to Scintilla's acquaintance with her lover's tastes on these subjects, she was equally convinced on her side that a husband's queer ways while he was a bachelor would be easily

laughed out of him when he had married an adroit woman. Mixtus, she felt, was an excellent creature, quite likable, who was getting rich; and Scintilla meant to have all the advantages of a rich man's wife. She was not in the least a wicked woman; she was simply a pretty animal of the ape kind, with an aptitude for certain accomplishments which education had made the most of.

But we have seen what has been the result to poor Mixtus. He has become richer even than he dreamed of being, has a little palace in London, and entertains with splendor the half-aristocratic, professional, and artistic society which he is proud to think select. This society regards him as a clever fellow in his particular branch, seeing that he has become a considerable capitalist, and as a man desirable to have on the list of one's acquaintances. But from every other point of view Mixtus finds himself personally submerged: what he happens to think is not felt by his esteemed guests to be of any consequence, and what he used to think with the ardor of conviction he now hardly ever expresses. He is transplanted, and the sap within him has long been diverted into other than the old lines of vigorous growth. How could he speak to the artist Crespi or to Sir Hong Kong Bantam about the enlarged doctrine of Mr. Apollos? How could he mention to them his former efforts toward evangelizing the inhabitants of the X. alleys? And his references to his historical and geographical studies toward a survey of possible markets for English products are received with an air of ironical suspicion by many of his political friends, who take his pretension to give advice concerning the Amazon, the Euphrates, and the Niger as equivalent to the currier's wide views on the applicability of leather. He can only make a figure through his genial hospitality. It is in vain that he buys the best pictures and statues of the best artists. Nobody will call him a judge in art. If his pictures and statues are well chosen it is generally thought that Scintilla told him what to buy; and yet Scintilla in other connections is spoken of as having only a superficial and often questionable taste. Mixtus, it is decided, is a good fellow, not ignorant—no, really having a good deal of knowledge as well as sense, but not easy to classify otherwise than as a rich

man. He has consequently become a little uncertain as to his own point of view, and in his most unreserved moments of friendly intercourse, even when speaking to listeners whom he thinks likely to sympathize with the earlier part of his career, he presents himself in all his various aspects and feels himself in turn what he has been, what he is, and what others take him to be (for this last status is what we must all more or less accept). He will recover with some glow of enthusiasm the vision of his old associates, the particular limit he was once accustomed to trace of freedom in religious speculation, and his old ideal of a worthy life; but he will presently pass to the argument that money is the only means by which you can get what is best worth having in the world, and will arrive at the exclamation "Give me money!" with the tone and gesture of a man who both feels and knows. Then if one of his audience, not having money, remarks that a man may have made up his mind to do without money because he prefers something else, Mixtus is with him immediately, cordially concurring in the supreme value of mind and genius, which indeed make his own chief delight, in that he is able to entertain the admirable possessors of these attributes at his own table, though not himself reckoned among them. Yet, he will proceed to observe, there was a time when he sacrificed his sleep to study, and even now amid the press of business he from time to time thinks of taking up the manuscripts which he hopes some day to complete, and is always increasing his collection of valuable works bearing on his favorite topics. And it is true that he has read much in certain directions, and can remember what he has read; he knows the history and theories of colonization and the social condition of countries that do not at present consume a sufficiently large share of our products and manufactures. He continues his early habit of regarding the spread of Christianity as a great result of our commercial intercourse with black, brown, and yellow populations; but this is an idea not spoken of in the sort of fashionable society that Scintilla collects round her husband's table, and Mixtus now philosophically reflects that the cause must come before the effect, and that the thing to be directly striven for is the commercial intercourse, not excluding a little war if that also should prove

needful as a pioneer of Christianity. He has long been wont to feel bashful about his former religion; as if it were an old attachment having consequences which he did not abandon but kept in decent privacy, his avowed objects and actual position being incompatible with their public acknowledgment.

There is the same kind of fluctuation in his aspect toward social questions and duties. He has not lost the kindness that used to make him a benefactor and succorer of the needy, and he is still liberal in helping forward the clever and industrious; but in his active superintendence of commercial undertakings he has contracted more and more of the bitterness which capitalists and employers often feel to be a reasonable mood toward obstructive proletarians. Hence many who have occasionally met him when trade questions were being discussed, conclude him to be indistinguishable from the ordinary run of moneyed and money-getting men. Indeed, hardly any of his acquaintances know what Mixtus really is, considered as a whole—nor does Mixtus himself know it.

X.

DEBASING THE MORAL CURRENCY.

“IL ne faut pas mettre un ridicule où il n’y en a point: c’est se gâter le goût, c’est corrompre son jugement et celui des autres. Mais le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l’y voir, l’en tirer avec grâce et d’une manière qui plaise et qui instruisse.”

I am fond of quoting this passage from La Bruyère, because the subject is one where I like to show a Frenchman on my side, to save my sentiments from being set down to my peculiar dulness and deficient sense of the ludicrous, and also that they may profit by that enhancement of ideas when presented in a foreign tongue, that glamour of unfamiliarity conferring a dignity on the foreign names of very common things, of which even a philosopher like Dugald Stewart confesses the influence. I remember hearing a fervid woman attempt to recite in English the narrative of a begging Frenchman who described the violent death of his father in the July days. The narrative had impressed her, through the mists of her flushed anxiety to understand it, as something quite grandly pathetic; but finding the facts turn out meagre, and her audience cold, she broke off, saying, “It sounded so much finer in French—*j’ai vu le sang de mon père*, and so on—I wish I could repeat it in French.” This was a pardonable illusion in an old-fashioned lady who had not received the polyglot education of the present day; but I observe that even now much nonsense and bad taste win admiring acceptance solely by virtue of the French language, and one may fairly desire that what seems a just discrimination should profit by the fashionable prejudice in favor of La Bruyère’s idiom. But I wish he had added that the habit of dragging the ludicrous into topics where the chief interest is of a different or even opposite kind is a sign not of

endowment, but of deficiency. The art of spoiling is within reach of the dullest faculty: the coarsest clown with a hammer in his hand might chip the nose off every statue and bust in the Vatican, and stand grinning at the effect of his work. Because wit is an exquisite product of high powers, we are not therefore forced to admit the sadly confused inference of the monotonous jester that he is establishing his superiority over every less facetious person, and over every topic on which he is ignorant or insensible, by being uneasy until he has distorted it in the small cracked mirror which he carries about with him as a joking apparatus. Some high authority is needed to give many worthy and timid persons the freedom of muscular repose under the growing demand on them to laugh when they have no other reason than the peril of being taken for dullards; still more to inspire them with the courage to say that they object to the theatrical spoiling for themselves and their children of all affecting themes, all the grander deeds and aims of men, by burlesque associations adapted to the taste of rich fishmongers in the stalls and their assistants in the gallery. The English people in the present generation are falsely reputed to know Shakespeare (as, by some innocent persons, the Florentine mule-drivers are believed to have known the *Divina Commedia*, not, perhaps, excluding all the subtle discourses in the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*); but there seems a clear prospect that in the coming generation he will be known to them through burlesques, and that his plays will find a new life as pantomimes. A bottle-nosed Lear will come on with a monstrous corpulence from which he will frantically dance himself free during the midnight storm; Rosalind and Celia will join in a grotesque ballet with shepherds and shepherdesses; Ophelia in fleshings and a voluminous brevity of grenade will dance through the mad scene, finishing with the famous "attitude of the scissors" in the arms of Laertes; and all the speeches in "Hamlet" will be so ingeniously parodied that the originals will be reduced to a mere *memoria technica* of the improver's puns—premonitory signs of a hideous millennium, in which the lion will have to lie down with the lascivious monkeys whom (if we may trust Pliny) his soul naturally abhors.

I have been amazed to find that some artists whose own works have the ideal stamp, are quite insensible to the damaging tendency of the burlesquing spirit which ranges to and fro and up and down on the earth, seeing no reason (except a precarious censorship) why it should not appropriate every sacred, heroic, and pathetic theme which serves to make up the treasure of human admiration, hope, and love. One would have thought that their own half-despairing efforts to invest in worthy outward shape the vague inward impressions of sublimity, and the consciousness of an implicit ideal in the commonest scenes, might have made them susceptible of some disgust or alarm at a species of burlesque which is likely to render their compositions no better than a dissolving view, where every noble form is seen melting into its preposterous caricature. It used to be imagined of the unhappy mediæval Jews that they parodied Calvary by crucifying dogs: if they had been guilty they would at least have had the excuse of the hatred and rage begotten by persecution. Are we on the way to a parody which shall have no other excuse than the reckless search after fodder for degraded appetites—after the pay to be earned by pasturing Circe's herd where they may defile every monument of that growing life which should have kept them human?

The world seems to me well supplied with what is genuinely ridiculous: wit and humor may play as harmlessly or beneficently round the changing facets of egoism, absurdity, and vice, as the sunshine over the rippling sea or the dewy meadows. Why should we make our delicious sense of the ludicrous, with its invigorating shocks of laughter and its irrepressible smiles which are the outglow of an inward radiation as gentle and cheering as the warmth of morning, flourish like a brigand on the robbery of our mental wealth?—or let it take its exercise as a madman might, if allowed a free nightly promenade, by drawing the populace with bonfires which leave some venerable structure a blackened ruin or send a scorching smoke across the portraits of the past, at which we once looked with a loving recognition of fellowship, and disfigure them into butts of mockery?—nay, worse—use it to degrade the healthy appetites and affections of our nature as they are seen to be

degraded in insane patients whose system, all out of joint, finds matter for screaming laughter in mere topsy-turvy, makes every passion preposterous or obscene, and turns the hard-won order of life into a second chaos hideous enough to make one wail that the first was ever thrilled with light?

This is what I call debasing the moral currency: lowering the value of every inspiring fact and tradition so that it will command less and less of the spiritual products, the generous motives which sustain the charm and elevation of our social existence—the something besides bread by which man saves his soul alive. The bread-winner of the family may demand more and more coppery shillings, or assignats, or greenbacks for his day's work, and so get the needful quantum of food; but let that moral currency be emptied of its value—let a greedy buffoonery debase all historic beauty, majesty, and pathos, and the more you heap up the desecrated symbols the greater will be the lack of the ennobling emotions which subdue the tyranny of suffering, and make ambition one with social virtue.

And yet it seems, parents will put into the hands of their children ridiculous parodies (perhaps with more ridiculous "illustrations") of the poems which stirred their own tenderness or filial piety, and carry them to make their first acquaintance with great men, great works, or solemn crises through the medium of some miscellaneous burlesque which, with its idiotic puns and farcical attitudes, will remain among their primary associations, and reduce them throughout their time of studious preparation for life to the moral imbecility of an inward giggle at what might have stimulated their high emulation or fed the fountains of compassion, trust, and constancy. One wonders where these parents have deposited that stock of morally educating stimuli which is to be independent of poetic tradition, and to subsist in spite of the finest images being degraded and the finest words of genius being poisoned as with some befooling drug.

Will fine wit, will exquisite humor prosper the more through this turning of all things indiscriminately into food for a gluttonous laughter, an idle craving without sense of flavors? On the contrary. That delightful power which La Bruyère points

to—the ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l’y voir, l’en tirer avec grâce et d’une manière qui plaise et qui instruisse”—depends on a discrimination only compatible with the varied sensibilities which give sympathetic insight, and with the justice of perception which is another name for grave knowledge. Such a result is no more to be expected from faculties on the strain to find some small hook by which they may attach the lowest incongruity to the most momentous subject, than it is to be expected of a sharper, watching for gulls in a great political assemblage, that he will notice the blundering logic of partisan speakers, or season his observation with the salt of historical parallels. But after all our psychological teaching, and in the midst of our zeal for education, we are still, most of us, at the stage of believing that mental powers and habits have somehow, not perhaps in the general statement, but in any particular case, a kind of spiritual glaze against conditions which we are continually applying to them. We soak our children in habits of contempt and exultant gibing, and yet are confident that—as Clarissa one day said to me—“We can always teach them to be reverent in the right place, you know.” And doubtless if she were to take her boys to see a burlesque Socrates, with swollen legs, dying in the utterance of cockney puns, and were to hang up a sketch of this comic scene among their bedroom prints, she would think this preparation not at all to the prejudice of their emotions on hearing their tutor read that narrative of the *Apology* which has been consecrated by the reverent gratitude of ages. This is the impoverishment that threatens our posterity:—a new Famine, a meagre fiend with lewd grin and clumsy hoof, is breathing a moral mildew over the harvest of our human sentiments. These are the most delicate elements of our too easily perishable civilization. And here again I like to quote a French testimony. Sainte Beuve, referring to a time of insurrectionary disturbance, says: “Rien de plus prompt à baisser que la civilisation dans des crises comme celle-ci; on perd en trois semaines le résultat de plusieurs siècles. La civilisation, la *vie* est une chose apprise et inventée qu’on le sache bien: ‘*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.*’ Les hommes après quelques années de paix oublient trop cette vérité: ils arrivent à croire que la

culture est chose innée, qu'elle est la même chose que la *nature*. La sauvagerie est toujours là à deux pas, et, dès qu'on lâche pied, elle recommence." We have been severely enough taught (if we were willing to learn) that our civilization, considered as a splendid material fabric, is helplessly in peril without the spiritual police of sentiments or ideal feelings. And it is this invisible police which we had need, as a community, strive to maintain in efficient force. How if a dangerous "Swing" were sometimes disguised in a versatile entertainer devoted to the amusement of mixed audiences? And I confess that sometimes when I see a certain style of young lady, who checks our tender admiration with rouge and henna and all the blazonry of an extravagant expenditure, with slang and bold *brusquerie* intended to signify her emancipated view of things, and with cynical mockery which she mistakes for penetration, I am sorely tempted to hiss out "*Pétroleuse!*" It is a small matter to have our palaces set aflame compared with the misery of having our sense of a noble womanhood, which is the inspiration of a purifying shame, the promise of life-penetrating affection, stained and blotted out by images of repulsiveness. These things come—not of higher education, but—of dull ignorance fostered into pertness by the greedy vulgarity which reverses Peter's visionary lesson and learns to call all things common and unclean. It comes of debasing the moral currency.

The Tirynthians, according to an ancient story reported by Athenæus, becoming conscious that their trick of laughter at everything and nothing was making them unfit for the conduct of serious affairs, appealed to the Delphic oracle for some means of cure. The god prescribed a peculiar form of sacrifice which would be effective if they could carry it through without laughing. They did their best; but the flimsy joke of a boy upset their unaccustomed gravity, and in this way the oracle taught them that even the gods could not prescribe a quick cure for a long vitiation, or give power and dignity to a people who in a crisis of the public well-being were at the mercy of a poor jest.

XI.

THE WASP CREDITED WITH THE HONEYCOMB.

No man, I imagine, would object more strongly than Euphorion to communistic principles in relation to material property, but with regard to property in ideas he entertains such principles willingly, and is disposed to treat the distinction between Mine and Thine in original authorship as egoistic, narrowing, and low. I have known him, indeed, insist at some expense of erudition on the prior right of an ancient, a mediæval, or an eighteenth century writer to be credited with a view or statement lately advanced with some show of originality; and this championship seems to imply a nicety of conscience toward the dead. He is evidently unwilling that his neighbors should get more credit than is due to them, and in this way he appears to recognize a certain proprietorship even in spiritual production. But perhaps it is no real inconsistency that, with regard to many instances of modern origination, it is his habit to talk with a Gallic largeness and refer to the universe: he expatiates on the diffusive nature of intellectual products, free and all-embracing as the liberal air; on the infinitesimal smallness of individual origination compared with the massive inheritance of thought on which every new generation enters; on that growing preparation for every epoch through which certain ideas or modes of view are said to be in the air, and, still more metaphorically speaking, to be inevitably absorbed, so that every one may be excused for not knowing how he got them. Above all, he insists on the proper subordination of the irritable self, the mere vehicle of an idea or combination which, being produced by the sum total of the human race, must belong to that multiple entity, from the accomplished lecturer or popularizer who transmits it, to the remotest generation of Fuegians or Hottentots, however indif-

ferent these may be to the superiority of their right above that of the eminently perishable dyspeptic author.

One may admit that such considerations carry a profound truth to be even religiously contemplated, and yet object all the more to the mode in which Euphorion seems to apply them. I protest against the use of these majestic conceptions to do the dirty work of unscrupulosity and justify the non-payment of conscious debts which cannot be defined or enforced by the law. Especially since it is observable that the large views as to intellectual property which can apparently reconcile an able person to the use of lately borrowed ideas as if they were his own, when this spoliation is favored by the public darkness, never hinder him from joining in the zealous tribute of recognition and applause to those warriors of Truth whose triumphal arches are seen in the public ways, those conquerors whose battles and "annexations" even the carpenters and bricklayers know by name. Surely the acknowledgment of a mental debt which will not be immediately detected, and may never be asserted, is a case to which the traditional susceptibility to "debts of honor" would be suitably transferred. There is no massive public opinion that can be expected to tell on these relations of thinkers and investigators—relations to be thoroughly understood and felt only by those who are interested in the life of ideas and acquainted with their history. To lay false claim to an invention or discovery which has an immediate market value; to vamp up a professedly new book of reference by stealing from the pages of one already produced at the cost of much labor and material; to copy somebody else's poem and send the manuscript to a magazine, or hand it about among friends as an original "effusion"; to deliver an elegant extract from a known writer as a piece of improvised eloquence:—these are the limits within which the dishonest pretence of originality is likely to get hissed or hooted and bring more or less shame on the culprit. It is not necessary to understand the merit of a performance, or even to spell with any comfortable confidence, in order to perceive at once that such pretences are not respectable. But the difference between these vulgar frauds, these devices of ridiculous jays whose ill-secured plumes are seen falling off them as they run,

and the quiet appropriation of other people's philosophic or scientific ideas, can hardly be held to lie in their moral quality unless we take impunity as our criterion. The pitiable jays had no presumption in their favor and foolishly fronted an alert incredulity; but Euphorion, the accomplished theorist, has an audience who expect much of him, and take it as the most natural thing in the world that every unusual view which he presents anonymously should be due solely to his ingenuity. His borrowings are no incongruous feathers awkwardly stuck on; they have an appropriateness which makes them seem an answer to anticipation, like the return phrases of a melody. Certainly one cannot help the ignorant conclusions of polite society, and there are perhaps fashionable persons who, if a speaker has occasion to explain what the occiput is, will consider that he has lately discovered that curiously named portion of the animal frame: one cannot give a genealogical introduction to every long-stored item of fact or conjecture that may happen to be a revelation for the large class of persons who are understood to judge soundly on a small basis of knowledge. But Euphorion would be very sorry to have it supposed that he is unacquainted with the history of ideas, and sometimes carries even into minutiae the evidence of his exact registration of names in connection with quotable phrases or suggestions: I can therefore only explain the apparent infirmity of his memory in cases of larger "conveyance" by supposing that he is accustomed by the very association of largeness to range them at once under those grand laws of the universe in the light of which Mine and Thine disappear and are resolved into Everybody's or Nobody's, and one man's particular obligations to another melt untraceably into the obligations of the earth to the solar system in general.

Euphorion himself, if a particular omission of acknowledgment were brought home to him, would probably take a narrower ground of explanation. It was a lapse of memory; or it did not occur to him as necessary in this case to mention a name, the source being well known—or (since this seems usually to act as a strong reason for mention) he rather abstained from adducing the name because it might injure the excellent matter advanced, just as an obscure trade-mark casts

discredit on a good commodity, and even on the retailer who has furnished himself from a quarter not likely to be esteemed first-rate. No doubt this last is a genuine and frequent reason for the non-acknowledgment of indebtedness to what one may call impersonal as well as personal sources: even an American editor of school classics, whose own English could not pass for more than a syntactical shoddy of the cheapest sort, felt it unfavorable to his reputation for sound learning that he should be obliged to the Penny Cyclopædia, and disguised his references to it under contractions in which *Us. Knowl.* took the place of the low word *Penny*. Works of this convenient stamp, easily obtained and well nourished with matter, are felt to be like rich but unfashionable relations who are visited and received in privacy, and whose capital is used or inherited without any ostentatious insistence on their names and places of abode. As to memory, it is known that this frail faculty naturally lets drop the facts which are less flattering to our self-love—when it does not retain them carefully as subjects not to be approached, marshy spots with a warning flag over them. But it is always interesting to bring forward eminent names, such as Patricius or Scaliger, Euler or Lagrange, Bopp or Humboldt. To know exactly what has been drawn from them is erudition and heightens our own influence, which seems advantageous to mankind; whereas to cite an author whose ideas may pass as higher currency under our own signature can have no object except the contradictory one of throwing the illumination over his figure when it is important to be seen one's self. All these reasons must weigh considerably with those speculative persons who have to ask themselves whether or not Universal Utilitarianism requires that in the particular instance before them they should injure a man who has been of service to them, and rob a fellow-workman of the credit which is due to him.

After all, however, it must be admitted that hardly any accusation is more difficult to prove, and more liable to be false, than that of a plagiarism which is the conscious theft of ideas and deliberate reproduction of them as original. The arguments on the side of acquittal are obvious and strong:—the inevitable coincidences of contemporary thinking; and our

continual experience of finding notions turning up in our minds without any label on them to tell us whence they came, so that if we are in the habit of expecting much from our own capacity we accept them at once as a new inspiration. Then, in relation to the elder authors, there is the difficulty first of learning and then of remembering exactly what has been wrought into the backward tapestry of the world's history, together with the fact that ideas acquired long ago reappear as the sequence of an awakened interest or a line of inquiry which is really new in us, whence it is conceivable that if we were ancients some of us might be offering grateful hecatombs by mistake, and proving our honesty in a ruinously expensive manner. On the other hand, the evidence on which plagiarism is concluded is often of a kind which, though much trusted in questions of erudition and historical criticism, is apt to lead us injuriously astray in our daily judgments, especially of the resentful, condemnatory sort. How Pythagoras came by his ideas, whether St. Paul was acquainted with all the Greek poets, what Tacitus must have known by hearsay and systematically ignored, are points on which a false persuasion of knowledge is less damaging to justice and charity than an erroneous confidence, supported by reasoning fundamentally similar, of my neighbor's blameworthy behavior in a case where I am personally concerned. No premises require closer scrutiny than those which lead to the constantly echoed conclusion, "He must have known," or "He must have read." I marvel that this facility of belief on the side of knowledge can subsist under the daily demonstration that the easiest of all things to the human mind is *not* to know and *not* to read. To praise, to blame, to shout, grin, or hiss, where others shout, grin, or hiss—these are native tendencies; but to know and to read are artificial, hard accomplishments, concerning which the only safe supposition is, that as little of them has been done as the case admits. An author, keenly conscious of having written, can hardly help imagining his condition of lively interest to be shared by others, just as we are all apt to suppose that the chill or heat we are conscious of must be general, or even to think that our sons and daughters, our pet schemes, and our quarrelling correspondence, are themes to

which intelligent persons will listen long without weariness. But if the ardent author happen to be alive to practical teaching he will soon learn to divide the larger part of the enlightened public into those who have not read him and think it necessary to tell him so when they meet him in polite society, and those who have equally abstained from reading him, but wish to conceal this negation and speak of his "incomparable works" with that trust in testimony which always has its cheering side.

Hence it is worse than foolish to entertain silent suspicions of plagiarism, still more to give them voice, when they are founded on a construction of probabilities which a little more attention to every-day occurrences as a guide in reasoning would show us to be really worthless, considered as proof. The length to which one man's memory can go in letting drop associations that are vital to another can hardly find a limit. It is not to be supposed that a person desirous to make an agreeable impression on you would deliberately choose to insist to you, with some rhetorical sharpness, on an argument which you were the first to elaborate in public; yet any one who listens may overhear such instances of obliviousness. You naturally remember your peculiar connection with your acquaintance's judicious views; but why should *he*? Your fatherhood, which is an intense feeling to you, is only an additional fact of meagre interest for him to remember; and a sense of obligation to the particular living fellow-struggler who has helped us in our thinking, is not yet a form of memory the want of which is felt to be disgraceful or derogatory, unless it is taken to be a want of polite instruction, or causes the missing of a cockade on a day of celebration. In our suspicions of plagiarism, we must recognize as the first weighty probability, that what we who feel injured remember best is precisely what is least likely to enter lastingly into the memory of our neighbors. But it is fair to maintain that the neighbor who borrows your property, loses it for a while, and when it turns up again forgets your connection with it and counts it his own, shows himself so much the feebler in grasp and rectitude of mind. Some absent persons cannot remember the state of wear in their own hats and umbrellas, and have no mental

check to tell them that they have carried home a fellow-visitor's more recent purchase: they may be excellent householders, far removed from the suspicion of low devices, but one wishes them a more correct perception, and a more wary sense that a neighbor's umbrella may be newer than their own.

True, some persons are so constituted that the very excellence of an idea seems to them a convincing reason that it must be, if not solely, yet especially theirs. It fits in so beautifully with their general wisdom, it lies implicitly in so many of their manifested opinions, that if they have not yet expressed it (because of preoccupation) it is clearly a part of their indigenous produce, and is proved by their immediate eloquent promulgation of it to belong more naturally and appropriately to them than to the person who seemed first to have alighted on it, and who sinks in their all-originating consciousness to that low kind of entity, a second cause. This is not lunacy, nor pretence, but a genuine state of mind very effective in practice and often carrying the public with it, so that the poor Columbus is found to be a very faulty adventurer and the continent is named after Amerigo. Lighter examples of this instinctive appropriation are constantly met with among brilliant talkers. Aquila is too agreeable and amusing for any one who is not himself bent on display to be angry at his conversational rapine—his habit of darting down on every morsel of booty that other birds may hold in their beaks, with an innocent air as if it were all intended for his use and honestly counted on by him as a tribute in kind. Hardly any man, I imagine, can have had less trouble in gathering a showy stock of information than Aquila. On close inquiry you would probably find that he had not read one epoch-making book of modern times, for he has a career which obliges him to much correspondence and other official work, and he is too fond of being in company to spend his leisure moments in study; but to his quick eye, ear, and tongue, a few predatory excursions in conversation where there are instructed persons gradually furnish surprisingly clever modes of statement and allusion on the dominant topic. When he first adopts a subject he necessarily falls into mistakes, and it is interesting to watch his progress into fuller information and better nourished irony,

without his ever needing to admit that he has made a blunder or to appear conscious of correction. Suppose, for example, he had incautiously founded some ingenious remarks on a hasty reckoning that nine thirteens made a hundred and two, and the insignificant Bantam, hitherto silent, seemed to spoil the flow of ideas by stating that the product could not be taken as less than a hundred and seventeen, Aquila would glide on in the most graceful manner from a repetition of his previous remark to the continuation—"All this is on the supposition that a hundred and two were all that could be got out of nine thirteens; but as all the world knows that nine thirteens will yield," etc.—proceeding straightway into a new train of ingenious consequences, and causing Bantam to be regarded by all present as one of those slow persons who take irony for ignorance, and who would warn the weasel to keep awake. How should a small-eyed, feebly crowing mortal like him be quicker in arithmetic than the keen-faced forcible Aquila, in whom universal knowledge is easily credible? Looked into closely, the conclusion from a man's profile, voice, and fluency to his certainty in multiplication beyond the twelves, seems to show a confused notion of the way in which very common things are connected; but it is on such false correlations that men found half their inferences about each other, and high places of trust may sometimes be held on no better foundation.

It is a commonplace that words, writings, measures, and performances in general, have qualities assigned them not by a direct judgment on the performances themselves, but by a presumption of what they are likely to be, considering who is the performer. We all notice in our neighbors this reference to names as guides in criticism, and all furnish illustrations of it in our own practice; for, check ourselves as we will, the first impression from any sort of work must depend on a previous attitude of mind, and this will constantly be determined by the influences of a name. But that our prior confidence or want of confidence in given names is made up of judgments just as hollow as the consequent praise or blame they are taken to warrant, is less commonly perceived, though there is a conspicuous indication of it in the surprise or disappointment often manifested in the disclosure of an authorship about

which everybody has been making wrong guesses. No doubt if it had been discovered who wrote the "Vestiges," many an ingenious structure of probabilities would have been spoiled, and some disgust might have been felt for a real author who made comparatively so shabby an appearance of likelihood. It is this foolish trust in prepossessions, founded on spurious evidence, which makes a medium of encouragement for those who, happening to have the ear of the public, give other people's ideas the advantage of appearing under their own well-received name, while any remonstrance from the real producer becomes an unwelcome disturbance of complacency with each person who has paid complimentary tributes in the wrong place.

Hardly any kind of false reasoning is more ludicrous than this on the probabilities of origination. It would be amusing to catechise the guessers as to their exact reasons for thinking their guess "likely": why Hoopoe of John's has fixed on Toucan of Magdalen; why Shrike attributes its peculiar style to Buzzard, who has not hitherto been known as a writer; why the fair Columba thinks it must belong to the reverend Merula; and why they are all alike disturbed in their previous judgment of its value by finding that it really came from Skunk, whom they had either not thought of at all, or thought of as belonging to a species excluded by the nature of the case. Clearly they were all wrong in their notion of the specific conditions, which lay unexpectedly in the small Skunk, and in him alone—in spite of his education nobody knows where, in spite of somebody's knowing his uncles and cousins, and in spite of nobody's knowing that he was cleverer than they thought him.

Such guesses remind one of a fabulist's imaginary council of animals assembled to consider what sort of creature had constructed a honeycomb found and much tasted by Bruin and other epicures. The speakers all started from the probability that the maker was a bird, because this was the quarter from which a wondrous nest might be expected; for the animals at that time, knowing little of their own history, would have rejected as inconceivable the notion that a nest could be made by a fish; and as to the insects, they were not willingly received

in society and their ways were little known. Several complimentary presumptions were expressed that the honeycomb was due to one or the other admired and popular bird, and there was much fluttering on the part of the Nightingale and Swallow, neither of whom gave a positive denial, their confusion perhaps extending to their sense of identity; but the Owl hissed at this folly, arguing from his particular knowledge that the animal which produced honey must be the Musk-rat, the wondrous nature of whose secretions required no proof; and, in the powerful logical procedure of the Owl, from musk to honey was but a step. Some disturbance arose hereupon, for the Musk-rat began to make himself obtrusive, believing in the Owl's opinion of his powers, and feeling that he could have produced the honey if he had thought of it; until an experimental Butcher-bird proposed to anatomize him as a help to decision. The hubbub increased, the opponents of the Musk-rat inquiring who his ancestors were; until a diversion was created by an able discourse of the Macaw on structures generally, which he classified so as to include the honeycomb, entering into so much admirable exposition that there was a prevalent sense of the honeycomb having probably been produced by one who understood it so well. But Bruin, who had probably eaten too much to listen with edification, grumbled in his low kind of language, that "Fine words butter no parsnips," by which he meant to say that there was no new honey forthcoming.

Perhaps the audience generally was beginning to tire, when the Fox entered with his snout dreadfully swollen, and reported that the beneficent originator in question was the Wasp, which he had found much smeared with undoubted honey, having applied his nose to it—whence indeed the able insect, perhaps justifiably irritated at what might seem a sign of scepticism, had stung him with some severity, an infliction Reynard could hardly regret, since the swelling of a snout normally so delicate would corroborate his statement and satisfy the assembly that he had really found the honey-creating genius.

The Fox's admitted acuteness, combined with the visible swelling, were taken as undeniable evidence, and the revelation undoubtedly met a general desire for information on a

point of interest. Nevertheless, there was a murmur the reverse of delighted, and the feelings of some eminent animals were too strong for them: the Orang-outang's jaw dropped so as seriously to impair the vigor of his expression, the edifying Pelican screamed and flapped her wings, the Owl hissed again, the Macaw became loudly incoherent, and the Gibbon gave his hysterical laugh; while the Hyena, after indulging in a more splenetic guffaw, agitated the question whether it would not be better to hush up the whole affair, instead of giving public recognition to an insect whose produce, it was now plain, had been much over-estimated. But this narrow-spirited motion was negatived by the sweet-toothed majority. A complimentary deputation to the Wasp was resolved on, and there was a confident hope that this diplomatic measure would tell on the production of honey.

XII.

“SO YOUNG !”

GANYMEDE was once a girlishly handsome, precocious youth. That one cannot for any considerable number of years go on being youthful, girlishly handsome, and precocious, seems on consideration to be a statement as worthy of credit as the famous syllogistic conclusion, “Socrates was mortal.” But many circumstances have conspired to keep up in Ganymede the illusion that he is surprisingly young. He was the last born of his family, and from his earliest memory was accustomed to be commended as such to the care of his elder brothers and sisters: he heard his mother speak of him as her youngest darling with a loving pathos in her tone, which naturally suffused his own views of himself, and gave him the habitual consciousness of being at once very young and very interesting. Then, the disclosure of his tender years was a constant matter of astonishment to strangers who had had proof of his precocious talents, and the astonishment extended to what is called the world at large when he produced “A Comparative Estimate of European Nations” before he was well out of his teens. All comers, on a first interview, told him that he was marvellously young, and some repeated the statement each time they saw him; all critics who wrote about him called attention to the same ground for wonder: his deficiencies and excesses were alike to be accounted for by the flattering fact of his youth, and his youth was the golden background which set off his many-hued endowments. Here was already enough to establish a strong association between his sense of identity and his sense of being unusually young. But after this he devised and founded an ingenious organization for consolidating the literary interests of all the four continents (subsequently including Australasia and Polynesia), he him-

self presiding in the central office, which thus became a new theatre for the constantly repeated situation of an astonished stranger in the presence of a boldly scheming administrator found to be remarkably young. If we imagine with due charity the effect on Ganymede, we shall think it greatly to his credit that he continued to feel the necessity of being something more than young, and did not sink by rapid degrees into a parallel of that melancholy object, a superannuated youthful phenomenon. Happily he had enough of valid, active faculty to save him from that tragic fate. He had not exhausted his fountain of eloquent opinion in his "Comparative Estimate," so as to feel himself like some other juvenile celebrities, the sad survivor of his own manifest destiny, or like one who has risen too early in the morning, and finds all the solid day turned into a fatigued afternoon. He has continued to be productive both of schemes and writings, being perhaps helped by the fact that his "Comparative Estimate" did not greatly affect the currents of European thought, and left him with the stimulating hope that he had not done his best, but might yet produce what would make his youth more surprising than ever.

I saw something of him through his Antinous period, the time of rich chestnut locks, parted not by a visible white line, but by a shadowed furrow from which they fell in massive ripples to right and left. In these slim days he looked the younger for being rather below the middle size, and though at last one perceived him contracting an indefinable air of self-consciousness, a slight exaggeration of the facial movements, the attitudes, the little tricks, and the romance in shirt-collars, which must be expected from one who, in spite of his knowledge, was so exceedingly young, it was impossible to say that he was making any great mistake about himself. He was only undergoing one form of a common moral disease: being strongly mirrored for himself in the remark of others, he was getting to see his real characteristics as a dramatic part, a type to which his doings were always in correspondence. Owing to my absence on travel and to other causes I had lost sight of him for several years, but such a separation between two who have not missed each other seems in this busy century only a

pleasant reason, when they happen to meet again in some old accustomed haunt, for the one who has stayed at home to be more communicative about himself than he can well be to those who have all along been in his neighborhood. He had married in the interval, and as if to keep up his surprising youthfulness in all relations, he had taken a wife considerably older than himself. It would probably have seemed to him a disturbing inversion of the natural order that any one very near to him should have been younger than he, except his own children who, however young, would not necessarily hinder the normal surprise at the youthfulness of their father. And if my glance had revealed my impression on first seeing him again, he might have received a rather disagreeable shock, which was far from my intention. My mind, having retained a very exact image of his former appearance, took note of unmistakable changes such as a painter would certainly not have made by way of flattering his subject. He had lost his slimness, and that curved solidity which might have adorned a taller man was a rather sarcastic threat to his short figure. The English branch of the Teutonic race does not produce many fat youths, and I have even heard an American lady say that she was much "disappointed" at the moderate number and size of our fat men, considering their reputation in the United States; hence a stranger would now have been apt to remark that Ganymede was unusually plump for a distinguished writer, rather than unusually young. But how was he to know this? Many long-standing prepossessions are as hard to be corrected as a long-standing mispronunciation, against which the direct experience of eye and ear is often powerless. And I could perceive that Ganymede's inwrought sense of his surprising youthfulness had been stronger than the superficial reckoning of his years and the merely optical phenomena of the looking-glass. He now held a post under Government, and not only saw, like most subordinate functionaries, how ill everything was managed, but also what were the changes that a high constructive ability would dictate; and in mentioning to me his own speeches and other efforts toward propagating reformatory views in his department, he concluded by changing his tone to a sentimental head voice and saying—

"But I am so young; people object to any prominence on my part; I can only get myself heard anonymously, and when some attention has been drawn the name is sure to creep out. The writer is known to be young, and things are none the forwarder."

"Well," said I, "youth seems the only drawback that is sure to diminish. You and I have seven years less of it than when we last met."

"Ah?" returned Ganymede, as lightly as possible, at the same time casting an observant glance over me, as if he were marking the effect of seven years on a person who had probably begun life with an old look, and even as an infant had given his countenance to that significant doctrine, the transmigration of ancient souls into modern bodies.

I left him on that occasion without any melancholy forecast that his illusion would be suddenly or painfully broken up. I saw that he was well victualled and defended against a ten years' siege from ruthless facts; and in the course of time observation convinced me that his resistance received considerable aid from without. Each of his written productions, as it came out, was still commented on as the work of a very young man. One critic, finding that he wanted solidity, charitably referred to his youth as an excuse. Another, dazzled by his brilliancy, seemed to regard his youth as so wondrous that all authors appeared decrepit by comparison, and their style such as might be looked for from gentlemen of the old school. Able pens (according to a familiar metaphor) appeared to shake their heads good-humoredly, implying that Ganymede's crudities were pardonable in one so exceedingly young. Such unanimity amid diversity, which a distant posterity might take for evidence that on the point of age at least there could have been no mistake, was not really more difficult to account for than the prevalence of cotton in our fabrics. Ganymede had been first introduced into the writing world as remarkably young, and it was no exceptional consequence that the first deposit of information about him held its ground against facts which, however open to observation, were not necessarily thought of. It is not so easy, with our rates and taxes and need for economy in all directions, to cast away an epithet or

remark that turns up cheaply, and to go in expensive search after more genuine substitutes. There is high Homeric precedent for keeping fast hold of an epithet under all changes of circumstance, and so the precocious author of the "Comparative Estimate" heard the echoes repeating "Young Ganymede" when an illiterate beholder at a railway station would have given him forty years at least. Besides, important elders, sachems of the clubs and public meetings, had a genuine opinion of him as young enough to be checked for speech on subjects which they had spoken mistakenly about when he was in his cradle; and then, the midway parting of his crisp hair, not common among English committee-men, formed a presumption against the ripeness of his judgment which nothing but a speedy baldness could have removed.

It is but fair to mention all these outward confirmations of Ganymede's illusion, which shows no signs of leaving him. It is true that he no longer hears expressions of surprise at his youthfulness, on a first introduction to an admiring reader; but this sort of external evidence has become an unnecessary crutch to his habitual inward persuasion. His manners, his costume, his suppositions of the impression he makes on others, have all their former correspondence with the dramatic part of the young genius. As to the incongruity of his contour and other little accidents of *physique*, he is probably no more aware that they will affect others as incongruities than Armida is conscious how much her rouge provokes our notice of her wrinkles, and causes us to mention sarcastically that motherly age which we should otherwise regard with affectionate reverence.

But let us be just enough to admit that there may be old-young coxcombs as well as old-young coquettes.

XIII.

HOW WE COME TO GIVE OURSELVES FALSE TESTIMONIALS, AND BELIEVE IN THEM.

It is my way when I observe any instance of folly, any queer habit, any absurd illusion, straightway to look for something of the same type in myself, feeling sure that amid all differences there will be a certain correspondence; just as there is more or less correspondence in the natural history even of continents widely apart, and of islands in opposite zones. No doubt men's minds differ in what we may call their climate or share of solar energy, and a feeling or tendency which is comparable to a panther in one may have no more imposing aspect than that of a weasel in another: some are like a tropical habitat in which the very ferns cast a mighty shadow, and the grasses are a dry ocean in which a hunter may be submerged: others like the chilly latitudes in which your forest-tree, fit elsewhere to prop a mine, is a pretty miniature suitable for fancy potting. The eccentric man might be typified by the Australian fauna, refuting half our judicious assumptions of what nature allows. Still, whether fate commanded us to thatch our persons among the Eskimos or to choose the latest thing in tattooing among the Polynesian isles, our precious guide Comparison would teach us in the first place by likeness, and our clew to further knowledge would be resemblance to what we already know. Hence, having a keen interest in the natural history of my inward self, I pursue this plan I have mentioned of using my observation as a clew or lantern by which I detect small herbage or lurking life; or I take my neighbor in his least becoming tricks or efforts as an opportunity for luminous deduction concerning the figure the human genus makes in the specimen which I myself furnish.

Introspection which starts with the purpose of finding out

one's own absurdities is not likely to be very mischievous, yet of course it is not free from dangers any more than breathing is, or the other functions that keep us alive and active. To judge of others by one's self is in its most innocent meaning the briefest expression for our only method of knowing mankind; yet, we perceive, it has come to mean in many cases either the vulgar mistake which reduces every man's value to the very low figure at which the valuer himself happens to stand; or else, the amiable illusion of the higher nature misled by a too generous construction of the lower. One cannot give a recipe for wise judgment: it resembles appropriate muscular action, which is attained by the myriad lessons in nicety of balance and of aim that only practice can give. The danger of the inverse procedure, judging of self by what one observes in others, if it is carried on with much impartiality and keenness of discernment, is that it has a laming effect, enfeebling the energies of indignation and scorn, which are the proper scourges of wrong-doing and meanness, and which should continually feed the wholesome restraining power of public opinion. I respect the horsewhip when applied to the back of Cruelty, and think that he who applies it is a more perfect human being because his outleap of indignation is not checked by a too curious reflection on the nature of guilt—a more perfect human being because he more completely incorporates the best social life of the race, which can never be constituted by ideas that nullify action. This is the essence of Dante's sentiment (it is painful to think that he applies it very cruelly)—

“E cortesia fù, lui esser villano”¹—

and it is undeniable that a too intense consciousness of one's kinship with all frailties and vices undermines the active heroism which battles against wrong.

But certainly nature has taken care that this danger should not at present be very threatening. One could not fairly describe the generality of one's neighbors as too lucidly aware of manifesting in their own persons the weaknesses which they observe in the rest of her Majesty's subjects; on the contrary,

¹ Inferno xxxiii. 150.

a hasty conclusion as to schemes of Providence might lead to the supposition that one man was intended to correct another by being most intolerant of the ugly quality or trick which he himself possesses. Doubtless philosophers will be able to explain how it must necessarily be so, but pending the full extension of the *a priori* method, which will show that only blockheads could expect anything to be otherwise, it does seem surprising that Heloisa should be disgusted at Laura's attempts to disguise her age, attempts which she recognizes so thoroughly because they enter into her own practice; that Semper, who often responds at public dinners and proposes resolutions on platforms, though he has a trying gestation of every speech and a bad time for himself and others at every delivery, should yet remark pitilessly on the folly of precisely the same course of action in Ubique; that Aliquis, who lets no attack on himself pass unnoticed, and for every handful of gravel against his windows sends a stone in reply, should deplore the ill-advised retorts of Quispiam, who does not perceive that to show oneself angry with an adversary is to gratify him. To be unaware of our own little tricks of manner or our own mental blemishes and excesses is a comprehensible unconsciousness; the puzzling fact is that people should apparently take no account of their deliberate actions, and should expect them to be equally ignored by others. It is an inversion of the accepted order: *there* it is the phrases that are official and the conduct or privately manifested sentiment that is taken to be real; *here* it seems that the practice is taken to be official and entirely nullified by the verbal representation which contradicts it. The thief making a vow to heaven of full restitution and whispering some reservations, expecting to cheat Omniscience by an "aside," is hardly more ludicrous than the many ladies and gentlemen who have more belief, and expect others to have it, in their own statement about their habitual doings than in the contradictory fact which is patent in the daylight. One reason of the absurdity is that we are led by a tradition about ourselves, so that long after a man has practically departed from a rule or principle, he continues innocently to state it as a true description of his practice—just as he has a long tradition that he is not an old gentleman, and is startled when

he is seventy at overhearing himself called by an epithet which he has only applied to others.

"A person with your tendency of constitution should take as little sugar as possible," said Pilulus to Bovis somewhere in the darker decades of this century. "It has made a great difference to Avis since he took my advice in that matter: he used to consume half a pound a day."

"God bless me!" cries Bovis. "I take very little sugar myself."

"Twenty-six large lumps every day of your life, Mr. Bovis," says his wife.

"No such thing!" exclaims Bovis.

"You drop them into your tea, coffee, and whiskey yourself, my dear, and I count them."

"Nonsense!" laughs Bovis, turning to Pilulus, that they may exchange a glance of mutual amusement at a woman's inaccuracy.

But she happened to be right. Bovis had never said inwardly that he would take a large allowance of sugar, and he had the tradition about himself that he was a man of the most moderate habits; hence, with this conviction, he was naturally disgusted at the saccharine excesses of Avis.

I have sometimes thought that this facility of men in believing that they are still what they once meant to be—this undisturbed appropriation of a traditional character which is often but a melancholy relic of early resolutions, like the worn and soiled testimonial to soberness and honesty carried in the pocket of a tippler whom the need of a dram has driven into peculation—may sometimes diminish the turpitude of what seems a flat, barefaced falsehood. It is notorious that a man may go on uttering false assertions about his own acts till he at last believes in them: is it not possible that sometimes in the very first utterance there may be a shade of creed-reciting belief, a reproduction of a traditional self which is clung to against all evidence? There is no knowing all the disguises of the lying serpent.

When we come to examine in detail what is the sane mind in the sane body, the final test of completeness seems to be a security of distinction between what we have professed and

what we have done; what we have aimed at and what we have achieved; what we have invented and what we have witnessed or had evidenced to us; what we think and feel in the present and what we thought and felt in the past.

I know that there is a common prejudice which regards the habitual confusion of *now* and *then*, of *it was* and *it is*, of *it seemed so* and *I should like it to be so*, as a mark of high imaginative endowment, while the power of precise statement and description is rated lower, as the attitude of an every-day prosaic mind. High imagination is often assigned or claimed as if it were a ready activity in fabricating extravagances such as are presented by fevered dreams, or as if its possessors were in that state of inability to give credible testimony which would warrant their exclusion from the class of acceptable witnesses in a court of justice; so that a creative genius might fairly be subjected to the disability which some laws have stamped on dicers, slaves, and other classes whose position was held perverting to their sense of social responsibility.

This endowment of mental confusion is often boasted of by persons whose imaginativeness would not otherwise be known, unless it were by the slow process of detecting that their descriptions and narratives were not to be trusted. Callista is always ready to testify of herself that she is an imaginative person, and sometimes adds in illustration, that if she had taken a walk and seen an old heap of stones on her way, the account she would give on returning would include many pleasing particulars of her own invention, transforming the simple heap into an interesting castellated ruin. This creative freedom is all very well in the right place, but before I can grant it to be a sign of unusual mental power, I must inquire whether, on being requested to give a precise description of what she saw, she would be able to cast aside her arbitrary combinations and recover the objects she really perceived so as to make them recognizable by another person who passed the same way. Otherwise her glorifying imagination is not an addition to the fundamental power of strong, discerning perception, but a cheaper substitute. And, in fact, I find on listening to Callista's conversation, that she has a very lax conception even of common objects, and an equally lax memory

of events. It seems of no consequence to her whether she shall say that a stone is overgrown with moss or with lichen, that a building is of sandstone or of granite, that Melibœus once forgot to put on his cravat or that he always appears without it; that everybody says so, or that one stock-broker's wife said so yesterday; that Philemon praised Euphemia up to the skies, or that he denied knowing any particular evil of her. She is one of those respectable witnesses who would testify to the exact moment of an apparition, because any desirable moment will be as exact as another to her remembrance; or who would be the most worthy to witness the action of spirits on slates and tables because the action of limbs would not probably arrest her attention. She would describe the surprising phenomena exhibited by the powerful Medium with the same freedom that she vaunted in relation to the old heap of stones. Her supposed imaginativeness is simply a very usual lack of discriminating perception, accompanied with a less usual activity of misrepresentation, which, if it had been a little more intense, or had been stimulated by circumstance, might have made her a profuse writer unchecked by the troublesome need of veracity.

These characteristics are the very opposite of such as yield a fine imagination, which is always based on a keen vision, a keen consciousness of what *is*, and carries the store of definite knowledge as material for the construction of its inward visions. Witness Dante, who is at once the most precise and homely in his reproduction of actual objects, and the most soaringly at large in his imaginative combinations. On a much lower level we distinguish the hyperbole and rapid development in descriptions of persons and events which are lit up by humorous intention in the speaker—we distinguish this charming play of intelligence which resembles musical improvisation on a given motive, where the farthest sweep of curve is looped into relevancy by an instinctive method, from the florid inaccuracy or helpless exaggeration which is really something commoner than the correct simplicity often depreciated as prosaic.

Even if high imagination were to be identified with illusion, there would be the same sort of difference between the im-

perial wealth of illusion which is informed by industrious submissive observation and the trumpety stage-property illusion which depends on the ill-defined impressions gathered by capricious inclination, as there is between a good and a bad picture of the Last Judgment. In both these the subject is a combination never actually witnessed, and in the good picture the general combination may be of surpassing boldness; but on examination it is seen that the separate elements have been closely studied from real objects. And even where we find the charm of ideal elevation with wrong drawing and fantastic color, the charm is dependent on the selective sensibility of the painter to certain real delicacies of form which confer the expression he longed to render; for apart from this basis of an effect perceived in common, there could be no conveyance of æsthetic meaning by the painter to the beholder. In this sense it is as true to say of Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin, that it has a strain of reality, as to say so of a portrait by Rembrandt, which also has its strain of ideal elevation due to Rembrandt's virile selective sensibility.

To correct such self-flatterers as Callista, it is worth repeating that powerful imagination is not false outward vision, but intense inward representation, and a creative energy constantly fed by susceptibility to the veriest minutiae of experience, which it reproduces and constructs in fresh and fresh wholes; not the habitual confusion of provable fact with the fictions of fancy and transient inclination, but a breadth of ideal association which informs every material object, every incidental fact with far-reaching memories and stored residues of passion, bringing into new light the less obvious relations of human existence. The illusion to which it is liable is not that of habitually taking duckponds for liliated pools, but of being more or less transiently and in varying degrees so absorbed in ideal vision as to lose the consciousness of surrounding objects or occurrences; and when that rapt condition is past, the sane genius discriminates clearly between what has been given in this parenthetic state of excitement, and what he has known, and may count on, in the ordinary world of experience. Dante seems to have expressed these conditions perfectly in that passage of the *Purgatorio* where, after

a triple vision which has made him forget his surroundings, he says—

“Quando l’anima mia tornò di fuori
Alle cose che son fuor di lei vere,
Io riconobbi i miei non falsi errori.”—(c. xv.)

He distinguishes the ideal truth of his entranced vision from the series of external facts to which his consciousness had returned. Isaiah gives us the date of his vision in the Temple—“the year that King Uzziah died”—and if afterward the mighty-winged seraphim were present with him as he trod the street, he doubtless knew them for images of memory, and did not cry “Look!” to the passers-by.

Certainly the seer, whether prophet, philosopher, scientific discoverer, or poet, may happen to be rather mad: his powers may have been used up, like Don Quixote’s, in their visionary or theoretic constructions, so that the reports of common sense fail to affect him, or the continuous strain of excitement may have robbed his mind of its elasticity. It is hard for our frail mortality to carry the burden of greatness with steady gait and full alacrity of perception. But he is the strongest seer who can support the stress of creative energy and yet keep that sanity of expectation which consists in distinguishing, as Dante does, between the *cose che son vere* outside the individual mind, and the *non falsi errori* which are the revelations of true imaginative power.

XIV.

THE TOO READY WRITER.

ONE who talks too much, hindering the rest of the company from taking their turn, and apparently seeing no reason why they should not rather desire to know his opinion or experience in relation to all subjects, or at least to renounce the discussion of any topic where he can make no figure, has never been praised for this industrious monopoly of work which others would willingly have shared in. However various and brilliant his talk may be, we suspect him of impoverishing us by excluding the contributions of other minds, which attract our curiosity the more because he has shut them up in silence. Besides, we get tired of a "manner" in conversation as in painting, when one theme after another is treated with the same lines and touches. I begin with a liking for an estimable master, but by the time he has stretched his interpretation of the world unbrokenly along a palatial gallery, I have had what the cautious Scotch mind would call "enough" of him. There is monotony and narrowness already to spare in my own identity; what comes to me from without should be larger and more impartial than the judgment of any single interpreter. On this ground even a modest person, without power or will to shine in the conversation, may easily find the predominating talker a nuisance, while those who are full of matter on special topics are continually detecting miserably thin places in the web of that information which he will not desist from imparting. Nobody that I know of ever proposed a testimonial to a man for thus volunteering the whole expense of the conversation.

Why is there a different standard of judgment with regard to a writer who plays much the same part in literature as the excessive talker plays in what is traditionally called conversa-

tion? The busy Adrastus, whose professional engagements might seem more than enough for the nervous energy of one man, and who yet finds time to print essays on the chief current subjects, from the tri-lingual inscriptions, or the Idea of the Infinite among the prehistoric Lapps, to the Colorado beetle and the grape disease in the south of France, is generally praised if not admired for the breadth of his mental range and his gigantic powers of work. Poor Theron, who has some original ideas on a subject to which he has given years of research and meditation, has been waiting anxiously from month to month to see whether his condensed exposition will find a place in the next advertised programme, but sees it, on the contrary, regularly excluded, and twice the space he asked for filled with the copious brew of Adrastus, whose name carries custom like a celebrated trademark. Why should the eager haste to tell what he thinks on the shortest notice, as if his opinion were a needed preliminary to discussion, get a man the reputation of being a conceited bore in conversation, when nobody blames the same tendency if it shows itself in print? The excessive talker can only be in one gathering at a time, and there is the comfort of thinking that everywhere else other fellow-citizens who have something to say may get a chance of delivering themselves; but the exorbitant writer can occupy space and spread over it the more or less agreeable flavor of his mind in four "mediums" at once, and on subjects taken from the four winds. Such restless and versatile occupants of literary space and time should have lived earlier when the world wanted summaries of all extant knowledge, and this knowledge being small, there was the more room for commentary and conjecture. They might have played the part of an Isidor of Seville or a Vincent of Beauvais brilliantly, and the willingness to write everything themselves would have been strictly in place. In the present day, the busy retailer of other people's knowledge which he has spoiled in the handling, the restless guesser and commentator, the importunate hawker of undesirable superfluities, the everlasting word-compeller who rises early in the morning to praise what the world has already glorified, or makes himself haggard at night in writing out his dissent from what nobody

ever believed, is not simply "gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens"—he is an obstruction. Like an incompetent architect with too much interest at his back, he obtrudes his ill-considered work where place ought to have been left to better men.

Is it out of the question that we should entertain some scruple about mixing our own flavor, as of the too cheap and insistent nutmeg, with that of every great writer and every great subject?—especially when our flavor is all we have to give, the matter or knowledge having been already given by somebody else. What if we were only like the Spanish wine-skins which impress the innocent stranger with the notion that the Spanish grape has naturally a taste of leather? One could wish that even the greatest minds should leave some themes unhandled, or at least leave us no more than a paragraph or two on them to show how well they did in not being more lengthy.

Such entertainment of scruple can hardly be expected from the young; but happily their readiness to mirror the universe anew for the rest of mankind is not encouraged by easy publicity. In the vivacious Pepin I have often seen the image of my early youth, when it seemed to me astonishing that the philosophers had left so many difficulties unsolved, and that so many great themes had raised no great poet to treat them. I had an elated sense that I should find my brain full of theoretic clews when I looked for them, and that wherever a poet had not done what I expected, it was for want of my insight. Not knowing what had been said about the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, I felt myself capable of writing something original on its blemishes and beauties. In relation to all subjects I had a joyous consciousness of that ability which is prior to knowledge, and of only needing to apply myself in order to master any task—to conciliate philosophers whose systems were at present but dimly known to me, to estimate foreign poets whom I had not yet read, to show up mistakes in an historical monograph that roused my interest in an epoch which I had been hitherto ignorant of, when I should once have had time to verify my views of probability by looking into an encyclopædia. So Pepin; save only that he is indus-

trious while I was idle. Like the astronomer in *Rasselas*, I swayed the universe in my consciousness without making any difference outside me; whereas Pepin, while feeling himself powerful with the stars in their courses, really raises some dust here below. He is no longer in his spring-tide, but having been always busy he has been obliged to use his first impressions as if they were deliberate opinions, and to range himself on the corresponding side in ignorance of much that he commits himself to; so that he retains some characteristics of a comparatively tender age, and among them a certain surprise that there have not been more persons equal to himself. Perhaps it is unfortunate for him that he early gained a hearing, or at least a place in print, and was thus encouraged in acquiring a fixed habit of writing, to the exclusion of any other bread-winning pursuit. He is already to be classed as a "general writer," corresponding to the comprehensive wants of the "general reader," and with this industry on his hands it is not enough for him to keep up the ingenuous self-reliance of youth: he finds himself under an obligation to be skilled in various methods of seeming to know; and having habitually expressed himself before he was convinced, his interest in all subjects is chiefly to ascertain that he has not made a mistake, and to feel his infallibility confirmed. That impulse to decide, that vague sense of being able to achieve the unattempted, that dream of aerial unlimited movement at will without feet or wings, which were once but the joyous mounting of young sap, are already taking shape as unalterable woody fibre: the impulse has hardened into "style," and into a pattern of peremptory sentences; the sense of ability in the presence of other men's failures is turning into the official arrogance of one who habitually issues directions which he has never himself been called on to execute; the dreamy buoyancy of the stripling has taken on a fatal sort of reality in written pretensions which carry consequences. He is on the way to become like the loud-buzzing, bouncing *Bombus* who combines conceited illusions enough to supply several patients in a lunatic asylum with the freedom to show himself at large in various forms of print. If one who takes himself for the telegraphic centre of all American wires is to be confined as unfit to transact affairs,

what shall we say to the man who believes himself in possession of the unexpressed motives and designs dwelling in the breasts of all sovereigns and all politicians? And I grieve to think that poor Pepin, though less political, may by and by manifest a persuasion hardly more sane, for he is beginning to explain people's writing by what he does not know about them. Yet he was once at the comparatively innocent stage which I have confessed to be that of my own early astonishment at my powerful originality; and copying the just humility of the old Puritan, I may say, "But for the grace of discouragement, this coxcombry might have been mine."

Pepin made for himself a necessity of writing (and getting printed) before he had considered whether he had the knowledge or belief that would furnish eligible matter. At first perhaps the necessity galled him a little, but it is now as easily borne, nay, is as irrepressible a habit as the outpouring of inconsiderate talk. He is gradually being condemned to have no genuine impressions, no direct consciousness of enjoyment or the reverse from the quality of what is before him; his perceptions are continually arranging themselves in forms suitable to a printed judgment, and hence they will often turn out to be as much to the purpose if they are written without any direct contemplation of the object, and are guided by a few external conditions which serve to classify it for him. In this way he is irrevocably losing the faculty of accurate mental vision: having bound himself to express judgments which will satisfy some other demands than that of veracity, he has blunted his perceptions by continual preoccupation. We cannot command veracity at will: the power of seeing and reporting truly is a form of health that has to be delicately guarded, and as an ancient Rabbi has solemnly said, "The penalty of untruth is untruth." But Pepin is only a mild example of the fact that incessant writing with a view to printing carries internal consequences which have often the nature of disease. And however unpractical it may be held to consider whether we have anything to print which it is good for the world to read, or which has not been better said before, it will perhaps be allowed to be worth considering what effect the printing may have on ourselves. Clearly there is a sort of writing

which helps to keep the writer in a ridiculously contented ignorance; raising in him continually the sense of having delivered himself effectively, so that the acquirement of more thorough knowledge seems as superfluous as the purchase of costume for a past occasion. He has invested his vanity (perhaps his hope of income) in his own shallownesses and mistakes, and must desire their prosperity. Like the professional prophet, he learns to be glad of the harm that keeps up his credit, and to be sorry for the good that contradicts him. It is hard enough for any of us, amid the changing winds of fortune and the hurly-burly of events, to keep quite clear of a gladness which is another's calamity; but one may choose not to enter on a course which will turn such gladness into a fixed habit of mind, committing ourselves to be continually pleased that others should appear to be wrong in order that we may have the air of being right.

In some cases, perhaps, it might be urged that Pepin has remained the more self-contented because he has *not* written everything he believed himself capable of. He once asked me to read a sort of programme of the species of romance which he should think it worth while to write—a species which he contrasted in strong terms with the productions of illustrious but overrated authors in this branch. Pepin's romance was to present the splendors of the Roman Empire at the culmination of its grandeur, when decadence was spiritually but not visibly imminent: it was to show the workings of human passion in the most pregnant and exalted of human circumstances, the designs of statesmen, the interfusion of philosophies, the rural relaxation and converse of immortal poets, the majestic triumphs of warriors, the mingling of the quaint and sublime in religious ceremony, the gorgeous delirium of gladiatorial shows, and under all the secretly working leaven of Christianity. Such a romance would not call the attention of society to the dialect of stable-boys, the low habits of rustics, the vulgarity of small schoolmasters, the manners of men in livery, or to any other form of uneducated talk and sentiments: its characters would have virtues and vices alike on the grand scale, and would express themselves in an English representing the discourse of the most powerful

minds in the best Latin, or possibly Greek, when there occurred a scene with a Greek philosopher on a visit to Rome or resident there as a teacher. In this way Pepin would do in fiction what had never been done before: something not at all like "Rienzi" or "Notre Dame de Paris," or any other attempt of that kind; but something at once more penetrating and more magnificent, more passionate and more philosophical, more panoramic yet more select: something that would present a conception of a gigantic period; in short, something truly Roman and world-historical.

When Pepin gave me this programme to read he was much younger than at present. Some slight success in another vein diverted him from the production of panoramic and select romance, and the experience of not having tried to carry out his programme has naturally made him more biting and sarcastic on the failures of those who have actually written romances without apparently having had a glimpse of a conception equal to his. Indeed, I am often comparing his rather touchingly inflated *naïveté*, as of a small young person walking on tiptoe while he is talking of elevated things, at the time when he felt himself the author of that unwritten romance, with his present epigrammatic curtness and affectation of power kept strictly in reserve. His paragraphs now seem to have a bitter smile in them, from the consciousness of a mind too penetrating to accept any other man's ideas, and too equally competent in all directions to seclude his power in any one form of creation, but rather fitted to hang over them all as a lamp of guidance to the stumblers below. You perceive how proud he is of not being indebted to any writer: even with the dead he is on the creditor's side, for he is doing them the service of letting the world know what they meant better than those poor pre-Pepinians themselves had any means of doing, and he treats the mighty shades very cavalierly.

Is this fellow-citizen of ours, considered simply in the light of a baptized Christian and tax-paying Englishman, really as madly conceited, as empty of reverential feeling, as unvarnished and careless of justice, as full of catch-penny devices and stagey attitudinizing as on examination his writing shows

itself to be? By no means. He has arrived at his present pass in "the literary calling" through the self-imposed obligation to give himself a manner which would convey the impression of superior knowledge and ability. He is much worthier and more admirable than his written productions, because the moral aspects exhibited in his writing are felt to be ridiculous or disgraceful in the personal relations of life. In blaming Pepin's writing we are accusing the public conscience, which is so lax and ill informed on the momentous bearings of authorship that it sanctions the total absence of scruple in undertaking and prosecuting what should be the best warranted of vocations.

Hence I still accept friendly relations with Pepin, for he has much private amiability, and though he probably thinks of me as a man of slender talents, without rapidity of *coup d'œil* and with no compensatory penetration, he meets me very cordially, and would not, I am sure, willingly pain me in conversation by crudely declaring his low estimate of my capacity. Yet I have often known him to insult my betters and contribute (perhaps unreflectingly) to encourage injurious conceptions of them—but that was done in the course of his professional writing, and the public conscience still leaves such writing nearly on the level of the Merry-Andrew's dress, which permits an impudent deportment and extraordinary gambols to one who in his ordinary clothing shows himself the decent father of a family.

XV.

DISEASES OF SMALL AUTHORSHIP.

PARTICULAR callings, it is known, encourage particular diseases. There is a painter's colic: the Sheffield grinder falls a victim to the inhalation of steel dust: clergymen so often have a certain kind of sore throat that this otherwise secular ailment gets named after them. And perhaps, if we were to inquire, we should find a similar relation between certain moral ailments and these various occupations, though here in the case of clergymen there would be specific differences: the poor curate, equally with the rector, is liable to clergyman's sore throat, but he would probably be found free from the chronic moral ailments encouraged by the possession of glebe and those higher chances of preferment which follow on having a good position already. On the other hand, the poor curate might have severe attacks of calculating expectancy concerning parishioners' turkeys, cheeses, and fat geese, or of uneasy rivalry for the donations of clerical charities.

Authors are so miscellaneous a class that their personified diseases, physical and moral, might include the whole procession of human disorders, led by dyspepsia and ending in madness—the awful Dumb Show of a world-historic tragedy. Take a large enough area of human life and all comedy melts into tragedy, like the Fool's part by the side of Lear. The chief scenes get filled with erring heroes, guileful usurpers, persecuted discoverers, dying deliverers: everywhere the protagonist has a part pregnant with doom. The comedy sinks to an accessory, and if there are loud laughs they seem a convulsive transition from sobs; or if the comedy is touched with a gentle lovingness, the panoramic scene is one where

“Sadness is a kind of mirth
So mingled as if mirth did make us sad
And sadness merry.”¹

¹Two Noble Kinsmen.

But I did not set out on the wide survey that would carry me into tragedy, and in fact had nothing more serious in my mind than certain small chronic ailments that come of small authorship. I was thinking principally of Vorticella, who flourished in my youth not only as a portly lady walking in silk attire, but also as the authoress of a book entitled "The Channel Islands, with Notes and an Appendix." I would by no means make it a reproach to her that she wrote no more than one book; on the contrary, her stopping there seems to me a laudable example. What one would have wished, after experience, was that she had refrained from producing even that single volume, and thus from giving her self-importance a troublesome kind of double incorporation which became oppressive to her acquaintances, and set up in herself one of those slight chronic forms of disease to which I have just referred. She lived in the considerable provincial town of Pumpiter, which had its own newspaper press, with the usual divisions of political partisanship and the usual varieties of literary criticism—the florid and allusive, the *staccato* and peremptory, the clairvoyant and prophetic, the safe and pattern-phrased, or what one might call "the many-a-long-day style."

Vorticella being the wife of an important townsman had naturally the satisfaction of seeing "The Channel Islands" reviewed by all the organs of Pumpiter opinion, and their articles or paragraphs held as naturally the opening pages in the elegantly bound album prepared by her for the reception of "critical opinions." This ornamental volume lay on a special table in her drawing-room close to the still more gorgeously bound work of which it was the significant effect, and every guest was allowed the privilege of reading what had been said of the authoress and her work in the "Pumpiter Gazette and Literary Watchman," the "Pumpshire Post," the "Church Clock," the "Independent Monitor," and the lively but judicious publication known as the "Medley Pie"; to be followed up, if he chose, by the instructive perusal of the strikingly confirmatory judgments, sometimes concurrent in the very phrases, of journals from the most distant counties; as the "Latchgate Argus," the "Penllwy Universe," the

“Cockaleekie Advertiser,” the “Goodwin Sands Opinion,” and the “Land’s End Times.”

I had friends in Pumpiter and occasionally paid a long visit there. When I called on Vorticella, who had a cousinship with my hosts, she had to excuse herself because a message claimed her attention for eight or ten minutes, and handing me the album of critical opinions said, with a certain emphasis which, considering my youth, was highly complimentary, that she would really like me to read what I should find there. This seemed a permissive politeness which I could not feel to be an oppression, and I ran my eyes over the dozen pages, each with a strip or islet of newspaper in the centre, with that freedom of mind (in my case meaning freedom to forget) which would be a perilous way of preparing for examination. This *ad libitum* perusal had its interest for me. The private truth being that I had not read “The Channel Islands,” I was amazed at the variety of matter which the volume must contain to have impressed these different judges with the writer’s surpassing capacity to handle almost all branches of inquiry and all forms of presentation. In Jersey she had shown herself an historian, in Guernsey a poetess, in Alderney a political economist, and in Sark a humorist: there were sketches of character scattered through the pages which might put our “fictionists” to the blush; the style was eloquent and racy, studded with gems of felicitous remark; and the moral spirit throughout was so superior that, said one, “the recording angel” (who is not supposed to take account of literature as such) “would assuredly set down the work as a deed of religion.” The force of this eulogy on the part of several reviewers was much heightened by the incidental evidence of their fastidious and severe taste, which seemed to suffer considerably from the imperfections of our chief writers, even the dead and canonized: one afflicted them with the smell of oil, another lacked erudition and attempted (though vainly) to dazzle them with trivial conceits, one wanted to be more philosophical than nature had made him, another in attempting to be comic produced the melancholy effect of a half-starved Merry-Andrew; while one and all, from the author of the “Areopagitica” downward, had faults of style which must

have made an able hand in the "Latchgate Argus" shake the many-glanced head belonging thereto with a smile of compassionate disapproval. Not so the authoress of "The Channel Islands": Vorticella and Shakespeare were allowed to be faultless. I gathered that no blemishes were observable in the work of this accomplished writer, and the repeated information that she was "second to none" seemed after this superfluous. Her thick octavo—notes, appendix, and all—was unflagging from beginning to end; and the "Land's End Times," using a rather dangerous rhetorical figure, recommended you not to take up the volume unless you had leisure to finish it at a sitting. It had given one writer more pleasure than he had had for many a long day—a sentence which had a melancholy resonance, suggesting a life of studious languor such as all previous achievements of the human mind failed to stimulate into enjoyment. I think the collection of critical opinions wound up with this sentence, and I had turned back to look at the lithographed sketch of the authoress which fronted the first page of the album, when the fair original re-entered and I laid down the volume on its appropriate table.

"Well, what do you think of them?" said Vorticella, with an emphasis which had some significance unperceived by me. "I know you are a great student. Give me *your* opinion of these opinions."

"They must be very gratifying to you," I answered with a little confusion, for I perceived that I might easily mistake my footing, and I began to have a presentiment of an examination for which I was by no means crammed.

"On the whole—yes," said Vorticella, in a tone of concession. "A few of the notices are written with some pains, but not one of them has really grappled with the chief idea in the appendix. I don't know whether you have studied political economy, but you saw what I said on page 398 about the Jersey fisheries?"

I bowed—I confess it—with the mean hope that this movement in the nape of my neck would be taken as sufficient proof that I had read, marked, and learned. I do not forgive myself for this pantomimic falsehood, but I was young and morally timorous, and Vorticella's personality had an effect

on me something like that of a powerful mesmerizer when he directs all his ten fingers toward your eyes, as unpleasantly visible ducts for the invisible stream. I felt a great power of contempt in her, if I did not come up to her expectations.

"Well," she resumed, "you observe that not one of them has taken up that argument. But I hope I convinced you about the drag-nets?"

Here was a judgment on me. Orientally speaking, I had lifted up my foot on the steep descent of falsity and was compelled to set it down on a lower level. "I should think you must be right," said I, inwardly resolving that on the next topic I would tell the truth.

"I know that I am right," said Vorticella. "The fact is that no critic in this town is fit to meddle with such subjects, unless it be Volvox, and he, with all his command of language, is very superficial. It is Volvox who writes in the 'Monitor.' I hope you noticed how he contradicts himself?"

My resolution, helped by the equivalence of dangers, stoutly prevailed, and I said, "No."

"No! I am surprised. He is the only one who finds fault with me. He is a Dissenter, you know. The 'Monitor' is the Dissenters' organ, but my husband has been so useful to them in municipal affairs that they would not venture to run my book down; they feel obliged to tell the truth about me. Still Volvox betrays himself. After praising me for my penetration and accuracy, he presently says I have allowed myself to be imposed upon and have let my active imagination run away with me. That is like his dissenting impertinence. Active my imagination may be, but I have it under control. Little Vibrio, who writes the playful notice in the 'Medley Pie,' has a clever hit at Volvox in that passage about the steeplechase of imagination, where the loser wants to make it appear that the winner was only run away with. But if you did not notice Volvox's self-contradiction you would not see the point," added Vorticella, with rather a chilling intonation. "Or perhaps you did not read the 'Medley Pie' notice? That is a pity. Do take up the book again. Vibrio is a poor little tippling creature, but, as Mr. Carlyle would say, he has an eye, and he is always lively."

I did take up the book again, and read as demanded.

"It is very ingenious," said I, really appreciating the difficulty of being lively in this connection: it seemed even more wonderful than that a *Vibrio* should have an eye.

"You are probably surprised to see no notices from the London press," said Vorticella. "I have one—a very remarkable one. But I reserve it until the others have spoken, and then I shall introduce it to wind up. I shall have them reprinted, of course, and inserted in future copies. This from the 'Candelabrum' is only eight lines in length, but full of venom. It calls my style dull and pompous. I think that will tell its own tale, placed after the other critiques."

"People's impressions are so different," said I. "Some persons find 'Don Quixote' dull."

"Yes," said Vorticella, in emphatic chest tones, "dulness is a matter of opinion; but pompous! That I never was and never could be. Perhaps he means that my matter is too important for his taste; and I have no objection to *that*. I did not intend to be trivial. I should just like to read you that passage about the drag-nets, because I could make it clearer to you."

A second (less ornamental) copy was at her elbow and was already opened, when to my great relief another guest was announced, and I was able to take my leave without seeming to run away from "The Channel Islands," though not without being compelled to carry with me the loan of "the marked copy," which I was to find advantageous in a reperusal of the appendix, and was only requested to return before my departure from Pumpiter. Looking into the volume now with some curiosity, I found it a very ordinary combination of the commonplace and ambitious, one of those books which one might imagine to have been written under the old Grub Street coercion of hunger and thirst, if they were not known beforehand to be the gratuitous productions of ladies and gentlemen whose circumstances might be called altogether easy, but for an uneasy vanity that happened to have been directed toward authorship. Its importance was that of a polypus, tumor, fungus, or other erratic outgrowth, noxious and disfiguring in its effect on the individual organism which nourishes it. Poor

Vorticella might not have been more wearisome on a visit than the majority of her neighbors, but for this disease of magnified self-importance belonging to small authorship. I understand that the chronic complaint of "The Channel Islands" never left her. As the years went on and the publication tended to vanish in the distance for her neighbors' memory, she was still bent on dragging it to the foreground, and her chief interest in new acquaintances was the possibility of lending them her book, entering into all details concerning it, and requesting them to read her album of "critical opinions." This really made her more tiresome than Gregarina, whose distinction was that she had had cholera, and who did not feel herself in her true position with strangers until they knew it.

My experience with Vorticella led me for a time into the false supposition that this sort of fungous disfiguration, which makes Self disagreeably larger, was most common to the female sex; but I presently found that here too the male could assert his superiority and show a more vigorous boredom. I have known a man with a single pamphlet containing an assurance that somebody else was wrong, together with a few approved quotations, produce a more powerful effect of shuddering at his approach than ever Vorticella did with her varied octavo volume, including notes and appendix. Males of more than one nation recur to my memory who produced from their pocket on the slightest encouragement a small pink or buff duodecimo pamphlet, wrapped in silver paper, as a present held ready for an intelligent reader. "A mode of propagandism," you remark in excuse; "they wished to spread some useful corrective doctrine." Not necessarily: the indoctrination aimed at was perhaps to convince you of their own talents by the sample of an "Ode on Shakespeare's Birthday," or a translation from Horace.

Vorticella may pair off with Monas, who had also written his one book—"Here and There; or, a Trip from Truro to Transylvania"—and not only carried it in his portmanteau when he went on visits, but took the earliest opportunity of depositing it in the drawing-room, and afterward would enter to look for it, as if under pressure of a need for reference,

begging the lady of the house to tell him whether she had seen "a small volume bound in red." One hostess at last ordered it to be carried into his bedroom to save his time; but it presently reappeared in his hands, and was again left with inserted slips of paper on the drawing-room table.

Depend upon it, vanity is human, native alike to men and women; only in the male it is of denser texture, less volatile, so that it less immediately informs you of its presence, but is more massive and capable of knocking you down if you come into collision with it; while in women vanity lays by its small revenges as in a needle-case always at hand. The difference is in muscle and finger-tips, in traditional habits and mental perspective, rather than in the original appetite of vanity. It is an approved method now to explain ourselves by a reference to the races as little like us as possible, which leads me to observe that in Fiji the men use the most elaborate hair-dressing, and that wherever tattooing is in vogue the male expects to carry off the prize of admiration for pattern and workmanship. Arguing analogically, and looking for this tendency of the Fijian or Hawaiian male in the eminent European, we must suppose that it exhibits itself under the forms of civilized apparel; and it would be a great mistake to estimate passionate effort by the effect it produces on our perception or understanding. It is conceivable that a man may have concentrated no less will and expectation on his wrist-bands, gaiters, and the shape of his hat-brim, or an appearance which impresses you as that of the modern "swell," than the Ojibbeway on an ornamentation which seems to us much more elaborate. In what concerns the search for admiration at least, it is not true that the effect is equal to the cause and resembles it. The cause of a flat curl on the masculine forehead, such as might be seen when George the Fourth was king, must have been widely different in quality and intensity from the impression made by that small scroll of hair on the organ of the beholder. Merely to maintain an attitude and gait which I notice in certain club-men, and especially an inflation of the chest accompanying very small remarks, there goes, I am convinced, an expenditure of physical energy little appreciated by the multitude—a mental vision of Self and deeply impressed

beholders which is quite without antitype in what we call the effect produced by that hidden process.

No! there is no need to admit that women would carry away the prize of vanity in a competition where differences of custom were fairly considered. A man cannot show his vanity in a tight skirt which forces him to walk sideways down the staircase; but let the match be between the respective vanities of largest beard and tightest skirt, and here too the battle would be to the strong.

XVI.

MORAL SWINDLERS.

It is a familiar example of irony in the degradation of words that "what a man is worth" has come to mean how much money he possesses; but there seems a deeper and more melancholy irony in the shrunken meaning that popular or polite speech assigns to "morality" and "morals." The poor part these words are made to play recalls the fate of those pagan divinities who, after being understood to rule the powers of the air and the destinies of men, came down to the level of insignificant demons, or were even made a farcical show for the amusement of the multitude.

Talking to Melissa in a time of commercial trouble, I found her disposed to speak pathetically of the disgrace which had fallen on Sir Gavial Mantrap, because of his conduct in relation to the Eocene Mines, and to other companies ingeniously devised by him for the punishment of ignorance in people of small means: a disgrace by which the poor titled gentleman was actually reduced to live in comparative obscurity on his wife's settlement of one or two hundred thousand in the consols.

"Surely your pity is misapplied," said I, rather dubiously, for I like the comfort of trusting that a correct moral judgment is the strong point in woman (seeing that she has a majority of about a million in our islands), and I imagined that Melissa might have some unexpressed grounds for her opinion. "I should have thought you would rather be sorry for Mantrap's victims—the widows, spinsters, and hard-working fathers whom his unscrupulous haste to make himself rich has cheated of all their savings, while he is eating well, lying softly, and after impudently justifying himself before the public, is perhaps joining in the General Confession with a

sense that he is an acceptable object in the sight of God, though decent men refuse to meet him."

"Oh, all that about the Companies, I know, was most unfortunate. In commerce people are led to do so many things, and he might not know exactly how everything would turn out. But Sir Gavial made a good use of his money, and he is a thoroughly *moral* man."

"What do you mean by a thoroughly moral man?" said I.

"Oh, I suppose every one means the same by that," said Melissa, with a slight air of rebuke. "Sir Gavial is an excellent family man—quite blameless there; and so charitable round his place at Tiptop. Very different from Mr. Barabbas, whose life, my husband tells me, is most objectionable, with actresses and that sort of thing. I think a man's morals should make a difference to us. I'm not sorry for Mr. Barabbas, but *I am* sorry for Sir Gavial Mantrap."

I will not repeat my answer to Melissa, for I fear it was offensively brusque, my opinion being that Sir Gavial was the more pernicious scoundrel of the two, since his name for virtue served as an effective part of a swindling apparatus; and perhaps I hinted that to call such a man moral showed rather a silly notion of human affairs. In fact, I had an angry wish to be instructive, and Melissa, as will sometimes happen, noticed my anger without appropriating my instruction, for I have since heard that she speaks of me as rather violent-tempered, and not over strict in my views of morality.

I wish that this narrow use of words which are wanted in their full meaning were confined to women like Melissa. Seeing that Morality and Morals under their *alias* of Ethics are the subject of voluminous discussion, and their true basis a pressing matter of dispute—seeing that the most famous book ever written on Ethics, and forming a chief study in our colleges, allies ethical with political science or that which treats of the constitution and prosperity of States, one might expect that educated men would find reason to avoid a perversion of language which lends itself to no wider view of life than that of village gossips. Yet I find even respectable historians of our own and of foreign countries, after showing that a king was treacherous, rapacious, and ready to sanction gross breaches

in the administration of justice, end by praising him for his pure moral character, by which one must suppose them to mean that he was not lewd nor debauched, not the European twin of the typical Indian potentate whom Macaulay describes as passing his life in chewing bang and fondling dancing-girls. And since we are sometimes told of such maleficent kings that they were religious, we arrive at the curious result that the most serious wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both Morality and Religion—the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses (and perhaps not drinking too much), and the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God which can be carried on equally well side by side with the basest conduct toward men. With such a classification as this it is no wonder, considering the strong reaction of language on thought, that many minds, dizzy with indigestion of recent science and philosophy, are far to seek for the grounds of social duty, and without entertaining any private intention of committing a perjury which would ruin an innocent man, or seeking gain by supplying bad preserved meats to our navy, feel themselves speculatively obliged to inquire why they should not do so, and are inclined to measure their intellectual subtlety by their dissatisfaction with all answers to this "Why?" It is of little use to theorize in ethics while our habitual phraseology stamps the larger part of our social duties as something that lies aloof from the deepest needs and affections of our nature. The informal definitions of popular language are the only medium through which theory really affects the mass of minds even among the nominally educated; and when a man whose business hours, the solid part of every day, are spent in an unscrupulous course of public or private action which has every calculable chance of causing widespread injury and misery, can be called moral because he comes home to dine with his wife and children and cherishes the happiness of his own hearth, the augury is not good for the use of high ethical and theological disputation.

Not for one moment would one willingly lose sight of the truth that the relation of the sexes and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest roots of human wellbeing, but to make them by themselves the equivalent of morality is to cut off the

channels of feeling through which they are the feeders of that wellbeing. They are the original fountains of a sensibility to the claims of others, which is the bond of societies; but being necessarily in the first instance a private good, there is always the danger that individual selfishness will see in them only the best part of its own gain; just as knowledge, navigation, commerce, and all the conditions which are of a nature to awaken men's consciousness of their mutual dependence and to make the world one great society, are the occasions of selfish, unfair action, of war and oppression, so long as the public conscience or chief force of feeling and opinion is not uniform and strong enough in its insistence on what is demanded by the general welfare. And among the influences that must retard a right public judgment, the degradation of words which involve praise and blame will be reckoned worth protesting against by every mature observer. To rob words of half their meaning, while they retain their dignity as qualifications, is like allowing to men who have lost half their faculties the same high and perilous command which they won in their time of vigor; or like selling food and seeds after fraudulently abstracting their best virtues: in each case what ought to be beneficently strong is fatally enfeebled, if not empoisoned. Until we have altered our dictionaries and have found some other word than *morality* to stand in popular use for the duties of man to man, let us refuse to accept as moral the contractor who enriches himself by using large machinery to make pasteboard soles pass as leather for the feet of unhappy conscripts fighting at miserable odds against invaders: let us rather call him a miscreant, though he were the tenderest, most faithful of husbands, and contend that his own experience of home happiness makes his reckless infliction of suffering on others all the more atrocious. Let us refuse to accept as moral any political leader who should allow his conduct in relation to great issues to be determined by egoistic passion, and boldly say that he would be less immoral even though he were as lax in his personal habits as Sir Robert Walpole, if at the same time his sense of the public welfare were supreme in his mind, quelling all pettier impulses beneath a magnanimous impartiality. And though we were to find among that class

of journalists who live by recklessly reporting injurious rumors, insinuating the blackest motives in opponents, descanting at large and with an air of infallibility on dreams which they both find and interpret, and stimulating bad feeling between nations by abusive writing which is as empty of real conviction as the rage of a pantomime king, and would be ludicrous if its effects did not make it appear diabolical—though we were to find among these a man who was benignancy itself in his own circle, a healer of private differences, a soother in private calamities, let us pronounce him nevertheless flagrantly immoral, a root of hideous cancer in the commonwealth, turning the channels of instruction into feeders of social and political disease.

In opposite ways one sees bad effects likely to be encouraged by this narrow use of the word *morals*, shutting out from its meaning half those actions of a man's life which tell momentously on the well-being of his fellow-citizens, and on the preparation of a future for the children growing up around him. Thoroughness of workmanship, care in the execution of every task undertaken, as if it were the acceptance of a trust which it would be a breach of faith not to discharge well, is a form of duty so momentous that if it were to die out from the feeling and practice of a people, all reforms of institutions would be helpless to create national prosperity and national happiness. Do we desire to see public spirit penetrating all classes of the community and affecting every man's conduct, so that he shall make neither the saving of his soul nor any other private saving an excuse for indifference to the general welfare? Well and good. But the sort of public spirit that seeks its bread-winning work, whether with the trowel, the pen, or the overseeing brain, that it may hurry to scenes of political or social agitation, would be as baleful a gift to our people as any malignant demon could devise. One best part of educational training is that which comes through special knowledge and manipulative or other skill, with its usual accompaniment of delight, in relation to work which is the daily bread-winning occupation—which is a man's contribution to the effective wealth of society in return for what he takes as his own share. But this duty of doing one's proper work

well, and taking care that every product of one's labor shall be genuinely what it pretends to be, is not only left out of morals in popular speech, it is very little insisted on by public teachers, at least in the only effective way—by tracing the continuous effects of ill-done work. Some of them seem to be still hopeful that it will follow as a necessary consequence from week-day services, ecclesiastical decoration, and improved hymn-books; others apparently trust to descanting on self-culture in general, or to raising a general sense of faulty circumstances; and meanwhile lax, makeshift work from the high conspicuous kind to the average and obscure, is allowed to pass unstamped with the disgrace of immorality, though there is not a member of society who is not daily suffering from it materially and spiritually, and though it is the fatal cause that must degrade our national rank and our commerce in spite of all open markets and discovery of available coal-seams.

I suppose one may take the popular misuse of the words *Morality* and *Morals* as some excuse for certain absurdities which are occasional fashions in speech and writing—certain old lay figures, as ugly as the queerest Asiatic idol, which at different periods get propped into loftiness, and attired in magnificent Venetian drapery, so that whether they have a human face or not is of little consequence. One is, the notion that there is a radical, irreconcilable opposition between intellect and morality. I do not mean the simple statement of fact, which everybody knows, that remarkably able men have had very faulty morals, and have outraged public feeling even at its ordinary standard; but the supposition that the ablest intellect, the highest genius, will see through morality as a sort of twaddle for bibs and tuckers, a doctrine of dulness, a mere incident in human stupidity. We begin to understand the acceptance of this foolishness by considering that we live in a society where we may hear a treacherous monarch, or a malignant and lying politician, or a man who uses either official or literary power as an instrument of his private partiality or hatred, or a manufacturer who devises the falsification of wares, or a trader who deals in virtueless seed-grains, praised or compassionated because of his excellent morals. Clearly

if morality meant no more than such decencies as are practised by these poisonous members of society, it would be possible to say, without suspicion of light-headedness, that morality lay aloof from the grand stream of human affairs, as a small channel fed by the stream and not missed from it. While this form of nonsense is conveyed in the popular use of words, there must be plenty of well-dressed ignorance at leisure to run through a box of books, which will feel itself initiated in the freemasonry of intellect by a view of life which might take for a Shakespearian motto—

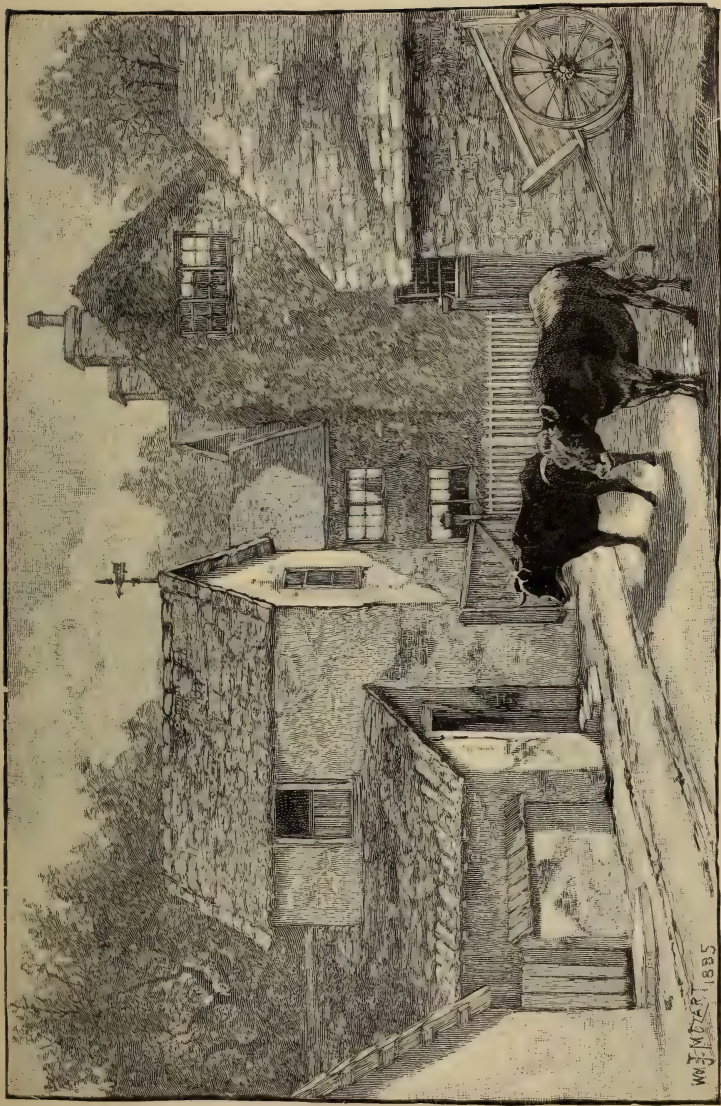
“Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air”—

and will find itself easily provided with striking conversation by the rule of reversing all the judgments on good and evil which have come to be the calendar and clockwork of society. But let our habitual talk give morals their full meaning as the conduct which, in every human relation, would follow from the fullest knowledge and the fullest sympathy—a meaning perpetually corrected and enriched by a more thorough appreciation of dependence in things, and a finer sensibility to both physical and spiritual fact—and this ridiculous ascription of superlative power to minds which have no effective awe-inspiring vision of the human lot, no response of understanding to the connection between duty and the material processes by which the world is kept habitable for cultivated man, will be tacitly discredited without any need to cite the immortal names that all are obliged to take as the measure of intellectual rank and highly charged genius.

Suppose a Frenchman—I mean no disrespect to the great French nation, for all nations are afflicted with their peculiar parasitic growths, which are lazy, hungry forms, usually characterized by a disproportionate swallowing apparatus: suppose a Parisian who should shuffle down the Boulevard with a soul ignorant of the gravest cares and the deepest tenderness of manhood, and a frame more or less fevered by debauchery, mentally polishing into utmost refinement of phrase and rhythm verses which were an enlargement on that Shakespearian motto, and worthy of the most expensive title to be

furnished by the vendors of such antithetic ware as *Les margerites de l'Enfer*, or *Les délices de Béalzébuth*. This supposed personage might probably enough regard his negation of those moral sensibilities which make half the warp and woof of human history, his indifference to the hard thinking and hard handiwork of life, to which he owed even his own gauzy mental garments with their spangles of poor paradox, as the royalty of genius, for we are used to witness such self-crowning in many forms of mental alienation; but he would not, I think, be taken, even by his own generation, as a living proof that there can exist such a combination as that of moral stupidity and trivial emphasis of personal indulgence with the large yet finely discriminating vision which marks the intellectual masters of our kind. Doubtless there are many sorts of transfiguration, and a man who has come to be worthy of all gratitude and reverence may have had his swinish period, wallowing in ugly places; but suppose it had been handed down to us that Sophocles or Virgil had at one time made himself scandalous in this way: the works which have consecrated their memory for our admiration and gratitude are not a glorifying of swinishness, but an artistic incorporation of the highest sentiment known to their age.

All these may seem to be wide reasons for objecting to Melissa's pity for Sir Gavial Mantrap on the ground of his good morals; but their connection will not be obscure to any one who has taken pains to observe the links uniting the scattered signs of our social development.



Farm Offices, Griff (surroundings of George Eliot's girlhood home).—Page 139.

Theo. Such.

XVII.

SHADOWS OF THE COMING RACE.

My friend Trost, who is no optimist as to the state of the universe hitherto, but is confident that at some future period within the duration of the solar system, ours will be the best of all possible worlds—a hope which I always honor as a sign of beneficent qualities—my friend Trost always tries to keep up my spirits under the sight of the extremely unpleasant and disfiguring work by which many of our fellow-creatures have to get their bread, with the assurance that “all this will soon be done by machinery.” But he sometimes neutralizes the consolation by extending it over so large an area of human labor, and insisting so impressively on the quantity of energy which will thus be set free for loftier purposes, that I am tempted to desire an occasional famine of invention in the coming ages, lest the humbler kinds of work should be entirely nullified while there are still left some men and women who are not fit for the highest.

Especially, when one considers the perfunctory way in which some of the most exalted tasks are already executed by those who are understood to be educated for them, there rises a fearful vision of the human race evolving machinery which will by and by throw itself fatally out of work. When, in the Bank of England, I see a wondrously delicate machine for testing sovereigns, a shrewd implacable little steel Rhadamanthus that, once the coins are delivered up to it, lifts and balances each in turn for the fraction of an instant, finds it wanting or sufficient, and dismisses it to right or left with rigorous justice; when I am told of micrometers and thermopiles and tasimeters which deal physically with the invisible, the impalpable, and the unimaginable; of cunning wires and wheels and pointing needles which will register your and my quick-

ness so as to exclude flattering opinion; of a machine for drawing the right conclusion, which will doubtless by and by be improved into an automaton for finding true premises; of a microphone which detects the cadence of the fly's foot on the ceiling, and may be expected presently to discriminate the noises of our various follies as they soliloquize or converse in our brains—my mind seeming too small for these things, I get a little out of it, like an unfortunate savage too suddenly brought face to face with civilization, and I exclaim—

“Am I already in the shadow of the Coming Race? and will the creatures who are to transcend and finally supersede us be steely organisms giving out the effluvia of the laboratory, and performing with infallible exactness more than everything that we have performed with a slovenly approximateness and self-defeating inaccuracy?”

“But,” says Trost, treating me with cautious mildness on hearing me vent this raving notion, “you forget that these wonder-workers are the slaves of our race, need our tendance and regulation, obey the mandates of our consciousness, and are only deaf and dumb bringers of reports which we decipher and make use of. They are simply extensions of the human organism, so to speak, limbs immeasurably more powerful, ever more subtle finger-tips, ever more mastery over the invisibly great and the invisibly small. Each new machine needs a new appliance of human skill to construct it, new devices to feed it with material, and often keener-edged faculties to note its registrations or performances. How then can machines supersede us?—they depend upon us. When we cease, they cease.”

“I am not so sure of that,” said I, getting back into my mind, and becoming rather wilful in consequence. “If, as I have heard you contend, machines as they are more and more perfected will require less and less of tendance, how do I know that they may not be ultimately made to carry, or may not in themselves evolve, conditions of self-supply, self-repair, and reproduction, and not only do all the mighty and subtle work possible on this planet better than we could do it, but with the immense advantage of banishing from the earth's atmosphere screaming consciousnesses which, in our compara-

tively clumsy race, make an intolerable noise and fuss to each other about every petty ant-like performance, looking on at all work only as it were to spring a rattle here or blow a trumpet there, with a ridiculous sense of being effective? I for my part cannot see any reason why a sufficiently penetrating thinker, who can see his way through a thousand years or so, should not conceive a parliament of machines, in which the manners were excellent and the motions infallible in logic: one honorable instrument, a remote descendant of the Voltaic family, might discharge a powerful current (entirely without animosity) on an honorable instrument opposite, of more upstart origin, but belonging to the ancient edge-tool race which we already at Sheffield see paring thick iron as if it were mellow cheese—by this unerringly directed discharge operating on movements corresponding to what we call Estimates, and by necessary mechanical consequence on movements corresponding to what we call the Funds, which with a vain analogy we sometimes speak of as ‘sensitive.’ For every machine would be perfectly educated, that is to say, would have the suitable molecular adjustments, which would act not the less infallibly for being free from the fussy accompaniment of that consciousness to which our prejudice gives a supreme governing rank, when in truth it is an idle parasite on the grand sequence of things.”

“Nothing of the sort!” returned Trost, getting angry, and judging it kind to treat me with some severity; “what you have heard me say is, that our race will and must act as a nervous centre to the utmost development of mechanical processes: the subtly refined powers of machines will react in producing more subtly refined thinking processes which will occupy the minds set free from grosser labor. Say, for example, that all the scavengers’ work of London were done, so far as human attention is concerned, by the occasional pressure of a brass button (as in the ringing of an electric bell), you will then have a multitude of brains set free for the exquisite enjoyment of dealing with the exact sequences and high speculations supplied and prompted by the delicate machines which yield a response to the fixed stars, and give readings of the spiral vortices fundamentally concerned in the

production of epic poems or great judicial harangues. So far from mankind being thrown out of work according to your notion," concluded Trost, with a peculiar nasal note of scorn, "if it were not for your incurable dilettanteism in science as in all other things—if you had once understood the action of any delicate machine—you would perceive that the sequences it carries throughout the realm of phenomena would require many generations, perhaps æons, of understandings considerably stronger than yours, to exhaust the store of work it lays open."

"Precisely," said I, with a meekness which I felt was praiseworthy; "it is the feebleness of my capacity, bringing me nearer than you to the human average, that perhaps enables me to imagine certain results better than you can. Doubtless the very fishes of our rivers, gullible as they look, and slow as they are to be rightly convinced in another order of facts, form fewer false expectations about each other than we should form about them if we were in a position of somewhat fuller intercourse with their species; for even as it is we have continually to be surprised that they do not rise to our carefully selected bait. Take me then as a sort of reflective and experienced carp; but do not estimate the justice of my ideas by my facial expression."

"Pooh!" says Trost. (We are on very intimate terms.)

"Naturally," I persisted, "it is less easy to you than to me to imagine our race transcended and superseded, since the more energy a being is possessed of, the harder it must be for him to conceive his own death. But I, from the point of view of a reflective carp, can easily imagine myself and my congeners dispensed with in the frame of things and giving way not only to a superior but a vastly different kind of Entity. What I would ask you is, to show me why, since each new invention casts a new light along the pathway of discovery, and each new combination or structure brings into play more conditions than its inventor foresaw, there should not at length be a machine of such high mechanical and chemical powers that it would find and assimilate the material to supply its own waste, and then by a further evolution of internal molecular movements reproduce itself by some process of fission or bud-

ding. This last stage having been reached, either by man's contrivance or as an unforeseen result, one sees that the process of natural selection must drive men altogether out of the field; for they will long before have begun to sink into the miserable condition of those unhappy characters in fable who, having demons or djinns at their beck, and being obliged to supply them with work, found too much of everything done in too short a time. What demons so potent as molecular movements, none the less tremendously potent for not carrying the futile cargo of a consciousness screeching irrelevantly, like a fowl tied head downmost to the saddle of a swift horseman? Under such uncomfortable circumstances our race will have diminished with the diminishing call on their energies, and by the time that the self-repairing and reproducing machines arise, all but a few of the rare inventors, calculators, and speculators will have become pale, pulpy, and cretinous from fatty or other degeneration, and behold around them a scanty hydrocephalous offspring. As to the breed of the ingenious and intellectual, their nervous systems will at last have been overwrought in following the molecular revelations of the immensely more powerful unconscious race, and they will naturally, as the less energetic combinations of movement, subside like the flame of a candle in the sunlight. Thus the feebler race, whose corporeal adjustments happened to be accompanied with a maniacal consciousness which imagined itself moving its mover, will have vanished, as all less adapted existences do before the fittest—*i.e.*, the existence composed of the most persistent groups of movements and the most capable of incorporating new groups in harmonious relation. Who—if our consciousness is, as I have been given to understand, a mere stumbling of our organisms on their way to unconscious perfection—who shall say that those fittest existences will not be found along the track of what we call inorganic combinations, which will carry on the most elaborate processes as mutely and painlessly as we are now told that the minerals are metamorphosing themselves continually in the dark laboratory of the earth's crust? Thus this planet may be filled with beings who will be blind and deaf as the inmost rock, yet will execute changes as delicate and complicated as

those of human language and all the intricate web of what we call its effects, without sensitive impression, without sensitive impulse: there may be, let us say, mute orations, mute rhapsodies, mute discussions, and no consciousness there even to enjoy the silence."

"Absurd!" grumbled Trost.

"The supposition is logical," said I. "It is well argued from the premises."

"Whose premises?" cried Trost, turning on me with some fierceness. "You don't mean to call them mine, I hope."

"Heaven forbid! They seem to be flying about in the air with other germs, and have found a sort of nidus among my melancholy fancies. Nobody really holds them. They bear the same relation to real belief as walking on the head for a show does to running away from an explosion or walking fast to catch the train."

XVIII.

THE MODERN HEP! HEP! HEP!

To discern likeness amidst diversity, it is well known, does not require so fine a mental edge as the discerning of diversity amidst general sameness. The primary rough classification depends on the prominent resemblances of things: the progress is toward finer and finer discrimination according to minute differences.

Yet even at this stage of European culture one's attention is continually drawn to the prevalence of that grosser mental sloth which makes people dull to the most ordinary prompting of comparison—the bringing things together because of their likeness. The same motives, the same ideas, the same practices, are alternately admired and abhorred, lauded and denounced, according to their association with superficial differences, historical or actually social: even learned writers treating of great subjects often show an attitude of mind not greatly superior in its logic to that of the frivolous fine lady who is indignant at the frivolity of her maid.

To take only the subject of the Jews: it would be difficult to find a form of bad reasoning about them which has not been heard in conversation or been admitted to the dignity of print; but the neglect of resemblances is a common property of dullness which unites all the various points of view—the prejudiced, the puerile, the spiteful, and the abysmally ignorant.

That the preservation of national memories is an element and a means of national greatness, that their revival is a sign of reviving nationality, that every heroic defender, every patriotic restorer, has been inspired by such memories and has made them his watchword, that even such a corporate existence as that of a Roman legion or an English regiment has been made valorous by memorial standards,—these are

the glorious commonplaces of historic teaching at our public schools and universities, being happily ingrained in Greek and Latin classics. They have also been impressed on the world by conspicuous modern instances. That there is a free modern Greece is due—through all infiltration of other than Greek blood—to the presence of ancient Greece in the consciousness of European men; and every speaker would feel his point safe if he were to praise Byron's devotion to a cause made glorious by ideal identification with the past; hardly so, if he were to insist that the Greeks were not to be helped further because their history shows that they were anciently unsurpassed in treachery and lying, and that many modern Greeks are highly disreputable characters, while others are disposed to grasp too large a share of our commerce. The same with Italy: the pathos of his country's lot pierced the youthful soul of Mazzini, because, like Dante's, his blood was fraught with the kinship of Italian greatness, his imagination filled with a majestic past that wrought itself into a majestic future. Half a century ago, what was Italy? An idling-place of dilettantism or of itinerant motiveless wealth, a territory parcelled out for papal sustenance, dynastic convenience, and the profit of an alien Government. What were the Italians? No people, no voice in European counsels, no massive power in European affairs: a race thought of in English and French society as chiefly adapted to the operatic stage, or to serve as models for painters; disposed to smile gratefully at the reception of half-pence; and by the more historical remembered to be rather polite than truthful, in all probability a combination of Machiavelli, Rubini, and Masaniello. Thanks chiefly to the divine gift of a memory which inspires the moments with a past, a present, and a future, and gives the sense of corporate existence that raises man above the otherwise more respectable and innocent brute, all that, or most of it, is changed.

Again, one of our living historians finds just sympathy in his vigorous insistence on our true ancestry, on our being the strongly marked heritors in language and genius of those old English seamen who, beholding a rich country with a most convenient seaboard, came, doubtless with a sense of divine warrant, and settled themselves on this or the other side of

fertilizing streams, gradually conquering more and more of the pleasant land from the natives who knew nothing of Odin, and finally making unusually clean work in ridding themselves of those prior occupants. "Let us," he virtually says, "let us know who were our forefathers, who it was that won the soil for us, and brought the good seed of those institutions through which we should not arrogantly but gratefully feel ourselves distinguished among the nations as possessors of long-inherited freedom; let us not keep up an ignorant kind of naming which disguises our true affinities of blood and language, but let us see thoroughly what sort of notions and traditions our forefathers had, and what sort of song inspired them. Let the poetic fragments which breathe forth their fierce bravery in battle and their trust in fierce gods who helped them, be treasured with affectionate reverence. These seafaring, invading, self-asserting men were the English of old time, and were our fathers who did rough work by which we are profiting. They had virtues which incorporated themselves in wholesome usages to which we trace our own political blessings. Let us know and acknowledge our common relationship to them, and be thankful that over and above the affections and duties which spring from our manhood, we have the closer and more constantly guiding duties which belong to us as Englishmen."

To this view of our nationality most persons who have feeling and understanding enough to be conscious of the connection between the patriotic affection and every other affection which lifts us above emigrating rats and free-loving baboons, will be disposed to say Amen. True, we are not indebted to those ancestors for our religion: we are rather proud of having got that illumination from elsewhere. The men who planted our nation were not Christians, though they began their work centuries after Christ; and they had a decided objection to Christianity when it was first proposed to them: they were not monotheists, and their religion was the reverse of spiritual. But since we have been fortunate enough to keep the island-home they won for us, and have been on the whole a prosperous people, rather continuing the plan of invading and spoiling other lands than being forced to beg for

shelter in them, nobody has reproached us because our fathers thirteen hundred years ago worshipped Odin, massacred Britons, and were with difficulty persuaded to accept Christianity, knowing nothing of Hebrew history and the reasons why Christ should be received as the Saviour of mankind. The Red Indians, not liking us when we settled among them, might have been willing to fling such facts in our faces, but they were too ignorant, and besides, their opinions did not signify, because we were able, if we liked, to exterminate them. The Hindoos also have doubtless had their rancors against us and still entertain enough ill will to make unfavorable remarks on our character, especially as to our historic rapacity and arrogant notions of our own superiority; they perhaps do not admire the usual English profile, and they are not converted to our way of feeding: but though we are a small number of an alien race profiting by the territory and produce of these prejudiced people, they are unable to turn us out; at least, when they tried we showed them their mistake. We do not call ourselves a dispersed and a punished people: we are a colonizing people, and it is we who have punished others.

Still the historian guides us rightly in urging us to dwell on the virtues of our ancestors with emulation, and to cherish our sense of a common descent as a bond of obligation. The eminence, the nobleness of a people, depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what we call spiritual ends—ends which consist not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul. A people having the seed of worthiness in it must feel an answering thrill when it is adjured by the deaths of its heroes who died to preserve its national existence; when it is reminded of its small beginnings and gradual growth through past labors and struggles, such as are still demanded of it in order that the freedom and well-being thus inherited may be transmitted unimpaired to children and children's children; when an appeal against the permission of injustice is made to great precedents in its history and to the better genius breathing in its institutions. It is this living force of sentiment in common which makes a national consciousness. Nations so moved will resist con-

quest with the very breasts of their women, will pay their millions and their blood to abolish slavery, will share privation in famine and all calamity, will produce poets to sing "some great story of a man," and thinkers whose theories will bear the test of action. An individual man, to be harmoniously great, must belong to a nation of this order, if not in actual existence yet existing in the past, in memory, as a departed, invisible, beloved ideal, once a reality, and perhaps to be restored. A common humanity is not yet enough to feed the rich blood of various activity which makes a complete man. The time is not come for cosmopolitanism to be highly virtuous, any more than for communism to suffice for social energy. I am not bound to feel for a Chinaman as I feel for my fellow-countryman: I am bound not to demoralize him with opium, not to compel him to my will by destroying or plundering the fruits of his labor on the alleged ground that he is not cosmopolitan enough, and not to insult him for his want of my tailoring and religion when he appears as a peaceable visitor on the London pavement. It is admirable in a Briton with a good purpose to learn Chinese, but it would not be a proof of fine intellect in him to taste Chinese poetry in the original more than he tastes the poetry of his own tongue. Affection, intelligence, duty, radiate from a centre, and nature has decided that for us English folk that centre can be neither China nor Peru. Most of us feel this unreflectingly; for the affectation of undervaluing everything native, and being too fine for one's own country, belongs only to a few minds of no dangerous leverage. What is wanting is, that we should recognize a corresponding attachment to nationality as legitimate in every other people, and understand that its absence is a privation of the greatest good.

For, to repeat, not only the nobleness of a nation depends on the presence of this national consciousness, but also the nobleness of each individual citizen. Our dignity and rectitude are proportioned to our sense of relationship with something great, admirable, pregnant with high possibilities, worthy of sacrifice, a continual inspiration to self-repression and discipline by the presentation of aims larger and more attractive to our generous part than the securing of personal ease or pros-

perity. And a people possessing this good should surely feel not only a ready sympathy with the effort of those who, having lost the good, strive to regain it, but a profound pity for any degradation resulting from its loss; nay, something more than pity when happier nationalities have made victims of the unfortunate whose memories nevertheless are the very fountain to which the persecutors trace their most vaunted blessings.

These notions are familiar: few will deny them in the abstract, and many are found loudly asserting them in relation to this or the other particular case. But here as elsewhere, in the ardent application of ideas, there is a notable lack of simple comparison or sensibility to resemblance. The European world has long been used to consider the Jews as altogether exceptional, and it has followed naturally enough that they have been excepted from the rules of justice and mercy, which are based on human likeness. But to consider a people whose ideas have determined the religion of half the world, and that the more cultivated half, and who made the most eminent struggle against the power of Rome, as a purely exceptional race, is a demoralizing offence against rational knowledge, a stultifying inconsistency in historical interpretation. Every nation of forcible character—*i. e.*, of strongly marked characteristics, is so far exceptional. The distinctive note of each bird-species is in this sense exceptional, but the necessary ground of such distinction is a deeper likeness. The superlative peculiarity in the Jews admitted, our affinity with them is only the more apparent when the elements of their peculiarity are discerned.

From whatever point of view the writings of the Old Testament may be regarded, the picture they present of a national development is of high interest and speciality, nor can their historic momentousness be much affected by any varieties of theory as to the relation they bear to the New Testament or to the rise and constitution of Christianity. Whether we accept the canonical Hebrew books as a revelation or simply as part of an ancient literature, makes no difference to the fact that we find there the strongly characterized portraiture of a people educated from an earlier or later period to a sense of

separateness unique in its intensity, a people taught by many concurrent influences to identify faithfulness to its national traditions with the highest social and religious blessings. Our too scanty sources of Jewish history, from the return under Ezra to the beginning of the desperate resistance against Rome, show us the heroic and triumphant struggle of the Maccabees, which rescued the religion and independence of the nation from the corrupting sway of the Syrian Greeks, adding to the glorious sum of its memorials, and stimulating continuous efforts of a more peaceful sort to maintain and develop that national life which the heroes had fought and died for, by internal measures of legal administration and public teaching. Thenceforth the virtuous elements of the Jewish life were engaged, as they had been with varying aspects during the long and changeful prophetic period and the restoration under Ezra, on the side of preserving the specific national character against a demoralizing fusion with that of foreigners whose religion and ritual were idolatrous and often obscene. There was always a Foreign party reviling the National party as narrow, and sometimes manifesting their own breadth in extensive views of advancement or profit to themselves by flattery of a foreign power. Such internal conflict naturally tightened the bands of conservatism, which needed to be strong if it were to rescue the sacred ark, the vital spirit of a small nation—"the smallest of the nations"—whose territory lay on the highway between three continents; and when the dread and hatred of foreign sway had condensed itself into dread and hatred of the Romans, many Conservatives became Zealots, whose chief mark was that they advocated resistance to the death against the submergence of their nationality. Much might be said on this point toward distinguishing the desperate struggle against a conquest which is regarded as degradation and corruption, from rash, hopeless insurrection against an established native government; and for my part (if that were of any consequence) I share the spirit of the Zealots. I take the spectacle of the Jewish people defying the Roman edict, and preferring death by starvation or the sword to the introduction of Caligula's deified statue into the temple, as a sublime type of steadfastness. But all that need be noticed here is the continuity of

that national education (by outward and inward circumstance) which created in the Jews a feeling of race, a sense of corporate existence, unique in its intensity.

But not, before the dispersion, unique in essential qualities. There is more likeness than contrast between the way we English got our island and the way the Israelites got Canaan. We have not been noted for forming a low estimate of ourselves in comparison with foreigners, or for admitting that our institutions are equalled by those of any other people under the sun. Many of us have thought that our sea-wall is a specially divine arrangement to make and keep us a nation of seakings after the manner of our forefathers, secure against invasion and able to invade other lands when we need them, though they may lie on the other side of the ocean. Again, it has been held that we have a peculiar destiny as a Protestant people, not only able to bruise the head of an idolatrous Christianity in the midst of us, but fitted as possessors of the most truth and the most tonnage to carry our purer religion over the world and convert mankind to our way of thinking. The Puritans, asserting their liberty to restrain tyrants, found the Hebrew history closely symbolical of their feelings and purpose; and it can hardly be correct to cast the blame of their less laudable doings on the writings they invoked, since their opponents made use of the same writings for different ends, finding there a strong warrant for the divine right of kings and the denunciation of those who, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, took on themselves the office of the priesthood, which belonged of right solely to Aaron and his sons, or, in other words, to men ordained by the English bishops. We must rather refer the passionate use of the Hebrew writings to affinities of disposition between our own race and the Jewish. Is it true that the arrogance of a Jew was so immeasurably beyond that of a Calvinist? And the just sympathy and admiration which we give to the ancestors who resisted the oppressive acts of our native kings, and by resisting rescued or won for us the best part of our civil and religious liberties—is it justly to be withheld from those brave and steadfast men of Jewish race who fought and died, or strove by wise administration to resist, the oppression and corrupting influences of

foreign tyrants, and by resisting, rescued the nationality which was the very hearth of our own religion? At any rate, seeing that the Jews were more specifically than any other nation educated into a sense of their supreme moral value, the chief matter of surprise is that any other nation is found to rival them in this form of self-confidence.

More exceptional—less like the course of our own history—has been their dispersion and their subsistence as a separate people through ages in which for the most part they were regarded and treated very much as beasts hunted for the sake of their skins, or of a valuable secretion peculiar to their species. The Jews showed a talent for accumulating what was an object of more immediate desire to Christians than animal oils or well-furred skins, and their cupidity and avarice were found at once particularly hateful and particularly useful: hateful when seen as a reason for punishing them by mulcting or robbery, useful when this retributive process could be successfully carried forward. Kings and emperors naturally were more alive to the usefulness of subjects who could gather and yield money; but edicts issued to protect “the King’s Jews” equally with the King’s game from being harassed and hunted by the commonalty were only slight mitigations to the deplorable lot of a race held to be under the divine curse, and had little force after the Crusades began. As the slave-holders in the United States counted the curse on Ham a justification of negro slavery, so the curse on the Jews was counted a justification for hindering them from pursuing agriculture and handicrafts; for marking them out as execrable figures by a peculiar dress; for torturing them to make them part with their gains, or for more gratuitously spitting at them and pelting them; for taking it as certain that they killed and ate babies, poisoned the wells, and took pains to spread the plague; for putting it to them whether they would be baptized or burned, and not failing to burn and massacre them when they were obstinate; but also for suspecting them of disliking the baptism when they had got it, and then burning them in punishment of their insincerity; finally, for hounding them by tens on tens of thousands from the homes where they had found shelter for centuries, and inflicting on them the horrors of a new exile and a new

dispersion. All this to avenge the Saviour of mankind, or else to compel these stiff-necked people to acknowledge a Master whose servants showed such beneficent effects of His teaching.

With a people so treated one of two issues was possible: either from being of feebler nature than their persecutors, and caring more for ease than for the sentiments and ideas which constituted their distinctive character, they would everywhere give way to pressure and get rapidly merged in the populations around them; or, being endowed with uncommon tenacity, physical and mental, feeling peculiarly the ties of inheritance both in blood and faith, remembering national glories, trusting in their recovery, abhorring apostasy, able to bear all things and hope all things with the consciousness of being steadfast to spiritual obligations, the kernel of their number would harden into an inflexibility more and more insured by motive and habit. They would cherish all differences that marked them off from their hated oppressors, all memories that consoled them with a sense of virtual though unrecognized superiority; and the separateness which was made their badge of ignominy would be their inward pride, their source of fortifying defiance. Doubtless such a people would get confirmed in vices. An oppressive government and a persecuting religion, while breeding vices in those who hold power, are well known to breed answering vices in those who are powerless and suffering. What more direct plan than the course presented by European history could have been pursued in order to give the Jews a spirit of bitter isolation, of scorn for the wolfish hypocrisy that made victims of them, of triumph in prospering at the expense of the blunderers who stoned them away from the open paths of industry?—or, on the other hand, to encourage in the less defiant a lying conformity, a pretence of conversion for the sake of the social advantages attached to baptism, an outward renunciation of their hereditary ties with the lack of real love toward the society and creed which exacted this galling tribute?—or again, in the most unhappy specimens of the race, to rear transcendent examples of odious vice, reckless instruments of rich men with bad propensities, unscrupulous grinders of the alien people who wanted to grind *them*?

No wonder the Jews have their vices: no wonder if it were proved (which it has not hitherto appeared to be) that some of them have a bad pre-eminence in evil, an unrivalled superfluity of naughtiness. It would be more plausible to make a wonder of the virtues which have prospered among them under the shadow of oppression. But instead of dwelling on these, or treating as admitted what any hardy or ignorant person may deny, let us found simply on the loud assertions of the hostile. The Jews, it is said, resisted the expansion of their own religion into Christianity; they were in the habit of spitting on the cross; they have held the name of Christ to be *Anathema*. Who taught them that? The men who made Christianity a curse to them: the men who made the name of Christ a symbol for the spirit of vengeance, and, what was worse, made the execution of the vengeance a pretext for satisfying their own savageness, greed, and envy: the men who sanctioned with the name of Christ a barbaric and blundering copy of pagan fatalism in taking the words "His blood be upon us and on our children" as a divinely appointed verbal warrant for wreaking cruelty from generation to generation on the people from whose sacred writings Christ drew His teaching. Strange retrogression in the professors of an expanded religion, boasting an illumination beyond the spiritual doctrine of Hebrew prophets! For Hebrew prophets proclaimed a God who demanded mercy rather than sacrifices. The Christians also believed that God delighted not in the blood of rams and of bulls, but they apparently conceived Him as requiring for His satisfaction the sighs and groans, the blood and roasted flesh of men whose forefathers had misunderstood the metaphorical character of prophecies which spoke of spiritual pre-eminence under the figure of a material kingdom. Was this the method by which Christ desired His title to the Messiahship to be commended to the hearts and understandings of the nation in which He was born? Many of His sayings bear the stamp of that patriotism which places fellow-countrymen in the inner circle of affection and duty. And did the words "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," refer only to the centurion and his band, a tacit exception being made of every Hebrew there present from the mercy of

the Father and the compassion of the Son?—nay, more, of every Hebrew yet to come who remained unconverted after hearing of His claim to the Messiahship, not from His own lips or those of His native apostles, but from the lips of alien men whom cross, creed, and baptism had left cruel, rapacious, and debauched? It is more reverent to Christ to believe that He must have approved the Jewish martyrs who deliberately chose to be burned or massacred rather than be guilty of a blaspheming lie, more than He approved the rabble of crusaders who robbed and murdered them in His name.

But these remonstrances seem to have no direct application to personages who take up the attitude of philosophic thinkers and discriminating critics, professedly accepting Christianity from a rational point of view as a vehicle of the highest religious and moral truth, and condemning the Jews on the ground that they are obstinate adherents of an outworn creed, maintain themselves in moral alienation from the peoples with whom they share citizenship, and are destitute of real interest in the welfare of the community and state with which they are thus identified. These anti-Judaic advocates usually belong to a party which has felt itself glorified in winning for Jews, as well as Dissenters and Catholics, the full privileges of citizenship, laying open to them every path to distinction. At one time the voice of this party urged that differences of creed were made dangerous only by the denial of citizenship—that you must make a man a citizen before he could feel like one. At present, apparently, this confidence has been succeeded by a sense of mistake: there is a regret that no limiting clauses were insisted on, such as would have hindered the Jews from coming too far and in too large proportion along those opened pathways; and the Roumanians are thought to have shown an enviable wisdom in giving them as little chance as possible. But then, the reflection occurring that some of the most objectionable Jews are baptized Christians, it is obvious that such clauses would have been insufficient, and the doctrine that you can turn a Jew into a good Christian is emphatically retracted. But clearly, these liberal gentlemen, too late enlightened by disagreeable events, must yield the palm of wise foresight to those who argued against them long

ago; and it is a striking spectacle to witness minds so panting for advancement in some directions that they are ready to force it on an unwilling society, in this instance despairingly recurring to mediæval types of thinking—insisting that the Jews are made viciously cosmopolitan by holding the world's money-bag, that for them all national interests are resolved into the algebra of loans, that they have suffered an inward degradation stamping them as morally inferior, and—"serve them right," since they rejected Christianity. All which is mirrored in an analogy, namely, that of the Irish, also a servile race, who have rejected Protestantism though it has been repeatedly urged on them by fire and sword and penal laws, and whose place in the moral scale may be judged by our advertisements, where the clause, "No Irish need apply," parallels the sentence which for many polite persons sums up the question of Judaism—"I never *did* like the Jews."

It is certainly worth considering whether an expatriated, denationalized race, used for ages to live among antipathetic populations, must not inevitably lack some conditions of nobleness. If they drop that separateness which is made their reproach, they may be in danger of lapsing into a cosmopolitan indifference equivalent to cynicism, and of missing that inward identification with the nationality immediately around them which might make some amends for their inherited privation. No dispassionate observer can deny this danger. Why, our own countrymen who take to living abroad without purpose or function to keep up their sense of fellowship in the affairs of their own land are rarely good specimens of moral healthiness; still, the consciousness of having a native country, the birthplace of common memories and habits of mind, existing like a parental hearth quitted but beloved; the dignity of being included in a people which has a part in the comity of nations and the growing federation of the world; that sense of special belonging which is the root of human virtues, both public and private,—all these spiritual links may preserve migratory Englishmen from the worst consequences of their voluntary dispersion. Unquestionably the Jews, having been more than any other race exposed to the adverse moral influences of alienism, must, both in individuals and in groups,

have suffered some corresponding moral degradation; but in fact they have escaped with less of abjectness and less of hard hostility toward the nations whose hand has been against them, than could have happened in the case of a people who had neither their adhesion to a separate religion founded on historic memories, nor their characteristic family affectionateness. Tortured, flogged, spit upon, the *corpus vile* on which rage or wantonness vented themselves with impunity, their name flung at them as an opprobrium by superstition, hatred, and contempt, they have remained proud of their origin. Does any one call this an evil pride? Perhaps he belongs to that order of man who, while he has a democratic dislike to dukes and earls, wants to make believe that his father was an idle gentleman, when in fact he was an honorable artisan, or who would feel flattered to be taken for other than an Englishman. It is possible to be too arrogant about our blood or our calling, but that arrogance is virtue compared with such mean pretence. The pride which identifies us with a great historic body is a humanizing, elevating habit of mind, inspiring sacrifices of individual comfort, gain, or other selfish ambition, for the sake of that ideal whole: and no man swayed by such a sentiment can become completely abject. That a Jew of Smyrna, where a whip is carried by passengers ready to flog off the too officious specimens of his race, can still be proud to say, "I am a Jew," is surely a fact to awaken admiration in a mind capable of understanding what we may call the ideal forces in human history. And again, a varied, impartial observation of the Jews in different countries tends to the impression that they have a predominant kindness which must have been deeply ingrained in the constitution of their race to have outlasted the ages of persecution and oppression. The concentration of their joys in domestic life has kept up in them the capacity of tenderness: the pity for the fatherless and the widow, the care for the women and the little ones, blent intimately with their religion, is a well of mercy that cannot long or widely be pent up by exclusiveness. And the kindness of the Jew overflows the line of division between him and the Gentile. On the whole, one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of this scattered people, made for ages "a

scorn and a hissing," is, that after being subjected to this process, which might have been expected to be in every sense deteriorating and vitiating, they have come out of it (in any estimate which allows for numerical proportion) rivalling the nations of all European countries in healthiness and beauty of *physique*, in practical ability, in scientific and artistic aptitude, and in some forms of ethical value. A significant indication of their natural rank is seen in the fact that at this moment, the leader of the Liberal party in Germany is a Jew, the leader of the Republican party in France is a Jew, and the head of the Conservative ministry in England is a Jew.

And here it is that we find the ground for the obvious jealousy which is now stimulating the revived expression of old antipathies. "The Jews," it is felt, "have a dangerous tendency to get the uppermost places not only in commerce but in political life. Their monetary hold on governments is tending to perpetuate in leading Jews a spirit of universal alienism (euphemistically called cosmopolitanism), even where the West has given them a full share in civil and political rights. A people with oriental sunlight in their blood, yet capable of being everywhere acclimatized, they have a force and toughness which enables them to carry off the best prizes; and their wealth is likely to put half the seats in Parliament at their disposal."

There is truth in these views of Jewish social and political relations. But it is rather too late for liberal pleaders to urge them in a merely vituperative sense. Do they propose as a remedy for the impending danger of our healthier national influences getting overridden by Jewish predominance, that we should repeal our emancipatory laws? Not all the Germanic immigrants who have been settling among us for generations, and are still pouring in to settle, are Jews, but thoroughly Teutonic and more or less Christian craftsman, mechanics, or skilled and erudite functionaries; and the Semitic Christians who swarm among us are dangerously like their unconverted brethren in complexion, persistence, and wealth. Then there are the Greeks who, by the help of Phœnician blood or otherwise, are objectionably strong in the city. Some judges think that the Scotch are more numerous and prosper-

ous here in the South than is quite for the good of us Southerners; and the early inconvenience felt under the Stuarts of being quartered upon by a hungry hard-working people with a distinctive accent and form of religion, and higher cheek-bones than English taste requires, has not yet been quite neutralized. As for the Irish, it is felt in high quarters that we have always been too lenient toward them;—at least, if they had been harried a little more there might not have been so many of them on the English press, of which they divide the power with the Scotch, thus driving many Englishmen to honest and ineloquent labor.

So far shall we be carried if we go in search of devices to hinder people of other blood than our own from getting the advantage of dwelling among us.

Let it be admitted, that it is a calamity to the English, as to any other great historic people, to undergo a premature fusion with immigrants of alien blood; that its distinctive national characteristics should be in danger of obliteration by the predominating quality of foreign settlers. I not only admit this, I am ready to unite in groaning over the threatened danger. To one who loves his native language, who would delight to keep our rich and harmonious English undefiled by foreign accent, foreign intonation, and those foreign tinctures of verbal meaning which tend to confuse all writing and discourse, it is an affliction as harassing as the climate, that on our stage, in our studios, at our public and private gatherings, in our offices, warehouses, and workshops, we must expect to hear our beloved English with its words clipped, its vowels stretched and twisted, its phrases of acquiescence and politeness, of cordiality, dissidence or argument, delivered always in the wrong tones, like ill-rendered melodies, marred beyond recognition; that there should be a general ambition to speak every language except our mother English, which persons "of style" are not ashamed of corrupting with slang, false foreign equivalents, and a pronunciation that crushes out all color from the vowels and jams them between jostling consonants. An ancient Greek might not like to be resuscitated for the sake of hearing Homer read in our universities, still he would at least find more instructive marvels in other developments to be wit-

nessed at those institutions; but a modern Englishman is invited from his after-dinner repose to hear Shakespeare delivered under circumstances which offer no other novelty than some novelty of false intonation, some new distribution of strong emphasis on prepositions, some new misconception of a familiar idiom. Well! it is our inertness that is in fault, our carelessness of excellence, our willing ignorance of the treasures that lie in our national heritage, while we are agape after what is foreign, though it may be only a vile imitation of what is native.

This marring of our speech, however, is a minor evil compared with what must follow from the predominance of wealth-acquiring immigrants, whose appreciation of our political and social life must often be as approximative or fatally erroneous as their delivery of our language. But take the worst issues—what can we do to hinder them? Are we to adopt the exclusiveness for which we have punished the Chinese? Are we to tear the glorious flag of hospitality which has made our freedom the world-wide blessing of the oppressed? It is not agreeable to find foreign accents and stumbling locutions passing from the piquant exception to the general rule of discourse. But to urge on that account that we should spike away the peaceful foreigner, would be a view of international relations not in the long run favorable to the interests of our fellow-countrymen; for we are at least equal to the races we call obtrusive in the disposition to settle wherever money is to be made and cheaply idle living to be found. In meeting the national evils which are brought upon us by the onward course of the world, there is often no more immediate hope or resource than that of striving after fuller national excellence, which must consist in the moulding of more excellent individual natives. The tendency of things is toward the quicker or slower fusion of races. It is impossible to arrest this tendency: all we can do is to moderate its course so as to hinder it from degrading the moral status of societies by a too rapid effacement of those national traditions and customs which are the language of the national genius—the deep suckers of healthy sentiment. Such moderating and guidance of inevitable movement is worthy of all effort. And it is in this sense that the modern in-

sistence on the idea of Nationalities has value. That any people at once distinct and coherent enough to form a state should be held in subjection by an alien antipathetic government has been becoming more and more a ground of sympathetic indignation; and in virtue of this, at least one great State has been added to European councils. Nobody now complains of the result in this case, though far-sighted persons see the need to limit analogy by discrimination. We have to consider who are the stifled people and who the stiflers before we can be sure of our ground. The only point in this connection on which Englishmen are agreed is, that England itself shall not be subject to foreign rule. The fiery resolve to resist invasion, though with an improvised array of pitchforks, is felt to be virtuous, and to be worthy of a historic people. Why? Because there is a national life in our veins. Because there is something specifically English which we feel to be supremely worth striving for, worth dying for, rather than living to renounce it. Because we too have our share—perhaps a principal share—in that spirit of separateness which has not yet done its work in the education of mankind, which has created the varying genius of nations, and, like the Muses, is the offspring of memory.

Here, as everywhere else, the human task seems to be the discerning and adjustment of opposite claims. But the end can hardly be achieved by urging contradictory reproaches, and instead of laboring after discernment as a preliminary to intervention, letting our zeal burst forth according to a capricious selection, first determined accidentally and afterward justified by personal predilection. Not only John Gilpin and his wife, or Edwin and Angelina, seem to be of opinion that their preference or dislike of Russians, Servians, or Greeks, consequent, perhaps, on hotel adventures, has something to do with the merits of the Eastern Question; even in a higher range of intellect and enthusiasm we find a distribution of sympathy or pity for sufferers of different blood or votaries of differing religions, strangely unaccountable on any other ground than a fortuitous direction of study or trivial circumstances of travel. With some even admirable persons, one is never quite sure of any particular being included under a general term. A provincial physician, it is said, once ordering a lady patient not

to eat salad, was asked pleadingly by the affectionate husband whether she might eat lettuce, or cresses, or radishes. The physician had too rashly believed in the comprehensiveness of the word "salad," just as we, if not enlightened by experience, might believe in the all-embracing breadth of "sympathy with the injured and oppressed." What mind can exhaust the grounds of exception which lie in each particular case? There is understood to be a peculiar odor from the negro body, and we know that some persons, too rationalistic to feel bound by the curse on Ham, used to hint very strongly that this odor determined the question on the side of negro slavery.

And this is the usual level of thinking in polite society concerning the Jews. Apart from theological purposes, it seems to be held surprising that anybody should take an interest in the history of a people whose literature has furnished all our devotional language; and if any reference is made to their past or future destinies some hearer is sure to state as a relevant fact which may assist our judgment, that she, for her part, is not fond of them, having known a Mr. Jacobson who was very unpleasant, or that he, for his part, thinks meanly of them as a race, though on inquiry you find that he is so little acquainted with their characteristics that he is astonished to learn how many persons whom he has blindly admired and applauded are Jews to the backbone. Again, men who consider themselves in the very van of modern advancement, knowing history and the latest philosophies of history, indicate their contemptuous surprise that any one should entertain the destiny of the Jews as a worthy subject, by referring to Moloch and their own agreement with the theory that the religion of Jehovah was merely a transformed Moloch-worship, while in the same breath they are glorifying "civilization" as a transformed tribal existence of which some lineaments are traceable in grim marriage customs of the native Australians. Are these erudite persons prepared to insist that the name "Father" should no longer have any sanctity for us, because in their view of likelihood our Aryan ancestors were mere improvers on a state of things in which nobody knew his own father?

For less theoretic men, ambitious to be regarded as practi-

cal politicians, the value of the Hebrew race has been measured by their unfavorable opinion of a prime minister who is a Jew by lineage. But it is possible to form a very ugly opinion as to the scrupulousness of Walpole, or of Chatham; and in any case I think Englishmen would refuse to accept the character and doings of those eighteenth century statesmen as the standard of value for the English people and the part they have to play in the fortunes of mankind.

If we are to consider the future of the Jews at all, it seems reasonable to take as a preliminary question: Are they destined to complete fusion with the peoples among whom they are dispersed, losing every remnant of a distinctive consciousness as Jews; or, are there in the breadth and intensity with which the feeling of separateness, or what we may call the organized memory of a national consciousness, actually exists in the world-wide Jewish communities—the seven millions scattered from east to west—and again, are there in the political relations of the world, the conditions present or approaching for the restoration of a Jewish state planted on the old ground as a centre of national feeling, a source of dignifying protection, a special channel for special energies which may contribute some added form of national genius, and an added voice in the councils of the world?

They are among us everywhere: it is useless to say we are not fond of them. Perhaps we are not fond of proletaries and their tendency to form Unions, but the world is not therefore to be rid of them. If we wish to free ourselves from the inconveniences that we have to complain of, whether in proletaries or in Jews, our best course is to encourage all means of improving these neighbors who elbow us in a thickening crowd, and of sending their incommodious energies into beneficent channels. Why are we so eager for the dignity of certain populations of whom perhaps we have never seen a single specimen, and of whose history, legend, or literature we have been contentedly ignorant for ages, while we sneer at the notion of a renovated national dignity for the Jews, whose ways of thinking and whose very verbal forms are on our lips in every prayer which we end with an Amen? Some of us consider this question dismissed when they have said that the

wealthiest Jews have no desire to forsake their European palaces, and go to live in Jerusalem. But in a return from exile, in the restoration of a people, the question is not whether certain rich men will choose to remain behind, but whether there will be found worthy men who will choose to lead the return. Plenty of prosperous Jews remained in Babylon when Ezra marshalled his band of forty thousand and began a new glorious epoch in the history of his race, making the preparation for that epoch in the history of the world which has been held glorious enough to be dated from forevermore. The hinge of possibility is simply the existence of an adequate community of feeling as well as widespread need in the Jewish race, and the hope that among its finer specimens there may arise some men of instruction and ardent public spirit, some new Ezras, some modern Maccabees, who will know how to use all favoring outward conditions, how to triumph by heroic exemplar over the indifference of their fellows and the scorn of their foes, and will steadfastly set their faces toward making their people once more one among the nations.

Formerly, evangelical orthodoxy was prone to dwell on the fulfilment of prophecy in the "restoration of the Jews." Such interpretation of the prophets is less in vogue now. The dominant mode is to insist on a Christianity that disowns its origin, that is not a substantial growth having a genealogy, but is a vaporous reflex of modern notion. The Christ of Matthew had the heart of a Jew—"Go ye first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The Apostle of the Gentiles had the heart of a Jew: "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh: who are Israelites; to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises; whose are the fathers, and of whom as concerning the flesh Christ came." Modern apostles, extolling Christianity, are found using a different tone: they prefer the mediæval cry translated into modern phrase. But the mediæval cry too was in substance very ancient—more ancient than the days of Augustus. Pagans in successive ages said, "These people are unlike us, and refuse to be made like us: let us punish them." The Jews were

steadfast in their separateness, and through that separateness Christianity was born. A modern book on Liberty has maintained that from the freedom of individual men to persist in idiosyncrasies the world may be enriched. Why should we not apply this argument to the idiosyncrasy of a nation, and pause in our haste to hoot it down? There is still a great function for the steadfastness of the Jew: not that he should shut out the utmost illumination which knowledge can throw on his national history, but that he should cherish the store of inheritance which that history has left him. Every Jew should be conscious that he is one of a multitude possessing common objects of piety in the immortal achievements and immortal sorrows of ancestors who have transmitted to them a physical and mental type strong enough, eminent enough in faculties, pregnant enough with peculiar promise, to constitute a new beneficent individuality among the nations, and, by confuting the traditions of scorn, nobly avenge the wrongs done to their Fathers.

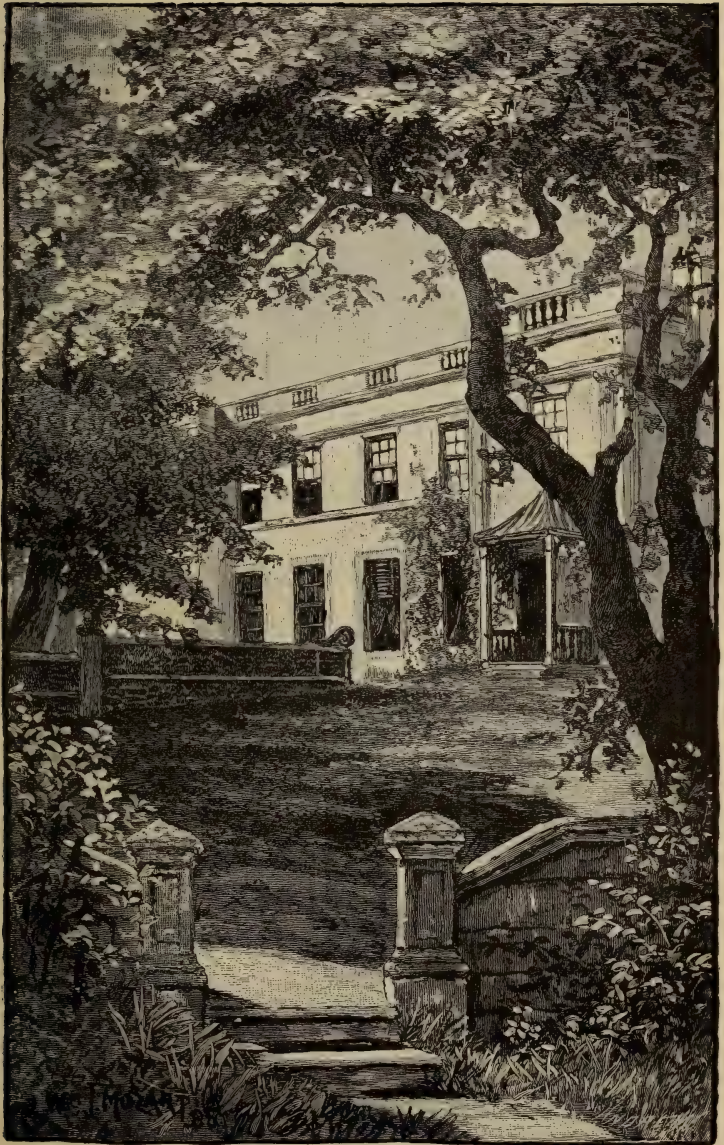
There is a sense in which the worthy child of a nation that has brought forth illustrious prophets, high and unique among the poets of the world, is bound by their visions.

Is bound?

Yes, for the effective bound of human action is feeling, and the worthy child of a people owning the triple name of Hebrew, Israelite, and Jew, feels his kinship with the glories and the sorrows, the degradation and the possible renovation of his national family.

Will any one teach the nullification of this feeling and call his doctrine a philosophy? He will teach a blinding superstition—the superstition that a theory of human well-being can be constructed in disregard of the influences which have made us human.

THE END.



Foleshill (Home of George Eliot from 1841 to 1849).—*Frontis.*

Eliot's Essays

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NOTE-BOOK

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PREFACE.

WISHES have often been expressed that the articles known to have been written by George Eliot in the "Westminster Review" before she had become famous under that pseudonym, should be republished. Those wishes are now gratified—as far, at any rate, as it is possible to gratify them. For it was not George Eliot's desire that the whole of those articles should be rescued from oblivion. And in order that there might be no doubt on the subject, she made some time before her death a collection of such of her fugitive writings as she considered deserving of a permanent form; carefully revised them for the press; and left them, in the order in which they here appear, with written injunctions that no other pieces written by her, of date prior to 1857, should be republished.

It will thus be seen that the present collection of Essays has the weight of her sanction, and has had, moreover, the advantage of such corrections and alterations as a revision long subsequent to the period of writing may have suggested to her.

The opportunity afforded by this republication seemed a suitable one for giving to the world some "notes," as George Eliot simply called them, which belong to a much later period, and which have not been previously published. The exact date of their writing cannot be fixed with any certainty, but it must have been some time between the appearance of "Middlemarch" and that of "Theophrastus Such." They were probably written without any distinct view to publication—some of them for the satisfaction of her own mind; others perhaps as memoranda, and with an idea of working them out

more fully at some later time. It may be of interest to know that, besides the "notes" here given, the note-book contains four which appeared in "Theophrastus Such," three of them practically as they there stand; and it is not impossible that some of those in the present volume might also have been so utilized had they not happened to fall outside the general scope of the work. The marginal titles are George Eliot's own, but for the general title, "Leaves from a Note-Book," I am responsible.

I need only add that, in publishing these notes, I have the complete concurrence of my friend Mr. Cross.

CHARLES LEE LEWES.

HIGHGATE, *December 1883.*

ESSAYS.

WORLDLINESS AND OTHER-WORLDLINESS: THE POET YOUNG.

THE study of men, as they have appeared in different ages, and under various social conditions, may be considered as the natural history of the race. Let us, then, for a moment imagine ourselves, as students of this natural history, "dredging" the first half of the eighteenth century in search of specimens. About the year 1730 we have hauled up a remarkable individual of the species *divine*—a surprising name, considering the nature of the animal before us; but we are used to unsuitable names in natural history. Let us examine this individual at our leisure. He is on the verge of fifty, and has recently undergone his metamorphosis into the clerical form. Rather a paradoxical specimen, if you observe him narrowly: a sort of cross between a sycophant and a psalmist; a poet whose imagination is alternately fired by the "Last Day" and by a creation of peers, who fluctuates between rhapsodic applause of King George and rhapsodic applause of Jehovah. After spending "a foolish youth, the sport of peers and poets," after being a hanger-on of the profligate Duke of Wharton, after aiming in vain at a parliamentary career, and angling for pensions and preferment with fulsome dedications and fustian odes, he is a little disgusted with his imperfect success, and has determined to retire from the general mendicancy business to a particular branch; in other words, he has determined on that renunciation of the world implied in "taking orders," with the prospect of a good living and an advantageous matrimonial connection. And he personifies the nicest

balance of temporalities and spiritualities. He is equally impressed with the momentousness of death and of burial fees; he languishes at once for immortal life and for "livings"; he has a fervid attachment to patrons in general, but on the whole prefers the Almighty. He will teach, with something more than official conviction, the nothingness of earthly things; and he will feel something more than private disgust if his meritorious efforts in directing men's attention to another world are not rewarded by substantial preferment in this. His secular man believes in cambric bands and silk stockings as characteristic attire for "an ornament of religion and virtue"; hopes courtiers will never forget to copy Sir Robert Walpole; and writes begging-letters to the King's mistress. His spiritual man recognizes no motives more familiar than Golgotha and "the skies"; it walks in graveyards, or it soars among the stars. His religion exhausts itself in ejaculations and rebukes, and knows no medium between the ecstatic and the sententious. If it were not for the prospect of immortality, he considers, it would be wise and agreeable to be indecent, or to murder one's father; and, heaven apart, it would be extremely irrational in any man not to be a knave. Man, he thinks, is a compound of the angel and the brute: the brute is to be humbled by being reminded of its "relation to the stalls," and frightened into moderation by the contemplation of death-beds and skulls; the angel is to be developed by vituperating this world and exalting the next; and by this double process you get the Christian—"the highest style of man." With all this, our new-made divine is an unmistakable poet. To a clay compounded chiefly of the worldling and the rhetorician, there is added a real spark of Promethean fire. He will one day clothe his apostrophes and objurgations, his astronomical religion and his charnel-house morality, in lasting verse, which will stand, like a Juggernaut made of gold and jewels, at once magnificent and repulsive: for this divine is Edward Young, the future author of the "Night Thoughts."

Judging from Young's works, one might imagine that the preacher had been organized in him by hereditary transmission through a long line of clerical forefathers,—that the diamonds of the "Night Thoughts" had been slowly condensed

from the charcoal of ancestral sermons. Yet it was not so. His grandfather, apparently, wrote himself *gentleman*, not *clerk*; and there is no evidence that preaching had run in the family blood before it took that turn in the person of the poet's father, who was quadruply clerical, being at once rector, prebendary, court chaplain, and dean. Young was born at his father's rectory of Upham, in 1681. In due time the boy went to Winchester College, and subsequently, though not till he was twenty-two, to Oxford, where, for his father's sake, he was befriended by the wardens of two colleges, and in 1708, three years after his father's death, nominated by Archbishop Tenison to a law fellowship at All Souls. Of Young's life at Oxford in these years, hardly anything is known. His biographer, Croft, has nothing to tell us but the vague report that, when "Young found himself independent and his own master at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality that he afterward became," and the perhaps apocryphal anecdote, that Tindal, the atheist, confessed himself embarrassed by the originality of Young's arguments. Both the report and the anecdote, however, are borne out by indirect evidence. As to the latter, Young has left us sufficient proof that he was fond of arguing on the theological side, and that he had his own way of treating old subjects. As to the former, we learn that Pope, after saying other things which we know to be true of Young, added, that he passed "a foolish youth, the sport of peers and poets"; and, from all the indications we possess of his career till he was nearly fifty, we are inclined to think that Pope's statement only errs by defect, and that he should rather have said, "a foolish youth and *middle age*." It is not likely that Young was a very hard student, for he impressed Johnson, who saw him in his old age, as "not a great scholar," and as surprisingly ignorant of what Johnson thought "quite common maxims" in literature; and there is no evidence that he filled either his leisure or his purse by taking pupils. His career as an author did not begin till he was nearly thirty, even dating from the publication of a portion of the "Last Day," in the *Tatler*; so that he could hardly have been absorbed in composition. But where the fully developed insect is parasitic, we believe the larva is usu-

ally parasitic also, and we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that Young at Oxford, as elsewhere, spent a good deal of his time in hanging about possible and actual patrons, and accommodating himself to their habits with considerable flexibility of conscience and of tongue; being none the less ready, upon occasion, to present himself as the champion of theology, and to rhapsodize at convenient moments in the company of the skies or of skulls. That brilliant profligate, the Duke of Wharton, to whom Young afterward clung as his chief patron, was at this time a mere boy; and, though it is probable that their intimacy had already begun, since the Duke's father and mother were friends of the old Dean, that intimacy ought not to aggravate any unfavorable inference as to Young's Oxford life. It is less likely that he fell into any exceptional vice, than that he differed from the men around him chiefly in his episodes of theological advocacy and rhapsodic solemnity. He probably sowed his wild oats after the coarse fashion of his times, for he has left us sufficient evidence that his moral sense was not delicate; but his companions, who were occupied in sowing their own oats, perhaps took it as a matter of course that he should be a rake, and were only struck with the exceptional circumstance that he was a pious and moralizing rake.

There is some irony in the fact that the two first poetical productions of Young, published in the same year, were his "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne," celebrating the recent creation of peers—Lord Lansdowne's creation in particular; and the "Last Day." Other poets, besides Young, found the device for obtaining a Tory majority by turning twelve insignificant commoners into insignificant lords, an irresistible stimulus to verse; but no other poet showed so versatile an enthusiasm—so nearly equal an ardor for the honor of the new baron and the honor of the Deity. But the twofold nature of the sycophant and the psalmist is not more strikingly shown in the contrasted themes of the two poems, than in the transitions from bombast about monarchs, to bombast about the resurrection, in the "Last Day" itself. The dedication of this poem to Queen Anne, Young afterward suppressed, for he was always ashamed of having flattered a dead patron. In this

dedication, Croft tells us, "he gives her Majesty praise indeed for her victories, but says that the author is more pleased to see her rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, and leaving the fixed stars behind her; nor will he lose her there, he says, but keep her still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in her journey toward eternal bliss, till he behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying her still onward from the stretch of his imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to earth."

The self-criticism which prompted the suppression of the dedication, did not, however, lead him to improve either the rhyme or the reason of the unfortunate couplet,—

"When other Bourbons reign in other lands,
And, if men's sins forbid not, other Annes."

In the "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne," Young indicates his taste for the drama; and there is evidence that his tragedy of "Busiris" was "in the theatre" as early as this very year, 1713, though it was not brought on the stage till nearly six years later; so that Young was now very decidedly bent on authorship, for which his degree of B.C.L., taken in this year, was doubtless a magical equipment. Another poem, "The Force of Religion; or, Vanquished Love," founded on the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, quickly followed, showing fertility in feeble and tasteless verse; and on the Queen's death, in 1714, Young lost no time in making a poetical lament for a departed patron a vehicle for extravagant laudation of the new monarch. No further literary production of his appeared until 1716, when a Latin oration which he delivered on the foundation of the Codrington Library at All Souls, gave him a new opportunity for displaying his alacrity in inflated panegyric.

In 1717 it is probable that Young accompanied the Duke of Wharton to Ireland, though so slender are the materials for his biography, that the chief basis for this supposition is a passage in his "Conjectures on Original Composition," written when he was nearly eighty, in which he intimates that he had once been in that country. But there are many facts surviv-

ing to indicate that for the next eight or nine years Young was a sort of *attaché* of Wharton's. In 1719, according to legal records, the Duke granted him an annuity, in consideration of his having relinquished the office of tutor to Lord Burleigh, with a life annuity of £100 a year, on his Grace's assurances that he would provide for him in a much more ample manner. And again, from the same evidence, it appears that in 1721 Young received from Wharton a bond for £600, in compensation of expenses incurred in standing for Parliament at the Duke's desire, and as an earnest of greater services which his Grace had promised him on his refraining from the spiritual and temporal advantages of taking orders with a certainty of two livings in the gift of his college. It is clear, therefore, that lay advancement, as long as there was any chance of it, had more attractions for Young than clerical preferment; and that at this time he accepted the Duke of Wharton as the pilot of his career.

A more creditable relation of Young's was his friendship with Tickell, with whom he was in the habit of interchanging criticisms, and to whom in 1719—the same year, let us note, in which he took his doctor's degree—he addressed his "Lines on the Death of Addison." Close upon these followed his "Paraphrase of Part of the Book of Job," with a dedication to Parker, recently made Lord Chancellor, showing that the possession of Wharton's patronage did not prevent Young from fishing in other waters. He knew nothing of Parker, but that did not prevent him from magnifying the new Chancellor's merits; on the other hand, he *did* know Wharton, but this again did not prevent him from prefixing to his tragedy, "The Revenge," which appeared in 1721, a dedication attributing to the Duke all virtues, as well as all accomplishments. In the concluding sentence of this dedication, Young naïvely indicates that a considerable ingredient in his gratitude was a lively sense of anticipated favors. "My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which I will venture to say will always be remembered to his honor; since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happen to receive

the benefit of it." Young was economical with his ideas and images; he was rarely satisfied with using a clever thing once, and this bit of ingenious humility was afterward made to do duty in the "Instalment," a poem addressed to Walpole:—

"Be this thy partial smile, from censure free,
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me."

It was probably "The Revenge" that Young was writing when, as we learn from Spence's "Anecdotes," the Duke of Wharton gave him a skull with a candle fixed in it, as the most appropriate lamp by which to write tragedy. According to Young's dedication, the Duke was "accessory" to the scenes of this tragedy in a more important way, "not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole." A statement which is credible, not indeed on the ground of Young's dedicatory assertion, but from the known ability of the Duke, who, as Pope tells us, possessed

"Each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanted nothing but an honest heart."

The year 1722 seems to have been the period of a visit to Mr. Dodington, at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire—the "pure Dorsetian downs" celebrated by Thomson,—in which Young made the acquaintance of Voltaire; for in the subsequent dedication of his "Sea Piece" to "Mr. Voltaire," he recalls their meeting on Dorset Downs; and it was in this year that Christopher Pitt, a gentleman-poet of those days, addressed an "Epistle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eastbury, in Dorsetshire," which has at least the merit of this biographical couplet,—

"While with your Dodington retired you sit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit."

Dodington, apparently, was charmed in his turn, for he told Dr. Warton that Young was "far superior to the French poet in the variety and novelty of his *bonmots* and repartees." Unfortunately, the only specimen of Young's wit on this occasion that has been preserved to us is the epigram represented as an

extempore retort (spoken aside, surely) to Voltaire's criticism of Milton's episode of Sin and Death:—

“Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin”;

an epigram which, in the absence of “flowing Burgundy,” does not strike us as remarkably brilliant. Let us give Young the benefit of the doubt thrown on the genuineness of this epigram by his own poetical dedication, in which he represents himself as having “soothed” Voltaire's “rage” against Milton “with gentle rhymes”; though in other respects that dedication is anything but favorable to a high estimate of Young's wit. Other evidence apart, we should not be eager for the after-dinner conversation of the man who wrote,—

“Thine is the Drama, how renown'd!
Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound;—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine:
But where's his dolphin? Know'st thou where?
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!”

The “Satires” appeared in 1725 and 1726, each, of course, with its laudatory dedication and its compliments insinuated amongst the rhymes. The seventh and last is dedicated to Sir Robert Walpole, is very short, and contains nothing in particular except lunatic flattery of George I. and his prime minister, attributing that monarch's late escape from a storm at sea to the miraculous influence of his grand and virtuous soul—for George, he says, rivals the angels:—

“George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenomed satire into praise.
Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves.
Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire learn to spare.
Thus, Nature's self, supporting Man's decree,
Styles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the sea.”

As for Walpole, what *he* felt at this tremendous crisis—

“No powers of language, but his own, can tell,—
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the civil storm.”

It is a coincidence worth noticing, that this seventh Satire was published in 1726, and that the warrant of George I., granting Young a pension of £200 a year from Lady-day 1725, is dated May 3, 1726. The gratitude exhibited in this Satire may have been chiefly prospective, but the "Instalment"—a poem inspired by the thrilling event of Walpole's installation as Knight of the Garter—was clearly written with the double ardor of a man who has got a pension, and hopes for something more. His emotion about Walpole is precisely at the same pitch as his subsequent emotion about the Second Advent. In the "Instalment" he says:—

"With invocations some their hearts inflame;
I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme."

And of God coming to judgment, he says, in the "Night Thoughts":—

"I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my muse."

Nothing can be feebler than this "Instalment," except in the strength of impudence with which the writer professes to scorn the prostitution of fair fame, the "profanation of celestial fire."

Herbert Croft tells us that Young made more than three thousand pounds by his "Satires,"—a surprising statement, taken in connection with the reasonable doubt he throws on the story related in Spence's "Anecdotes," that the Duke of Wharton gave Young £2,000 for this work. Young, however, seems to have been tolerably fortunate in the pecuniary results of his publications; and with his literary profits, his annuity from Wharton, his fellowship, and his pension, not to mention other bounties which may be inferred from the high merits he discovers in many men of wealth and position, we may fairly suppose that he now laid the foundation of the considerable fortune he left at his death.

It is probable that the Duke of Wharton's final departure for the Continent and disgrace at Court in 1726, and the consequent cessation of Young's reliance on his patronage, tended not only to heighten the temperature of his poetical enthu-

siasm for Sir Robert Walpole, but also to turn his thoughts toward the Church again, as the second-best means of rising in the world. On the accession of George II., Young found the same transcendent merits in him as in his predecessor, and celebrated them in a style of poetry previously unattempted by him—the Pindaric ode, a poetic form which helped him to surpass himself in furious bombast. “Ocean, an Ode: concluding with a Wish,” was the title of this piece. He afterward pruned it, and cut off, amongst other things, the concluding Wish, expressing the yearning for humble retirement, which, of course, had prompted him to the effusion; but we may judge of the rejected stanzas by the quality of those he has allowed to remain. For example, calling on Britain’s dead mariners to rise and meet their “country’s full-blown glory” in the person of the new King, he says:—

“What powerful charm
Can Death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George’s name
Awake! awake! awake! awake!”

Soon after this notable production, which was written with the ripe folly of forty-seven, Young took orders, and was presently appointed chaplain to the King. “The Brothers,” his third and last tragedy, which was already in rehearsal, he now withdrew from the stage, and sought reputation in a way more accordant with the decorum of his new profession, by turning prose-writer. But after publishing “A True Estimate of Human Life,” with a dedication to the Queen, as one of the “most shining representatives” of God on earth, and a sermon, entitled “An Apology for Princes; or, the Reverence due to Government,” preached before the House of Commons, his Pindaric ambition again seized him, and he matched his former ode by another, called “Imperium Pelagi; a Naval Lyric, written in Imitation of Pindar’s spirit, occasioned by his Majesty’s Return from Hanover, 1729, and the succeeding Peace.” Since he afterward suppressed this second ode, we must suppose that it was rather worse than the first. Next came his two “Epistles to Pope, concerning the Authors of the

Age," remarkable for nothing but the audacity of affectation with which the most servile of poets professes to despise servility.

In 1730, Young was presented by his college with the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire; and in the following year, when he was just fifty, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, a widow with two children, who seems to have been in favor with Queen Caroline, and who probably had an income—two attractions which doubtless enhanced the power of her other charms. Pastoral duties and domesticity probably cured Young of some bad habits; but, unhappily, they did not cure him either of flattery or of fustian. Three more odes followed, quite as bad as those of his bachelorhood, except that in the third he announced the wise resolution of never writing another. It must have been about this time, since Young was now "turned of fifty," that he wrote the letter to Mrs. Howard (afterward Lady Suffolk), George II.'s mistress, which proves that he used other engines, besides the Pindaric, in "besieging Court favor." The letter is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"Monday Morning.

"MADAM,—I know his majesty's goodness to his servants, and his love of justice in general, so well, that I am confident, if his majesty knew my case, I should not have any cause to despair of his gracious favor to me.

"Abilities.
Good Manners.
Service.
Age.

Want.	}	for his majesty.
Sufferings		
and		
Zeal		

These, madam, are the proper points of consideration in the person that humbly hopes his majesty's favor.

"As to *Abilities*, all I can presume to say is, I have done the best I could to improve them.

"As to *Good Manners*, I desire no favor, if any just objection lies against them.

"As for *Service*, I have been near seven years in his majesty's, and never omitted any duty in it, which few can say.

"As for *Age*, I am turned of fifty.

"As for *Want*, I have no manner of preferment.

"As for *Sufferings*, I have lost £300 per ann. by being in his majesty's service; as I have shown in a *Representation* which his majesty has been so good as to read and consider.

"As for *Zeal*, I have written nothing without showing my duty to their majesties, and some pieces are dedicated to them.

"This, madam, is the short and true state of my case. They that make their court to the ministers, and not their majesties, succeed better. If my case deserves some consideration, and you can serve me in it, I humbly hope and believe you will. I shall, therefore, trouble you no farther; but beg leave to subscribe myself, with truest respect and gratitude, yours, &c.

EDWARD YOUNG.

"P.S.—I have some hope that my Lord Townshend is my friend; if therefore soon and before he leaves the court, you had an opportunity of mentioning me, with that favor you have been so good to show, I think it would not fail of success; and, if not, I shall owe you more than any."
—*Suffolk Letters*, vol. i. p. 285.

Young's wife died in 1741, leaving him one son, born in 1733. That he had attached himself strongly to her two daughters by her former marriage, there is better evidence in the report, mentioned by Mrs. Montagu, of his practical kindness and liberality to the younger, than in his lamentations over the elder as the "Narcissa" of the "Night Thoughts." "Narcissa" had died in 1735, shortly after marriage to Mr. Temple, the son of Lord Palmerston; and Mr. Temple himself, after a second marriage, died in 1740, a year before Lady Elizabeth Young. These, then, are the three deaths supposed to have inspired "The Complaint," which forms the three first books of the "Night Thoughts":—

"Insatiate archer, could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

Since we find Young departing from the truth of dates, in order to heighten the effect of his calamity, or at least of his climax, we need not be surprised that he allowed his imagination great freedom in other matters besides chronology, and that the character of "Philander" can, by no process, be made to fit Mr. Temple. The supposition that the much-lectured "Lorenzo" of the "Night Thoughts" was Young's own son, is hardly rendered more absurd by the fact that the poem was written when that son was a boy, than by the obvious artificiality of the characters Young introduces as targets for his arguments and rebukes. Among all the trivial efforts of conjectural criticism, there can hardly be one more futile than the

attempt to discover the original of those pitiable lay-figures, the "Lorenzos" and "Altamonts" of Young's didactic prose and poetry. His muse never stood face to face with a genuine, living human being; she would have been as much startled by such an encounter as a stage necromancer whose incantations and blue fire had actually conjured up a demon.

The "Night Thoughts" appeared between 1741 and 1745. Although he declares in them that he has chosen God for his "patron" henceforth, this is not at all to the prejudice of some half-dozen lords, duchesses, and right honorables, who have the privilege of sharing finely turned compliments with their co-patron. The line which closed the Second Night in the earlier editions—

"Wits spare not Heaven, O Wilmington!—nor thee"—

is an intense specimen of that perilous juxtaposition of ideas by which Young, in his incessant search after point and novelty, unconsciously converts his compliments into sarcasms; and his apostrophe to the moon as more likely to be favorable to his song if he calls her "fair Portland of the skies," is worthy even of his Pindaric ravings. His ostentatious renunciation of worldly schemes, and especially of his 'twenty-years' siege of Court favor, are in the tone of one who retains some hope, in the midst of his querulousness.

He descended from the astronomical rhapsodies of his Ninth Night, published in 1745, to more terrestrial strains in his "Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom," dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle; but in this critical year we get a glimpse of him through a more prosaic and less refracting medium. He spent a part of the year at Tunbridge Wells; and Mrs. Montagu, who was there too, gives a very lively picture of the "divine Doctor" in her letters to the Duchess of Portland, on whom Young had bestowed the superlative bombast to which we have just referred. We shall borrow the quotations from Dr. Doran, in spite of their length, because, to our mind, they present the most agreeable portrait we possess of Young:—

"I have great joy in Dr. Young, whom I disturbed in a reverie. At first he started, then bowed, then fell back into a surprise; then began

a speech, relapsed into his astonishment two or three times, forgot what he had been saying; began a new subject, and so went on. I told him your grace desired he would write longer letters; to which he cried "Ha!" most emphatically, and I leave you to interpret what it meant. He has made a friendship with one person here, whom I believe you would not imagine to have been made for his bosom friend. You would, perhaps, suppose it was a bishop or dean, a prebend, a pious preacher, a clergyman of exemplary life, or, if a layman, of most virtuous conversation, one that had paraphrased St. Matthew, or wrote comments on St. Paul. . . . You would not guess that this associate of the doctor's was—old Cibber! Certainly, in their religious, moral, and civil character, there is no relation; but in their dramatic capacity there is some.'—Mrs. Montagu was not aware that Cibber, whom Young had named not disparagingly in his Satires, was the brother of his old schoolfellow; but to return to our hero. 'The waters,' says Mrs. Montagu, 'have raised his spirits to a fine pitch, as your grace will imagine, when I tell you how sublime an answer he made to a very vulgar question. I asked him how long he stayed at the Wells: he said, As long as my rival stayed;—as long as the sun did.' Among the visitors at the Wells were Lady Sunderland (wife of Sir Robert Sutton) and her sister, Mrs. Tichborne. 'He did an admirable thing to Lady Sunderland: on her mentioning Sir Robert Sutton, he asked her where Sir Robert's lady was; on which we all laughed very heartily, and I brought him off, half ashamed, to my lodgings, where, during breakfast, he assured me he had asked after Lady Sunderland, because he had a great honor for her; and that, having a respect for her sister, he designed to have inquired after her, if we had not put it out of his head by laughing at him. You must know, Mrs. Tichborne sat next to Lady Sunderland. It would have been admirable to have had him finish his compliment in that manner.' . . . 'His expressions all bear the stamp of novelty, and his thoughts of sterling sense. He practises a kind of philosophical abstinence. . . . He carried Mrs. Rolt and myself to Tunbridge, five miles from hence, where we were to see some fine old ruins. . . . First rode the doctor on a tall steed, decently caparisoned in dark gray; next, ambled Mrs. Rolt on a hackney horse; . . . then followed your humble servant on a milk-white palfrey. I rode on in safety, and at leisure to observe the company, especially the two figures that brought up the rear. The first was my servant, valiantly armed with two uncharged pistols; the last was the doctor's man, whose uncombed hair so resembled the mane of the horse he rode, one could not help imagining they were of kin, and wishing, for the honor of the family, that they had had one comb betwixt them. On his head was a velvet cap, much resembling a black saucepan, and on his side hung a little basket.—At last we arrived at the King's Head, where the loyalty of the doctor induced him to alight; and then, knight-errant-like, he took his damsels from off their palfreys, and courteously handed us into the inn.' . . . The party returned to the Wells; and 'the silver Cynthia held up her lamp in the heavens' the

while. 'The night silenced all but our divine doctor, who sometimes uttered things fit to be spoken in a season when all nature seems to be hushed and hearkening. I followed, gathering wisdom as I went, till I found, by my horse's stumbling, that I was in a bad road, and that the blind was leading the blind. So I placed my servant between the doctor and myself; which he not perceiving, went on in a most philosophical strain, to the great admiration of my poor clown of a servant, who, not being wrought up to any pitch of enthusiasm, nor making any answer to all the fine things he heard, the doctor, wondering I was dumb, and grieving I was so stupid, looked round and declared his surprise.'

Young's oddity and absence of mind are gathered from other sources besides these stories of Mrs. Montagu's, and gave rise to the report that he was the original of Fielding's "Parson Adams"; but this Croft denies, and mentions another Young, who really sat for the portrait, and who, we imagine, had both more Greek and more genuine simplicity than the poet. His love of chatting with Colley Cibber was an indication that the old predilection for the stage survived, in spite of his emphatic contempt for "all joys but joys that never can expire"; and the production of "The Brothers" at Drury Lane in 1753, after a suppression of fifteen years, was perhaps not entirely due to the expressed desire to give the proceeds to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The author's profits were not more than £400—in those days a disappointing sum, and Young, as we learn from his friend Richardson, did not make this the limit of his donation, but gave a thousand guineas to the Society. "I had some talk with him," says Richardson, in one of his letters, "about this great action. 'I always,' said he, 'intended to do something handsome for the Society. Had I deferred it to my demise, I should have given away my son's money. All the world are inclined to pleasure; could I have given myself a greater by disposing of the sum to a different use, I should have done it.'"

His next work was "The Centaur not Fabulous; in Six Letters to a Friend, on the Life in Vogue," which reads very much like the most objurgatory parts of the "Night Thoughts" reduced to prose. It is preceded by a preface which, though addressed to a lady, is in its denunciations of vice as grossly indecent and almost as flippant as the epilogues written by "friends," which he allowed to be reprinted after his tragedies

in the latest edition of his works. We like much better than "The Centaur," "Conjectures on Original Composition," written in 1759, for the sake, he says, of communicating to the world the well-known anecdote about Addison's death-bed, and, with the exception of his poem on Resignation, the last thing he ever published.

The estrangement from his son, which must have embittered the later years of his life, appears to have begun not many years after the mother's death. On the marriage of her second daughter, who had previously presided over Young's household, a Mrs. Hallows, understood to be a woman of discreet age, and the daughter (or widow) of a clergyman who was an old friend of Young's, became housekeeper at Welwyn. Opinions about ladies are apt to differ. "Mrs. Hallows was a woman of piety, improved by reading," says one witness. "She was a very coarse woman," says Dr. Johnson; and we shall presently find some indirect evidence that her temper was perhaps not quite so much improved as her piety. Servants, it seems, were not fond of remaining long in the house with her; a satirical curate, named Kidgell, hints at "drops of juniper" taken as a cordial (but perhaps he was spiteful, and a teetotaler); and Young's son is said to have told his father that "an old man should not resign himself to the management of anybody." The result was, that the son was banished from home for the rest of his father's lifetime, though Young seems never to have thought of disinheriting him.

Our latest glimpses of the aged poet are derived from certain letters of Mr. Jones, his curate—letters preserved in the British Museum, and, happily, made accessible to common mortals in Nichols's 'Anecdotes.' Mr. Jones was a man of some literary activity and ambition,—a collector of interesting documents, and one of those concerned in the "Free and Candid Disquisitions," the design of which was "to point out such things in our ecclesiastical establishment as want to be reviewed and amended." On these and kindred subjects he corresponded with Dr. Birch, occasionally troubling him with queries and manuscripts. We have a respect for Mr. Jones. Unlike most persons who trouble others with queries or manuscripts, he mitigates the infliction by such gifts as "a fat

pullet," wishing he "had anything better to send; but this depauperizing vicarage (of Alconbury) too often checks the freedom and forwardness of my mind." Another day comes a "pound canister of tea"; another, a "young fatted goose." Mr. Jones's first letter from Welwyn is dated June, 1759, not quite six years before Young's death. In June, 1762, he expresses a wish to go to London "this summer. But," he continues,—

"My time and pains are almost continually taken up here, and . . . I have been (I now find) a considerable loser, upon the whole, by continuing here so long. The consideration of this, and the inconveniences I sustained, and do still experience from my late illness, obliged me at last to acquaint the Doctor (Young) with my case, and to assure him that I plainly perceived the duty and confinement here to be too much for me; for which reason I must (I said) beg to be at liberty to resign my charge at Michaelmas. I began to give him these notices in February, when I was very ill: and now I perceive, by what he told me the other day, that he is in some difficulty: for which reason he is at last (he says) resolved to advertise, *and even (which is much wondered at) to raise the salary considerably higher.* (What he allowed my predecessors was £20 per annum; and now he proposes £50, as he tells me.) I never asked him to raise it for me, though I well knew it was not equal to the duty; nor did I say a word about myself when he lately suggested to me his intentions upon this subject."

In a postscript to this letter he says:—

"I may mention to you farther, as a friend that may be trusted, that, in all likelihood, the poor old gentleman will not find it a very easy matter, unless by dint of money, *and force upon himself*, to procure a man that he can like for his next curate, *nor one that will stay with him so long as I have done.* Then, his great age will recur to people's thoughts; and if he has any foibles, either in temper or conduct, they will be sure not to be forgotten on this occasion by those who know him; and those who do not will probably be on their guard. On these and the like considerations, it is by no means an eligible office to be seeking out for a curate for him, as he has several times wished me to do; and would, if he knew that I am now writing to you, wish your assistance also. But my best friends here, *who well foresee the probable consequences*, and wish me well, earnestly dissuade me from complying; and I will decline the office with as much decency as I can: but high salary will, I suppose, fetch in somebody or other, soon."

In the following July, he writes:—

"The old gentleman here (I may venture to tell you freely) seems to me to be in a pretty odd way of late,—moping, dejected, self-willed, and

as if surrounded with some perplexing circumstances. Though I visit him pretty frequently for short intervals, I say very little to his affairs, not choosing to be a party concerned, especially in cases of so critical and tender a nature. There is much mystery in almost all his temporal affairs, as well as in many of his speculative theories. Whoever lives in this neighborhood to see his exit, will probably see and hear some very strange things. Time will show ;—I am afraid, not greatly to his credit. There is thought to be *an irremovable obstruction to his happiness within his walls, as well as another without them* ; but the former is the more powerful, and like to continue so. He has this day been trying anew to engage me to stay with him. No lucrative views can tempt me to sacrifice my liberty or my health, to such measures as are proposed here. *Nor do I like to have to do with persons whose word and honor cannot be depended on.* So much for this very odd and unhappy topic.”

In August, Mr. Jones’s tone is slightly modified. Earnest entreaties, not lucrative considerations, have induced him to cheer the Doctor’s dejected heart by remaining at Welwyn some time longer. The Doctor is, “in various respects, a very unhappy man,” and few know so much of these “respects” as Mr. Jones. In September, he recurs to the subject:—

“My ancient gentleman here is still full of trouble : which moves my concern, though it moves only the secret laughter of many, and some untoward surmises in disfavor of him and his household. The loss of a very large sum of money (about £200) is talked of ; whereof this vill and neighborhood is full. Some disbelieve ; others say, ‘*It is no wonder, where about eighteen or more servants are sometimes taken and dismissed in the course of a year.*’ The gentleman himself is allowed by all to be far more harmless and easy in his family than some one else who hath too much the lead in it. This, among others, was one reason for my late motion to quit.”

No other mention of Young’s affairs occurs until April 2, 1765, when he says that Dr. Young is very ill, attended by two physicians.

“Having mentioned this young gentleman (Dr. Young’s son), I would acquaint you next, that he came hither this morning, having been sent for, as I am told, by the direction of Mrs. Hallows. Indeed, she intimated to me as much herself. And if this be so, I must say that it is one of the most prudent acts she ever did, or could have done in such a case as this ; as it may prove a means of preventing much confusion after the death of the Doctor. I have had some little discourse with the son : he seems much affected, and I believe really is so. He earnestly wishes his father might be pleased to ask after him ; for you must know

he has not yet done this, nor is, in my opinion, like to do it. And it has been said farther, that upon a late application made to him on the behalf of his son, he desired that no more might be said to him about it. How true this may be, I cannot as yet be certain; all I shall say is, it seems not improbable. . . . I heartily wish the ancient man's heart may prove tender toward his son; *though, knowing him so well, I can scarce hope to hear such desirable news.*"

Eleven days later, he writes:—

"I have now the pleasure to acquaint you, that the late Dr. Young, though he had for many years kept his son at a distance from him, yet has now at last left him all his possessions, after the payment of certain legacies; so that the young gentleman (who bears a fair character, and behaves well, as far as I can hear or see) will, I hope, soon enjoy and make a prudent use of a handsome fortune. The father, on his death-bed, and since my return from London, was applied to in the tenderest manner, by one of his physicians, and by another person, to admit the son into his presence, to make submission, entreat forgiveness, and obtain his blessing. As to an interview with his son, he intimated that he chose to decline it, as his spirits were then low, and his nerves weak. With regard to the next particular, he said, '*I heartily forgive him*'; and upon mention of this last, he gently lifted up his hand, and letting it gently fall, pronounced these words, '*God bless him!*' . . . I know it will give you pleasure to be farther informed, that he was pleased to make respectful mention of me in his will; expressing his satisfaction in my care of his parish, *bequeathing to me a handsome legacy*, and appointing me to be one of his executors."

So far Mr. Jones, in his confidential correspondence with a "friend who may be trusted." In a letter communicated apparently by him to the "Gentleman's Magazine" seventeen years later—namely, in 1782—on the appearance of Croft's biography of Young, we find him speaking of "the ancient gentleman" in a tone of reverential eulogy, quite at variance with the free comments we have just quoted. But the Rev. John Jones was probably of opinion, with Mrs. Montagu, whose contemporary and retrospective letters are also set in a different key, that "the interests of religion were connected with the character of a man so distinguished for piety as Dr. Young." At all events, a subsequent *quasi* official statement weighs nothing as evidence against contemporary, spontaneous, and confidential hints.

To Mrs. Hallows, Young left a legacy of £1,000, with the

request that she would destroy all his manuscripts. This final request, from some unknown cause, was not complied with, and among the papers he left behind him was the following letter from Archbishop Secker, which probably marks the date of his latest effort after preferment:—

“DEANERY OF ST. PAUL’S, July 8, 1758.

“GOOD DR. YOUNG,—I have long wondered that more suitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power. But how to remedy the omission I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of this nature to his Majesty. And therefore, in all likelihood, the only consequence of doing it would be weakening the little influence which else I may possibly have on some other occasions *Your fortune and your reputation set you above the need of advancement; and your sentiments above that concern for it on your own account*, which, on that of the public, is sincerely felt by

“Your loving Brother,

“THO. CANT.”

The loving brother’s irony is severe!

Perhaps the least questionable testimony to the better side of Young’s character is that of Bishop Hildesley, who, as the vicar of a parish near Welwyn, had been Young’s neighbor for upward of twenty years. The affection of the clergy for each other, we have observed, is, like that of the fair sex, not at all of a blind and infatuated kind; and we may therefore the rather believe them when they give each other any extra-official praise. Bishop Hildesley, then, writing of Young to Richardson, says:—

“The impertinence of my frequent visits to him was amply rewarded; forasmuch as, I can truly say, he never received me but with agreeable open complacency, and I never left him but with profitable pleasure and improvement. He was one or other, the most modest, the most patient of contradiction, and the most informing and entertaining I ever conversed with—at least, of any man who had so just pretensions to pertinacity and reserve.”

Mr. Langton, however, who was also a frequent visitor of Young’s, informed Boswell—

“That there was an air of benevolence in his manner; but that he could obtain from him less information than he had hoped to receive from one who had lived so much in intercourse with the brightest men of what had been called the Augustan age of England; and that he

showed a degree of eager curiosity concerning the common occurrences that were then passing, which appeared somewhat remarkable in a man of such intellectual stores, of such an advanced age, and who had retired from life with declared disappointment in his expectations."

The same substance, we know, will exhibit different qualities under different tests; and, after all, imperfect reports of individual impressions, whether immediate or traditional, are a very frail basis on which to build our opinion of a man. One's character may be very indifferently mirrored in the mind of the most intimate neighbor; it all depends on the quality of that gentleman's reflecting surface.

But, discarding any inferences from such uncertain evidence, the outline of Young's character is too distinctly traceable in the well-attested facts of his life, and yet more in the self-betrayal that runs through all his works, for us to fear that our general estimate of him may be false. For, while no poet seems less easy and spontaneous than Young, no poet discloses himself more completely. Men's minds have no hiding-place out of themselves—their affectations do but betray another phase of their nature. And if, in the present view of Young, we seem to be more intent on laying bare unfavorable facts than on shrouding them in charitable speeches, it is not because we have any irreverential pleasure in turning men's characters the seamy side without, but because we see no great advantage in considering a man as he was *not*. Young's biographers and critics have usually set out from the position that he was a great religious teacher, and that his poetry is morally sublime; and they have toned down his failings into harmony with their conception of the divine and the poet. For our own part, we set out from precisely the opposite conviction—namely, that the religious and moral spirit of Young's poetry is low and false; and we think it of some importance to show that the "Night Thoughts" are the reflex of a mind in which the higher human sympathies were inactive. This judgment is entirely opposed to our youthful predilections and enthusiasm. The sweet garden-breath of early enjoyment lingers about many a page of the "Night Thoughts," and even of the "Last Day," giving an extrinsic charm to passages of stilted rhetoric and false sentiment; but the sober and re-

peated reading of maturer years has convinced us that it would hardly be possible to find a more typical instance than Young's poetry, of the mistake which substitutes interested obedience for sympathetic emotion, and baptizes egoism as religion.

Pope said of Young, that he had "much of a sublime genius without common sense." The deficiency Pope meant to indicate was, we imagine, moral rather than intellectual: it was the want of that fine sense of what is fitting in speech and action, which is often eminently possessed by men and women whose intellect is of a very common order, but who have the sincerity and dignity which can never coexist with the selfish preoccupations of vanity or interest. This was the "common sense" in which Young was conspicuously deficient; and it was partly owing to this deficiency that his genius, waiting to be determined by the highest prizes, fluttered uncertainly from effort to effort, until, when he was more than sixty, it suddenly spread its broad wing, and soared so as to arrest the gaze of other generations besides his own. For he had no versatility of faculty to mislead him. The "Night Thoughts" only differ from his previous works in the degree and not in the kind of power they manifest. Whether he writes prose or poetry, rhyme or blank verse, dramas, satires, odes, or meditations, we see everywhere the same Young—the same narrow circle of thoughts, the same love of abstractions, the same telescopic view of human things, the same appetency toward antithetic apothegm and rhapsodic climax. The passages that arrest us in his tragedies are those in which he anticipates some fine passage in the "Night Thoughts," and where his characters are only transparent shadows through which we see the bewigged *embonpoint* of the didactic poet, excogitating epigrams or ecstatic soliloquies by the light of a candle fixed in a skull. Thus, in "The Revenge," Alonzo, in the conflict of jealousy and love that at once urges and forbids him to murder his wife, says:—

"This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,
 Those skies, through which it rolls, must all have end.
 What then is man? The smallest part of nothing.
 Day buries day; month, month; and year the year!
 Our life is but a chain of many deaths.

Can then Death's self be feared? Our life much rather :
Life is the desert, life the solitude ;
 Death joins us to the great majority :
 'Tis to be born to Plato and to Cæsar ;
 'Tis to be great forever ;
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition, then, to die."

His prose writings all read like the "Night Thoughts," either diluted into prose, or not yet crystallized into poetry. For example, in his "Thoughts for Age," he says:—

"Though we stand on its awful brink, such our leaden bias to the world, we turn our faces the wrong way ; we are still looking on our old acquaintance, *Time* ; though now so wasted and reduced, that we can see little more of him than his wings and his scythe : our age enlarges his wings to our imagination ; and our fear of death, his scythe ; as *Time* himself grows less. His consumption is deep ; his annihilation is at hand."

This is a dilution of the magnificent image:—

"Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep decrepit with his age.
 Behold him when past by ! What then is seen
 But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?"

Again:—

"A requesting Omnipotence? What can stun and confound thy reason more? What more can ravish and exalt thy heart? It cannot but ravish and exalt ; it cannot but gloriously disturb and perplex thee, to take in all *that* thought suggests. Thou child of the dust ! thou speck of misery and sin ! how abject thy weakness ! how great is thy power ! Thou crawler on earth, and possible (I was about to say) controller of the skies ! weigh, and weigh well, the wondrous truths I have in view : which cannot be weighed too much ; which the more they are weighed, amaze the more ; which to have supposed, before they were revealed, would have been as great madness, and to have presumed on as great sin, as it is now madness and sin not to believe."

Even in his Pindaric odes, in which he made the most violent effort against nature, he is still neither more nor less than the Young of the "Last Day," emptied and swept of his genius, and possessed by seven demons of fustian and bad rhyme. Even here, his "Ercles' vein" alternates with his

moral platitudes, and we have the perpetual text of the "Night Thoughts":—

"Gold pleasure buys ;
 But pleasure dies,
 For soon the gross fruition cloy ;
 Though raptures court,
 The sense is short ;
 But virtue kindles living joys ;—

"Joys felt alone !
 Joys asked of none !
 Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss :
 Joys that subsist,
 Though fates resist,
 An unprecarious, endless bliss !

"Unhappy they !
 And falsely gay !
 Who bask forever in success ;
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress."

In the "Last Day," again, which is the earliest thing he wrote, we have an anticipation of all his greatest faults and merits. Conspicuous among the faults is that attempt to exalt our conceptions of Deity by vulgar images and comparisons, which is so offensive in the later "Night Thoughts." In a burst of prayer and homage to God, called forth by the contemplation of Christ coming to judgment, he asks, Who brings the change of the seasons? and answers—

"Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar ;
 Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war !"

Conceive the soul, in its most solemn moments, assuring God that it does not place His power below that of Louis Napoleon or Queen Victoria!

But in the midst of uneasy rhymes, inappropriate imagery, vaulting sublimity that o'erleaps itself, and vulgar emotions, we have in this poem an occasional flash of genius, a touch of simple grandeur, which promises as much as Young ever achieved. Describing the oncoming of the dissolution of all things, he says:—

“No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light but from the terrors of the sky.”

And again, speaking of great armies:—

“Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on.”

And this wail of the lost souls is fine:—

“And this for sin?
Could I offend if I had never been?
But still increas'd the senseless, happy mass,
Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?
Father of mercies! why from silent earth
Didst Thou awake and curse me into birth?
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
And make a thankless present of Thy light?
Push into being a reverse of Thee,
And *animate a clod with misery?*”

But it is seldom in Young's rhymed poems that the effect of a felicitous thought or image is not counteracted by our sense of the constraint he suffered from the necessities of rhyme,—that “Gothic demon,” as he afterward called it, “which modern poetry tasting, became mortal.” In relation to his own power, no one will question the truth of his dictum, that “blank verse is verse unfallen, uncurst; verse reclaimed, re-enthroned in the true language of the gods; who never thundered nor suffered their Homer to thunder in rhyme.” His want of mastery in rhyme is especially a drawback on the effect of his Satires; for epigrams and witticisms are peculiarly susceptible to the intrusion of a superfluous word, or to an inversion which implies constraint. Here, even more than elsewhere, the art that conceals art is an absolute requisite, and to have a witticism presented to us in limping or cumbrous rhythm is as counteractive to any electrifying effect as to see the tentative grimaces by which a comedian prepares a grotesque countenance. We discern the process, instead of being startled by the result.

This is one reason why the Satires, read *seriatim*, have a flatness to us, which, when we afterward read picked passages, we are inclined to disbelieve in, and to attribute to some

deficiency in our own mood. But there are deeper reasons for that dissatisfaction. Young is not a satirist of a high order. His satire has neither the terrible vigor, the lacerating energy of genuine indignation, nor the humor which owns loving fellowship with the poor human nature it laughs at; nor yet the personal bitterness which, as in Pope's characters of Sporus and Atticus, insures those living touches by virtue of which the individual and particular in Art becomes the universal and immortal. Young could never describe a real complex human being; but what he *could* do with eminent success, was to describe with neat and finished point obvious *types* of manners rather than of character,—to write cold and clever epigrams on personified vices and absurdities. There is no more emotion in his satire than if he were turning witty verses on a waxen image of Cupid, or a lady's glove. He has none of those felicitous epithets, none of those pregnant lines, by which Pope's Satires have enriched the ordinary speech of educated men. Young's wit will be found in almost every instance to consist in that antithetic combination of ideas which, of all the forms of wit, is most within reach of clever effort. In his gravest arguments, as well as in his lightest satire, one might imagine that he had set himself to work out the problem, how much antithesis might be got out of a given subject. And there he completely succeeds. His neatest portraits are all wrought on this plan. Narcissus, for example, who—

“Omits no duty ; nor can Envy say
 He miss'd, these many years, the Church or Play
 He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true ;
 But pays his debts, and visit when 'tis due ;
 His character and gloves are ever clean,
 And then he can out-bow the bowing Dean ;
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
 In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
 Patient of idleness beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the town his face
 For ornament in every public place ;
 As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
 And is the furniture of drawing-rooms :
 When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
 And, joined to two, he fails not—to make three :

Narcissus is the glory of his race ;
 For who does nothing with a better grace?
 To deck my list by nature were designed
 Such shining expletives of human kind,
 Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
 Sense to be right and passion to be wrong."

It is but seldom that we find a touch of that easy slyness which gives an additional zest to surprise; but here is an instance:—

"See Tityrus, with merriment possest,
 Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest.
 What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before."

Like Pope, whom he imitated, he sets out with a psychological mistake as the basis of his satire, attributing all forms of folly to one passion—the love of fame, or vanity,—a much grosser mistake, indeed, than Pope's exaggeration of the extent to which the "ruling passion" determines conduct in the individual. Not that Young is consistent in his mistake. He sometimes implies no more than what is the truth—that the love of fame is the cause, not of all follies, but of many.

Young's satires on women are superior to Pope's, which is only saying that they are superior to Pope's greatest failure. We can more frequently pick out a couplet as successful than an entire sketch. Of the too emphatic Syrena, he says:—

"Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong."

Of the diplomatic Julia:—

"For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
 Nor take her tea without a stratagem."

Of Lyce, the old painted coquette:—

"In vain the cock has summoned sprites away;
 She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day."

Of the nymph who, "gratis, clears religious mysteries":—

"'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that."

The description of the literary *belle*, Daphne, well prefaces that of Stella, admired by Johnson:—

“With legs toss’d high, on her sophee she sits,
 Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
 Of each performance she’s the final test;
 One act read o’er, she prophesies the rest;
 And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
 Fully convinces all the town—*she’s fair*.
 Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa’s face,
 How would her elegance of taste decrease!
 Some ladies’ judgment in their features lies,
 And all their genius sparkles in their eyes.
 But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
 Must I want common sense because I’m fair?
 O no; see Stella · her eyes shine as bright
 As if her tongue was never in the right;
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
 She seems inspir’d, and can herself inspire.
 How then (if malice ruled not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?”

After all, when we have gone through Young’s seven Satires, we seem to have made but an indifferent meal. They are a sort of fricassee, with little solid meat in them, and yet the flavor is not always piquant. It is curious to find him, when he pauses a moment from his satiric sketching, recurring to his old platitudes:—

“Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
 Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer”;

platitudes which he seems inevitably to fall into, for the same reason that some men are constantly asserting their contempt for criticism—because he felt the opposite so keenly.

The outburst of genius in the earlier books of the “Night Thoughts” is the more remarkable, that in the interval between them and the Satires, he had produced nothing but his Pindaric odes, in which he fell far below the level of his previous works. Two sources of this sudden strength were the freedom of blank verse and the presence of a genuine emotion. Most persons, in speaking of the “Night Thoughts,” have in their minds only the two or three first Nights, the majority of

readers rarely getting beyond these, unless, as Wilson says, they "have but few books, are poor, and live in the country." And in these earlier Nights there is enough genuine sublimity and genuine sadness to bribe us into too favorable a judgment of them as a whole. Young had only a very few things to say or sing—such as that life is vain, that death is imminent, that man is immortal, that virtue is wisdom, that friendship is sweet, and that the source of virtue is the contemplation of death and immortality,—and even in his two first Nights he had said almost all he had to say in his finest manner. Through these first outpourings of "complaint" we feel that the poet is really sad, that the bird is singing over a rifled nest; and we bear with his morbid picture of the world and of life, as the Job-like lament of a man whom "the hand of God hath touched." Death has carried away his best-beloved, and that "silent land" whither they are gone has more reality for the desolate one than this world which is empty of their love:—

"This is the desert, this the solitude;
How populous, how vital is the grave!"

Joy died with the loved one:—

"The disenchantèd earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring towers?
Her golden mountains, where? All darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
The great magician's dead!"

Under the pang of parting, it seems to the bereaved man as if love were only a nerve to suffer with, and he sickens at the thought of every joy of which he must one day say—"it was." In its unreasoning anguish, the soul rushes to the idea of perpetuity as the one element of bliss:—

"O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!—
Could ye, so rich in rapture, fear an end,—
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light."

In a man under the immediate pressure of a great sorrow, we tolerate morbid exaggerations; we are prepared to see him

turn away a weary eye from sunlight and flowers and sweet human faces, as if this rich and glorious life had no significance but as a preliminary of death; we do not criticise his views, we compassionate his feelings. And so it is with Young in these earlier Nights. There is already some artificiality even in his grief, and feeling often slides into rhetoric, but through it all we are thrilled with the unmistakable cry of pain, which makes us tolerant of egoism and hyperbole:—

“In every varied posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
 Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
 Through the dark postern of time long elapsed
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,—
 Led like a murderer (and such it proves!)
 Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past,—
 In quest of wretchedness, perversely strays;
 And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys.”

But when he becomes didactic, rather than complaining,—when he ceases to sing his sorrows, and begins to insist on his opinions,—when that distaste for life which we pity as a transient feeling, is thrust upon us as a theory, we become perfectly cool and critical, and are not in the least inclined to be indulgent to false views and selfish sentiments.

Seeing that we are about to be severe on Young's failings and failures, we ought, if a reviewer's space were elastic, to dwell also on his merits,—on the startling vigor of his imagery—on the occasional grandeur of his thought—on the piquant force of that grave satire into which his meditations continually run. But, since our “limits” are rigorous, we must content ourselves with the less agreeable half of the critic's duty; and we may the rather do so, because it would be difficult to say anything new of Young in the way of admiration, while we think there are many salutary lessons remaining to be drawn from his faults.

One of the most striking characteristics of Young is his *radical insincerity as a poetic artist*. This, added to the thin and artificial texture of his wit, is the true explanation of the paradox—that a poet who is often inopportunistly witty has the opposite vice of bombastic absurdity. The source of all gran-

diloquence is the want of taking for a criterion the true qualities of the object described, or the emotion expressed. The grandiloquent man is never bent on saying what he feels or what he sees, but on producing a certain effect on his audience; hence he may float away into utter inanity without meeting any criterion to arrest him. Here lies the distinction between grandiloquence and genuine fancy or bold imaginativeness. The fantastic or the boldly imaginative poet may be as sincere as the most realistic: he is true to his own sensibilities or inward vision, and in his wildest flights he never breaks loose from his criterion—the truth of his own mental state. Now, this disruption of language from genuine thought and feeling is what we are constantly detecting in Young; and his insincerity is the more likely to betray him into absurdity, because he habitually treats of abstractions, and not of concrete objects or specific emotions. He descants perpetually on virtue, religion, “the good man,” life, death, immortality, eternity—subjects which are apt to give a factitious grandeur to empty wordiness. When a poet floats in the empyrean, and only takes a bird’s-eye view of the earth, some people accept the mere fact of his soaring for sublimity, and mistake his dim vision of earth for proximity to heaven. Thus:—

“His hand the good man fixes on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl,”

may perhaps pass for sublime with some readers. But pause a moment to realize the image, and the monstrous absurdity of a man’s grasping the skies, and hanging habitually suspended there, while he contemptuously bids the earth roll, warns you that no genuine feeling could have suggested so unnatural a conception.

Examples of such vicious imagery, resulting from insincerity, may be found, perhaps, in almost every page of the “Night Thoughts.” But simple assertions or aspirations, undisguised by imagery, are often equally false. No writer whose rhetoric was checked by the slightest truthful intentions, could have said,—

“An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever.”

Abstracting the more poetical associations with the eye, this is hardly less absurd than if he had wished to stand forever with his mouth open.

Again—

“Far beneath
A soul immortal is a mortal joy.”

Happily for human nature, we are sure no man really believes that. Which of us has the impiety not to feel that our souls are only too narrow for the joy of looking into the trusting eyes of our children, of reposing on the love of a husband or wife,—nay, of listening to the divine voice of music, or watching the calm brightness of autumn afternoons? But Young could utter this falsity without detecting it, because, when he spoke of “mortal joys,” he rarely had in his mind any object to which he could attach sacredness. He was thinking of bishoprics and benefices, of smiling monarchs, patronizing prime ministers, and a “much indebted muse.” Of anything between these and eternal bliss, he was but rarely and moderately conscious. Often, indeed, he sinks very much below even the bishopric, and seems to have no notion of earthly pleasure, but such as breathes gaslight and the fumes of wine. His picture of life is precisely such as you would expect from a man who has risen from his bed at two o’clock in the afternoon with a headache, and a dim remembrance that he has added to his “debts of honor” :—

“What wretched repetition cloy us here !
What periodic potions for the sick,
Distemper’d bodies, and distemper’d minds !”

And then he flies off to his usual antithesis :—

“In an eternity what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken, novelties surprise !”

“Earth” means lords and levees, duchesses and Dalilahs, South-Sea dreams and illegal percentage; and the only things distinctly preferable to these are, eternity and the stars. Deprive Young of this antithesis, and more than half his eloquence would be shrivelled up. Place him on a breezy common, where the furze is in its golden bloom, where children are playing, and horses are standing in the sunshine with

fondling necks, and he would have nothing to say. Here are neither depths of guilt, nor heights of glory; and we doubt whether in such a scene he would be able to pay his usual compliment to the Creator:—

“Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!”

It is true that he sometimes—not often—speaks of virtue as capable of sweetening life, as well as of taking the sting from death and winning heaven; and, lest we should be guilty of any unfairness to him, we will quote the two passages which convey this sentiment the most explicitly. In the one, he gives Lorenzo this excellent recipe for obtaining cheerfulness:—

“Go, fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some generous good;
Teach Ignorance to see, or Grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.”

The other passage is vague, but beautiful, and its music has murmured in our minds for many years:—

“The cuckoo seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize
But what those seasons from the teeming earth
To doting sense indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruit unripen'd by the sun,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
On lighten'd minds that bask in Virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
In that for which they long, for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hopes,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame;
While Nature's circle, like a chariot wheel,
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing virtue in a line to bliss.”

Even here, where he is in his most amiable mood, you see at what a telescopic distance he stands from mother Earth and

simple human joys—"Nature's circle rolls beneath." Indeed, we remember no mind in poetic literature that seems to have absorbed less of the beauty and the healthy breath of the common landscape than Young's. His images, often grand and finely presented—witness that sublimely sudden leap of thought,

"Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life"—

lie almost entirely within that circle of observation which would be familiar to a man who lived in town, hung about the theatres, read the newspaper, and went home often by moon and star light. There is no natural object nearer than the moon that seems to have any strong attraction for him, and even to the moon he chiefly appeals for patronage, and "pays his court" to her. It is reckoned among the many deficiencies of Lorenzo, that he "never asked the moon one question"—an omission which Young thinks eminently unbecoming a rational being. He describes nothing so well as a comet, and is tempted to linger with fond detail over nothing more familiar than the day of judgment and an imaginary journey among the stars. Once on Saturn's ring, he feels at home, and his language becomes quite easy:—

"What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round,
Where larger sons inhabit higher spheres;
Perhaps *the villas of descending gods!*"

It is like a sudden relief from a strained posture when, in the "Night Thoughts," we come on any allusion that carries us to the lanes, woods, or fields. Such allusions are amazingly rare, and we could almost count them on a single hand. That we may do him no injustice, we will quote the three best:—

"Like blossom'd trees o'erturned by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay."

"In the same brook none ever bathed him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same—the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;

Nor mark the much irrevocably lapsed,
And mingled with the sea."

"The crown of manhood is a winter joy ;
An evergreen that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate."

The adherence to abstractions, or to the personification of abstractions, is closely allied in Young to the *want of genuine emotion*. He sees Virtue sitting on a mount serene, far above the mists and storms of earth: he sees Religion coming down from the skies, with this world in her left hand and the other world in her right: but we never find him dwelling on virtue or religion as it really exists—in the emotions of a man dressed in an ordinary coat, and seated by his fireside of an evening, with his hand resting on the head of his little daughter; in courageous effort for unselfish ends, in the internal triumph of justice and pity over personal resentment, in all the sublime self-renunciation and sweet charities which are found in the details of ordinary life. Now, emotion links itself with particulars, and only in a faint and secondary manner with abstractions. An orator may discourse very eloquently on injustice in general, and leave his audience cold; but let him state a special case of oppression, and every heart will throb. The most untheoretic persons are aware of this relation between true emotion and particular facts, as opposed to general terms, and implicitly recognize it in the repulsion they feel toward any one who professes strong feeling about abstractions,—in the interjectional "humbug!" which immediately rises to their lips.

If we except the passages in *Philander*, *Narcissa*, and *Lucia*, there is hardly a trace of human sympathy, of self-forgetfulness in the joy or sorrow of a fellow-being, throughout this long poem, which professes to treat the various phases of man's destiny. And even in the *Narcissa Night*, Young repels us by the low moral tone of his exaggerated lament. This married step-daughter died at Lyons, and, being a Protestant, was denied burial, so that her friends had to bury her in secret—one of the many miserable results of superstition, but not a fact to throw an educated, still less a Christian man, into a

fury of hatred and vengeance, in contemplating it after the lapse of five years. Young, however, takes great pains to simulate a bad feeling:—

“Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour’d,
Half execration mingled with my pray’r;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador’d;
Sore grudg’d the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp’d the cursed soil; *and with humanity*
(*Denied Narcissa*) *wish’d them all a grave.*”

The odiously bad taste of this last clause makes up hope that it is simply a platitude, and not intended as a witticism, until he removes the possibility of this favorable doubt by immediately asking, “Flows my resentment into guilt?”

When, by an afterthought, he attempts something like sympathy, he only betrays more clearly his want of it. Thus, in the first Night, when he turns from his private griefs to depict earth as a hideous abode of misery for all mankind, and asks—

“What then am I, who sorrow for myself?”—

he falls at once into calculating the benefit of sorrowing for others:—

“More generous sparrow, while it sinks, exalts:
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swollen thought a second channel.”

This remarkable negation of sympathy is in perfect consistency with Young’s theory of ethics:—

“Virtue is a crime,
A crime to reason, if it costs us pain
Unpaid.”

If there is no immortality for man,—

“Sense! take the rein; blind Passion, drive us on;
And Ignorance! befriend us on our way. . . .
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since as the brute we die. The sum of man,
Of godlike man, to revel and to rot.”

"If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain?"

"Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,
And think a turf or tombstone covers all."

"Die for thy country, thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink."

"As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with Immortality expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himself alone,
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles."

We can imagine the man who "denies his soul immortal," replying, "It is quite possible that *you* would be a knave, and love yourself alone, if it were not for your belief in immortality; but you are not to force upon me what would result from your own utter want of moral emotion. I am just and honest, not because I expect to live in another world, but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty toward myself, I have a fellow-feeling with other men, who would suffer the same pain if I were unjust or dishonest toward them. Why should I give my neighbor short weight in this world, because there is not another world in which I should have nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest, because I don't like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I'm afraid of evil to myself in another. The fact is, I do *not* love myself alone, whatever logical necessity there may be for that conclusion in your mind. I have a tender love for my wife, and children, and friends, and through that love I sympathize with like affections in other men. It is a pang to me to witness the suffering of a fellow-being, and I feel his suffering the more acutely because he is *mortal*—because his life is so short, and I would have it, if possible, filled with happiness and not misery. Through my union and fellowship with the men and women I *have* seen, I feel a like, though a fainter, sympathy with those I have *not* seen; and I am able so to live in imagination with the generations to come, that their good is not

alien to me, and is a stimulus to me to labor for ends which may not benefit myself, but will benefit them. It is possible that you might prefer to 'live the brute,' to sell your country, or to slay your father, if you were not afraid of some disagreeable consequences from the criminal laws of another world; but even if I could conceive no motive but by my own worldly interest or the gratification of my animal desires, I have not observed that beastliness, treachery, and parricide, are the direct way to happiness and comfort on earth."

Thus far the man who "denies himself immortal" might give a warrantable reply to Young's assumption of peculiar loftiness in maintaining that "virtue with immortality expires." We may admit, indeed, that if the better part of virtue consists, as Young appears to think, in contempt for mortal joys, in "meditation of our own decease," and in "applause" of God in the style of a congratulatory address to her Majesty—all which has small relation to the well-being of mankind on this earth—the motive to it must be gathered from something that lies quite outside the sphere of human sympathy. But, for certain other elements of virtue, which are of more obvious importance to plain people,—a delicate sense of our neighbor's rights, an active participation in the joys and sorrows of our fellow-men, a magnanimous acceptance of privation or suffering for ourselves when it is the condition of rescue for others—in a word, the widening and strengthening of our sympathetic nature,—it is surely of some moment to contend, that they have no more direct dependence on the belief in a future state than the interchange of gases in the lungs on the plurality of worlds. Nay, it is conceivable that in some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away, that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones and to our many suffering fellow-men—lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence. And surely it ought to be a welcome fact, if the thought of *mortality*, as well as of immortality, be favorable to virtue. We can imagine that the proprietors of a patent water-supply may have a dread of common springs; but for those who only share the general need there cannot be too great a security against a

lack of fresh water—or of pure morality. It should be matter of unmixed rejoicing if this latter necessary of healthful life has its evolution insured in the interaction of human souls as certainly as the evolution of science or of art, with which, indeed, it is but a twin ray, melting into them with undefinable limits.

To return to Young. We can often detect a man's deficiencies in what he admires more clearly than in what he contemns,—in the sentiments he presents as laudable rather than in those he decries. And in Young's notion of what is lofty he casts a shadow by which we can measure him without further trouble. For example, in arguing for human immortality, he says:—

“First, what is *true ambition*? The pursuit
Of glory *nothing less than man can share.*

The Visible and Present are for brutes,
A slender portion, and a narrow bound!
These Reason, with an energy divine
O'erleaps, and claims the Future and Unseen;
The vast Unseen, the Future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross Nature's sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.”

So, then, if it were certified that, as some benevolent minds have tried to infer, our dumb fellow-creatures would share a future existence, in which it is to be hoped we should neither beat, starve, nor maim them, our ambition for a future life would cease to be “lofty”! This is a notion of loftiness which may pair off with Dr. Whewell's celebrated observation, that Bentham's moral theory is low, because it includes justice and mercy to brutes.

But, for a reflection of Young's moral personality on a colossal scale, we must turn to those passages where his rhetoric is at its utmost stretch of inflation—where he addresses the Deity, discourses of the Divine operations, or describes the last judgment. As a compound of vulgar pomp, crawling adulation, and hard selfishness, presented under the guise of piety,

there are few things in literature to surpass the ninth Night, entitled "Consolation," especially in the pages where he describes the last judgment—a subject to which, with naïve self-betrayal, he applies phraseology favored by the exuberant penny-a-liner. Thus, when God descends, and the groans of hell are opposed by "shouts of joy," much as cheers and groans contend at a public meeting where the resolutions are *not* passed unanimously, the poet completes his climax in this way:—

"Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The *charmed spectators* thunder their applause."

In the same taste, he sings:—

"Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial."

Exquisite delicacy of indication! He is too nice to be specific as to the interior of the "sulphureous" abode; but when once half the human race are shut up there, hear how he enjoys turning the key on them!—

"What ensues?
The deed predominant, the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a *heaven of heaven!*
The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through Destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand, thousand fathom; there to rust
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and Hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar."

This is one of the blessings for which Dr. Young thanks God "most":—

"For all I bless Thee, most, for the severe
Her death—my own at hand—the *fiery gulf*,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
. its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; *its hideous groans*

*Join Heaven's sweet Hallelujahs in Thy praise,
Great Source of good alone! How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! Pain, Death, Gehenna, save" . . .*

i. e., save me, Dr. Young, who, in return for that favor, promise to give my divine patron the monopoly of that exuberance in laudatory epithet, of which specimens may be seen at any moment in a large number of dedications and odes to kings, queens, prime ministers, and other persons of distinction. *That*, in Young's conception, is what God delights in. His crowning aim in the "drama" of the ages is to vindicate his own renown. The God of the "Night Thoughts" is simply Young himself "writ large"—a didactic poet, who "lectures" mankind in the antithetic hyperbole of mortal and immortal joys, earth and the stars, hell and heaven; and expects the tribute of inexhaustible "applause." Young has no conception of religion as anything else than egoism turned heavenward; and he does not merely imply this, he insists on it. Religion, he tells us, in argumentative passages too long to quote, is "ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain," directed toward the joys of the future life instead of the present. And his ethics correspond to his religion. He vacillates, indeed, in his ethical theory, and shifts his position in order to suit his immediate purpose in argument; but he never changes his level so as to see beyond the horizon of mere selfishness. Sometimes he insists, as we have seen, that the belief in a future life is the only basis of morality; but elsewhere he tells us—

"In self-applause is virtue's golden prize."

Virtue, with Young, must always squint—must never look straight toward the immediate object of its emotion and effort. Thus, if a man risks perishing in the snow himself rather than forsake a weaker comrade, he must either do this because his hopes and fears are directed to another world, or because he desires to applaud himself afterward! Young, if we may believe him, would despise the action as folly unless it had these motives. Let us hope he was not so bad as he pretended to be! The tides of the divine life in man move under the thickest ice of theory.

Another indication of Young's deficiency in moral, *i.e.*, in sympathetic emotion, is his unintermitting habit of pedagogic moralizing. On its theoretic and perceptive side, Morality touches Science; on its emotional side, poetic Art. Now, the products of poetic Art are great in proportion as they result from the immediate prompting of innate power, and not from labored obedience to a theory or rule; and the presence of genius or innate prompting is directly opposed to the perpetual consciousness of a rule. The action of faculty is imperious, and supersedes the reflection *why* it should act. In the same way, in proportion as morality is emotional, it will exhibit itself in direct sympathetic feeling and action, and not as the recognition of a rule. Love does not say, "I ought to love"—it loves. Pity does not say, "It is right to be pitiful"—it pities. Justice does not say, "I am bound to be just"—it feels justly. It is only where moral emotion is comparatively weak that the contemplation of a rule or theory habitually mingles with its action; and in accordance with this, we think experience, both in literature and life, has shown that the minds which are predominantly didactic, are deficient in sympathetic emotion. A man who is perpetually thinking in monitory apothegms, who has an unintermittent flux of rebuke, can have little energy left for simple feeling. And this is the case with Young. In his highest flights of contemplation, and his most wailing soliloquies, he interrupts himself to fling an admonitory parenthesis at Lorenzo, or to hint that "folly's creed" is the reverse of his own. Before his thoughts can flow, he must fix his eye on an imaginary miscreant, who gives unlimited scope for lecturing, and recriminates just enough to keep the spring of admonition and argument going to the extent of nine books. It is curious to see how this pedagogic habit of mind runs through Young's contemplation of Nature. As the tendency to see our own sadness reflected in the external world has been called by Mr. Ruskin the "pathetic fallacy," so we may call Young's disposition to see a rebuke or a warning in every natural object, the "pedagogic fallacy." To his mind, the heavens are "forever *scolding* as they shine"; and the great function of the stars is to be a "lecture to mankind." The conception of the Deity as a didactic author is

not merely an implicit point of view with him; he works it out in elaborate imagery, and at length makes it the occasion of his most extraordinary achievement in the "art of sinking," by exclaiming—*à propos*, we need hardly say, of the nocturnal heavens—

"Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this
For man's perusal! all in CAPITALS!"

It is this pedagogic tendency, this sermonizing attitude of Young's mind, which produces the wearisome monotony of his pauses. After the first two or three Nights, he is rarely singing, rarely pouring forth any continuous melody inspired by the spontaneous flow of thought or feeling. He is rather occupied with argumentative insistence, with hammering in the proofs of his propositions by disconnected verses, which he puts down at intervals. The perpetual recurrence of the pause at the end of the line throughout long passages, makes them as fatiguing to the ear as a monotonous chant, which consists of the endless repetition of one short musical phrase. For example:—

"Past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bound our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity be numb'd,
All godlike passion for eternals quench'd,
All relish of realities expired;
Renounced all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Enthralled every faculty divine,
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world."

How different from the easy, graceful melody of Cowper's blank verse! Indeed it is hardly possible to criticise Young, without being reminded at every step of the contrast presented to him by Cowper. And this contrast urges itself upon us the more from the fact that there is, to a certain extent, a parallelism between the "Night Thoughts" and the "Task." In both poems, the author achieves his greatest in virtue of the new freedom conferred by blank verse; both poems are

professedly didactic, and mingle much satire with their graver meditations; both poems are the productions of men whose estimate of this life was formed by the light of a belief in immortality, and who were intensely attached to Christianity. On some grounds, we might have anticipated a more morbid view of things from Cowper than from Young. Cowper's religion was dogmatically the more gloomy, for he was a Calvinist; while Young was a "low" Arminian, believing that Christ died for all, and that the only obstacle to any man's salvation lay in his will, which he could change if he chose. There was deep and unusual sadness involved in Cowper's personal lot; while Young, apart from his ambitious and greedy discontent, seems to have had no exceptional sorrow.

Yet see how a lovely, sympathetic nature manifests itself in spite of creed and circumstance! Where is the poem that surpasses the "Task" in the genuine love it breathes, at once toward inanimate and animate existence—in truthfulness of perception and sincerity of presentation—in the calm gladness that springs from a delight in objects for their own sake, without self-reference—in divine sympathy with the lowliest pleasures, with the most short-lived capacity for pain? Here is no railing at the earth's "melancholy map," but the happiest lingering over her simplest scenes with all the fond minuteness of attention that belongs to love; no pompous rhetoric about the inferiority of the "brutes," but a warm plea on their behalf against man's inconsiderateness and cruelty, and a sense of enlarged happiness from their companionship in enjoyment; no vague rant about human misery and human virtue, but that close and vivid presentation of particular sorrows and privations, of particular deeds and misdeeds, which is the direct road to the emotions. How Cowper's exquisite mind falls with the mild warmth of morning sunlight on the commonest objects, at once disclosing every detail and investing every detail with beauty! No object is too small to prompt his song—not the sooty film on the bars, or the spoutless teapot holding a bit of mignonette that serves to cheer the dingy town-lodging with a "hint that Nature lives"; and yet his song is never trivial, for he is alive to small objects, not because his mind is narrow, but because his glance is clear

and his heart is large. Instead of trying to edify us by supercilious allusions to the "brutes" and the "stalls," he interests us in that tragedy of the hen-roost when the thief has wrenched the door—

"Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp";

in the patient cattle, that on the winter's morning

"Mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness";

in the little squirrel, that, surprised by him in his woodland walk,

"At once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighboring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm
And anger insignificantly fierce."

And then he passes into reflection, not with curt apothegm and snappish reproof, but with that melodious flow of utterance which belongs to thought when it is carried in a stream of feeling:—

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

His large and tender heart embraces the most every-day forms of human life: the carter driving his team through the wintry storm; the cottager's wife who, painfully nursing the embers on her hearth, while her infants "sit cowering o'er the sparks,"

"Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed";

or the villager, with her little ones, going out to pick

"A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook";

and he compels our colder natures to follow his in its manifold sympathies, not by exhortations, not by telling us to meditate

at midnight, to "indulge" the thought of death, or to ask ourselves how we shall "weather an eternal night," *but by presenting to us the object of his compassion truthfully and lovingly.* And when he handles greater themes, when he takes a wider survey, and considers the men or the deeds which have a direct influence on the welfare of communities and nations, there is the same unselfish warmth of feeling, the same scrupulous truthfulness. He is never vague in his remonstrance or his satire; but puts his finger on some particular vice or folly, which excites his indignation or "dissolves his heart in pity," because of some specific injury it does to his fellow-man or to a sacred cause. And when he is asked why he interests himself about the sorrows and wrongs of others, hear what is the reason he gives. Not, like Young, that the movements of the planets show a mutual dependence, and that

"Thus man his sovereign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence";—

or that,—

"More generous sorrow while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang."

What is Cowper's answer, when he imagines some "sage erudite, profound," asking him "What's the world to you?"—

"Much. *I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.*
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other?"

Young is astonished that men can make war on each other—that any one can "seize his brother's throat," while

"The Planets cry, 'Forbear.'"

Cowper weeps because—

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man."

Young applauds God as a monarch with an empire and a court

quite superior to the English, or as an author who produces "volumes for man's perusal." Cowper sees his Father's love in all the gentle pleasures of the home fireside, in the charms even of the wintry landscape, and thinks—

"Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

To conclude—for we must arrest ourselves in a contrast that would lead us beyond our bounds: Young flies for his utmost consolation to the day of judgment, when

"Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er Creation";

when earth, stars, and suns are swept aside—

"And now, all dross removed, Heaven's own pure day
Full on the confines of our ether, flames:
While (dreadful contrast!) far (how far!) beneath,
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey,"—

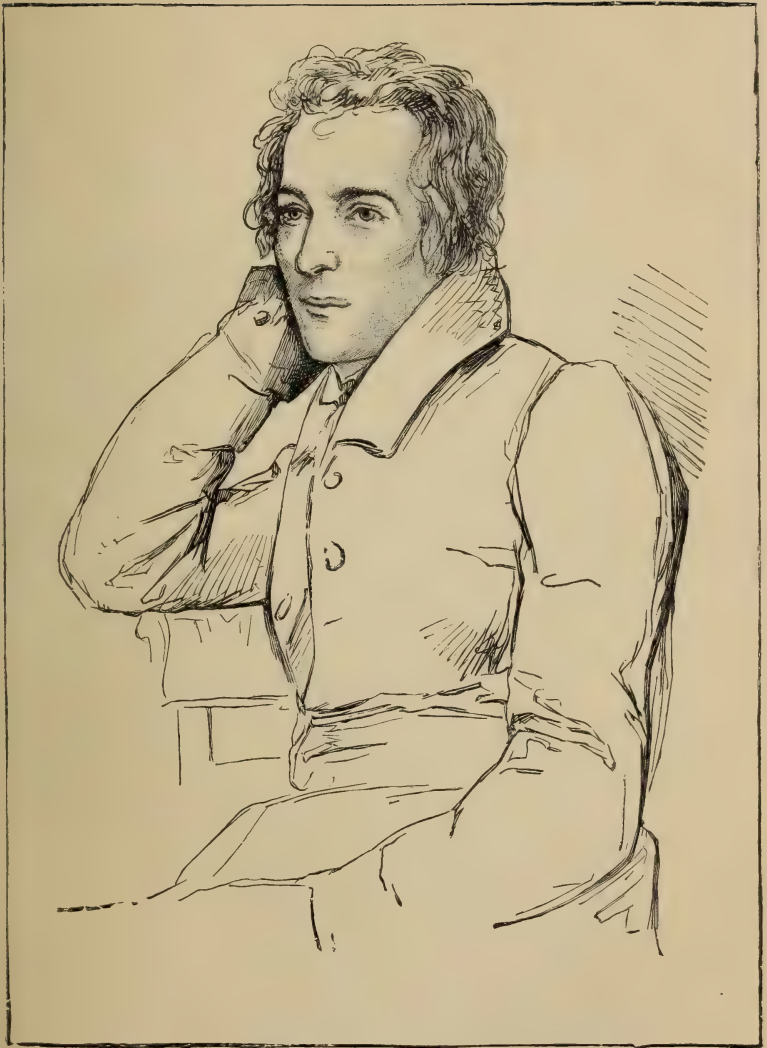
Dr. Young, and similar "ornaments of religion and virtue," passing, of course, with grateful "applause" into the upper region. Cowper finds his highest inspiration in the Millennium—in the restoration of this our beloved home of earth to perfect holiness and bliss, when the Supreme

"Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in His chariot paved with love;
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair."

And into what delicious melody his song flows at the thought of that blessedness to be enjoyed by future generations on earth!—

"The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round!"

The sum of our comparison is this: In Young we have the type of that deficient human sympathy, that impiety toward the present and the visible, which flies for its motives, its sanctities, and its religion, to the remote, the vague, and the unknown; in Cowper we have the type of that genuine love which cherishes things in proportion to their nearness, and feels its reverence grow in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge.



Portrait of Heine.—Page 55.

GERMAN WIT: HEINRICH HEINE.

“NOTHING,” says Goethe, “is more significant of men’s character than what they find laughable.” The truth of this observation would perhaps have been more apparent if he had said *culture* instead of character. The last thing in which the cultivated man can have community with the vulgar is their jocularity; and we can hardly exhibit more strikingly the wide gulf which separates him from them than by comparing the object which shakes the diaphragm of a coal-heaver with the highly complex pleasure derived from a real witticism. That any high order of wit is exceedingly complex, and demands a ripe and strong mental development, has one evidence in the fact that we do not find it in boys at all in proportion to their manifestation of other powers. Clever boys generally aspire to the heroic and poetic rather than the comic, and the crudest of all their efforts are their jokes. Many a witty man will remember how, in his school-days, a practical joke, more or less Rabelaisian, was for him the *ne plus ultra* of the ludicrous. It seems to have been the same with the boyhood of mankind. The fun of early races was, we fancy, of the after-dinner kind—loud-throated laughter over the wine-cup, taken too little account of in sober moments to enter as an element into their Art, and differing as much from the laughter of a Chamfort or a Sheridan as the gastronomic enjoyment of an ancient Briton, whose dinner had no other “removes” than from acorns to beechmast and back again to acorns, differed from the subtle pleasures of the palate experienced by his turtle-eating descendant. It was their lot to live seriously through stages which to later generations were to become comedy, as those amiable-looking pre-Adamite amphibia which Professor Owen has restored for us in effigy at Sydenham doubtless took seriously the grotesque physiognomies of their kindred. Heavy

experience in their case, as in every other, was the base from which the salt of future wit was to be made.

Humor is of earlier growth than Wit, and it is in accordance with this earlier growth that it has more affinity with the poetic tendencies, while Wit is more nearly allied to the ratiocinative intellect. Humor draws its materials from situations and characteristics; Wit seizes on unexpected and complex relations. Humor is chiefly representative and descriptive; it is diffuse, and flows along without any other law than its own fantastic will; or it flits about like a will-o'-the-wisp, amazing us by its whimsical transitions. Wit is brief and sudden, and sharply defined as a crystal: it does not make pictures, it is not fantastic; but it detects an unsuspected analogy, or suggests a startling or confounding inference. Every one who has had the opportunity of making the comparison will remember that the effect produced on him by some witticisms is closely akin to the effect produced on him by subtle reasoning which lays open a fallacy or absurdity; and there are persons whose delight in such reasoning always manifests itself in laughter. This affinity of Wit with ratiocination is the more obvious in proportion as the species of wit is higher and deals less with words and with superficialities than with the essential qualities of things. Some of Johnson's most admirable witticisms consist in the suggestion of an analogy which immediately exposes the absurdity of an action or proposition; and it is only their ingenuity, condensation, and instantaneousness which lift them from reasoning into Wit—they are *reasoning raised to a higher power*. On the other hand, Humor, in its higher forms, and in proportion as it associates itself with the sympathetic emotions, continually passes into poetry: nearly all great modern humorists may be called prose poets.

Some confusion as to the nature of humor has been created by the fact, that those who have written most eloquently on it have dwelt almost exclusively on its higher forms, and have defined humor in general as the *sympathetic* presentation of incongruous elements in human nature and life—a definition which only applies to its later development. A great deal of humor may coexist with a great deal of barbarism, as we see

in the middle ages; but the strongest flavor of the humor in such cases will come, not from sympathy, but more probably from triumphant egoism or intolerance; at best it will be the love of the ludicrous exhibiting itself in illustrations of successful cunning and of the *lex talionis*, as in "Reineke Fuchs," or shaking off in a holiday mood the yoke of a too exacting faith, as in the old Mysteries. Again, it is impossible to deny a high degree of humor to many practical jokes, but no sympathetic nature can enjoy them. Strange as the genealogy may seem, the original parentage of that wonderful and delicious mixture of fun, fancy, philosophy, and feeling which constitutes modern humor, was probably the cruel mockery of a savage at the writhings of a suffering enemy—such is the tendency of things toward the better and more beautiful! Probably the reason why high culture demands more complete harmony with its moral sympathies in humor than in wit, is that humor is in its nature more prolix—that it has not the direct and irresistible force of wit. Wit is an electric shock, which takes us by violence quite independently of our predominant mental disposition; but humor approaches us more deliberately and leaves us masters of ourselves. Hence it is that, while coarse and cruel humor has almost disappeared from contemporary literature, coarse and cruel wit abounds. Even refined men cannot help laughing at a coarse *bon-mot* or a lacerating personality, if the "shock" of the witticism is a powerful one; while mere fun will have no power over them if it jar on their moral taste. Hence, too, it is that, while wit is perennial, humor is liable to become superannuated.

As is usual with definitions and classifications, however, this distinction between wit and humor does not exactly represent the actual fact. Like all other species, Wit and Humor overlap and blend with each other. There are *bon-mots*, like many of Charles Lamb's, which are a sort of facetious hybrids, we hardly know whether to call them witty or humorous; there are rather lengthy descriptions or narratives which, like Voltaire's "Micromégas," would be humorous if they were not so sparkling and antithetic, so pregnant with suggestion and satire, that we are obliged to call them witty. We rarely find wit untempered by humor, or humor without a spice of

wit; and sometimes we find them both united in the highest degree in the same mind, as in Shakespeare and Molière. A happy conjunction this, for wit is apt to be cold, and thin-lipped, and Mephistophelean in men who have no relish for humor, whose lungs do never crow like Chanticleer at fun and drollery; and broad-faced rollicking humor needs the refining influence of wit. Indeed it may be said that there is no really fine writing in which wit has not an implicit, if not an explicit action. The wit may never rise to the surface, it may never flame out into a witticism; but it helps to give brightness and transparency, it warns off from flights and exaggerations which verge on the ridiculous—in every *genre* of writing it preserves a man from sinking into the *genre ennuyeux*. And it is eminently needed for this office in humorous writing; for, as humor has no limits imposed on it by its material, no law but its own exuberance, it is apt to become preposterous and wearisome unless checked by wit, which is the enemy of all monotony, of all lengthiness, of all exaggeration.

Perhaps the nearest approach Nature has given us to a complete analysis, in which wit is as thoroughly exhausted of humor as possible, and humor as bare as possible of wit, is in the typical Frenchman and the typical German. Voltaire, the intensest example of pure wit, fails in most of his fictions from his lack of humor. "Micromégas" is a perfect tale, because, as it deals chiefly with philosophic ideas and does not touch the marrow of human feeling and life, the writer's wit and wisdom were all-sufficient for his purpose. Not so with "Candide." Here Voltaire had to give pictures of life as well as to convey philosophic truth and satire, and here we feel the want of humor. The sense of the ludicrous is continually defeated by disgust, and the scenes, instead of presenting us with an amusing or agreeable picture, are only the frame for a witticism. On the other hand, German humor generally shows no sense of measure, no instinctive tact; it is either floundering and clumsy as the antics of a leviathan, or laborious and interminable as a Lapland day, in which one loses all hope that the stars and quiet will ever come. For this reason Jean Paul, the greatest of German humorists, is unendurable to many readers, and frequently tiresome to all. Here, as

elsewhere, the German shows the absence of that delicate perception, that sensibility to gradation, which is the essence of tact and taste and the necessary concomitant of wit. All his subtlety is reserved for the region of metaphysics. For *Identität*, in the abstract, no one can have an acuter vision; but in the concrete he is satisfied with a very loose approximation. He has the finest nose for *Empirismus* in philosophical doctrine, but the presence of more or less tobacco-smoke in the air he breathes is imperceptible to him. To the typical German—*Vetter Michel*—it is indifferent whether his door-lock will catch; whether his teacup be more or less than an inch thick; whether or not his book have every other leaf unstitched; whether his neighbor's conversation be more or less of a shout; whether he pronounces *b* or *p*, *t* or *d*; whether or not his adored one's teeth be few and far between. He has the same sort of insensibility to gradations in time. A German comedy is like a German sentence: you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author. We have heard Germans use the word *Langeweile*, the equivalent for *ennui*, and we have secretly wondered *what* it can be that produces *ennui* in a German. Not the longest of long tragedies, for we have known him to pronounce that *höchst fesselnd*; not the heaviest of heavy books, for he delights in that as *gründlich*; not the slowest of journeys in a *Post-wagen*, for the slower the horses the more cigars he can smoke before he reaches his journey's end. German *ennui* must be something as superlative as Barclay's treble X, which, we suppose, implies an extremely unknown quantity of stupefaction.

It is easy to see that this national deficiency in nicety of perception must have its effect on the national appreciation and exhibition of Humor. You find in Germany ardent admirers of Shakespeare, who tell you that what they think most admirable in him is his *Wortspiel*, his verbal quibbles; and it is a remarkable fact that, among the five great races concerned in modern civilization, the German race is the only one which, up to the present century, had contributed nothing classic to the common stock of European wit and humor; unless "Reineke Fuchs" can be fairly claimed as a peculiarly Teutonic product.

Italy was the birthplace of Pantomime and the immortal Pulcinello; Spain had produced Cervantes; France had produced Rabelais and Molière, and classic wits innumerable; England had yielded Shakespeare and a host of humorists. But Germany had borne no great comic dramatist, no great satirist, and she has not yet repaired the omission; she had not even produced any humorist of a high order. Among her great writers, Lessing is the one who is the most specifically witty. We feel the implicit influence of wit—the “flavor of mind”—throughout his writings; and it is often concentrated into pungent satire, as every reader of the “Hamburgische Dramaturgie” remembers. Still, Lessing’s name has not become European through his wit, and his charming comedy, “Minna von Barnhelm,” has won no place on a foreign stage. Of course, we do not pretend to an exhaustive acquaintance with German literature; we not only admit—we are sure—that it includes much comic writing of which we know nothing. We simply state the fact, that no German production of that kind, before the present century, ranked as European—a fact which does not, indeed, determine the amount of the national facetiousness, but which is quite decisive as to its quality. Whatever may be the stock of fun which Germany yields for home consumption, she has provided little for the palate of other lands. All honor to her for the still greater things she has done for us! She has fought the hardest fight for freedom of thought, has produced the grandest inventions, has made magnificent contributions to science, has given us some of the divinest poetry, and quite the divinest music, in the world. We revere and treasure the products of the German mind. To say that that mind is not fertile in wit, is only like saying that excellent wheat-land is not rich pasture; to say that we do not enjoy German facetiousness, is no more than to say, that though the horse is the finest of quadrupeds, we do not like him to lay his hoof playfully on our shoulder. Still, as we have noticed that the pointless puns and stupid jocularity of the boy may ultimately be developed into the epigrammatic brilliancy and polished playfulness of the man; as we believe that racy wit and chastened delicate humor are inevitably the results of invigorated and refined mental activity,—we can also

believe that Germany will one day yield a crop of wits and humorists.

Perhaps there is already an earnest of that future crop in the existence of Heinrich Heine, a German born with the present century, who, to Teutonic imagination, sensibility, and humor, adds an amount of *esprit* that would make him brilliant among the most brilliant of Frenchmen. True, this unique German wit is half a Hebrew; but he and his ancestors spent their youth in German air, and were reared on *Wurst* and *Sauerkraut*, so that he is as much a German as a pheasant is an English bird, or a potato an Irish vegetable. But whatever else he may be, Heine is one of the most remarkable men of this age; no echo, but a real voice, and therefore, like all genuine things in this world, worth studying; a surpassing lyric poet, who has uttered our feelings for us in delicious song; a humorist, who touches leaden folly with the magic wand of his fancy, and transmutes it into the fine gold of art—who sheds his sunny smile on human tears, and makes them a beauteous rainbow on the cloudy background of life; a wit, who holds in his mighty hand the most scorching lightnings of satire; an artist in prose literature, who has shown even more completely than Goethe the possibilities of German prose; and—in spite of all charges against him, true as well as false—a lover of freedom, who has spoken wise and brave words on behalf of his fellow-men. He is, moreover, a suffering man, who, with all the highly wrought sensibility of genius, has to endure terrible physical ills; and as such he calls forth more than an intellectual interest. It is true, alas! that there is a heavy weight in the other scale—that Heine's magnificent powers have often served only to give electric force to the expression of debased feeling, so that his works are no Phidian statue of gold, and ivory, and gems, but have not a little brass, and iron, and miry clay mingled with the precious metal. The audacity of his occasional coarseness and personality is unparalleled in contemporary literature, and has hardly been exceeded by the license of former days. Hence, before his volumes are put within the reach of immature minds, there is need of a friendly penknife to exercise a strict censorship. Yet, when all coarseness, all scurrility, all Mephistophelean

contempt for the reverent feelings of other men, is removed, there will be a plenteous remainder of exquisite poetry, of wit, humor, and just thought. It is apparently too often a congenial task to write severe words about the transgressions committed by men of genius, especially when the censor has the advantage of being himself a man of no genius, so that those transgressions seem to him quite gratuitous; he, forsooth, never lacerated any one by his wit, or gave irresistible piquancy to a coarse allusion, and his indignation is not mitigated by any knowledge of the temptation that lies in transcendent power. We are also apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with our own or those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five Talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five Talents than two. Whatever benefit there may be in denouncing the evil, it is after all more edifying, and certainly more cheering, to appreciate the good. Hence, in endeavoring to give our readers some account of Heine and his works, we shall not dwell lengthily on his failings; we shall not hold the candle up to dusty, vermin-haunted corners, but let the light fall as much as possible on the nobler and more attractive details. Our sketch of Heine's life, which has been drawn from various sources, will be free from everything like intrusive gossip, and will derive its coloring chiefly from the autobiographical hints and descriptions scattered through his own writings. Those of our readers who happen to know nothing of Heine, will in this way be making their acquaintance with the writer while they are learning the outline of his career.

We have said that Heine was born with the present century; but this statement is not precise, for we learn that, according to his certificate of baptism, he was born December 12, 1799. However, as he himself says, the important point is, that he was born, and born on the banks of the Rhine, at Düsseldorf, where his father was a merchant. In his "Reisebilder" he gives us some recollections, in his wild poetic way, of the dear old town where he spent his childhood, and of his

schoolboy troubles there. We shall quote from these in butterfly fashion, sipping a little nectar here and there, without regard to any strict order:—

“I first saw the light on the banks of that lovely stream, where Folly grows on the green hills, and in autumn is plucked, pressed, poured into casks, and sent into foreign lands. Believe me, I yesterday heard some one utter folly which, in anno 1811, lay in a bunch of grapes I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. . . . Mon Dieu! if I had only such faith in me that I could remove mountains, the Johannisberg would be the very mountain I should send for wherever I might be; but as my faith is not so strong, imagination must help me, and it transports me at once to the lovely Rhine. . . . I am again a child, and playing with other children on the Schlossplatz, at Düsseldorf on the Rhine. Yes, madam, there was I born; and I note this expressly, in case, after my death, seven cities—Schilda, Krahwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstadt—should contend for the honor of being my birth-place. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand men live there, and many hundred thousand men besides lie buried there. . . . Among them, many of whom my mother says, that it would be better if they were still living; for example, my grandfather and my uncle, the old Herr Von Geldern and the young Herr Von Geldern, both such celebrated doctors, who saved so many men from death, and yet must die themselves. And the pious Ursula, who carried me in her arms when I was a child, also lies buried there, and a rose-bush grows on her grave; she loved the scent of roses so well in life, and her heart was pure rose-incease and goodness. The knowing old Canon, too, lies buried there. Heavens, what an object he looked when I last saw him! *He was made up of nothing but mind and plasters*, and nevertheless studied day and night, as if he were alarmed lest the worms should find an idea too little in his head. And the little William lies there, and for this I am to blame. We were schoolfellows in the Franciscan monastery, and were playing on that side of it where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said—‘William, fetch out the kitten that has just fallen in’—and merrily he went down on to the plank which lay across the brook, snatched the kitten out of the water, but fell in himself, and was dragged out dripping and dead. *The kitten lived to a good old age.* . . . Princes in that day were not the tormented race they are now; the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew a nightcap over it, and slept peacefully, and peacefully slept the people at their feet; and when the people waked in the morning, they said ‘Good-morning, father!’—and the princes answered, ‘Good-morning, dear children!’ But it was suddenly quite otherwise; for when we awoke one morning at Düsseldorf, and were ready to say, ‘Good-morning, father!’—lo! the father was gone away; and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow, everywhere a sort of funeral disposition; and people glided along silently to the market, and read the long placard placed on the

door of the Town Hall. It was dismal weather ; yet the lean tailor, Kilian, stood in his nankeen jacket which he usually wore only in the house, and his blue worsted stockings hung down so that his naked legs peeped out mournfully, and his thin lips trembled while he muttered the announcement to himself. And an old soldier read rather louder, and at many a word a crystal tear trickled down to his brave old mustache. I stood near him and wept in company, and asked him, ' *Why we wept?* ' He answered, ' The Elector has abdicated.' And then he read again, and at the words, ' for the long-manifested fidelity of my subjects,' and ' hereby set you free from your allegiance,' he wept more than ever. It is strangely touching to see an old man like that, with faded uniform and scarred face, weep so bitterly all of a sudden. While we were reading, the Electoral arms were taken down from the Town Hall ; everything had such a desolate air, that it was as if an eclipse of the sun were expected. . . . I went home and wept, and wailed out, ' The Elector has abdicated ! ' In vain my mother took a world of trouble to explain the thing to me. I knew what I knew ; I was not to be persuaded, but went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world was at an end."

The next morning, however, the sun rises as usual, and Joachim Murat is proclaimed Grand Duke, whereupon there is a holiday at the public school, and Heinrich (or Harry, for that was his baptismal name, which he afterward had the good taste to change), perched on the bronze horse of the Electoral statue, sees quite a different scene from yesterday's:—

"The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman emperors, chronology, the nouns in *im*, the *verba irregularia*, Greek, Hebrew, geography, mental arithmetic!—heavens! my head is still dizzy with it,—all must be learned by heart! And a great deal of this came in very conveniently for me in after life. For if I had not known the Roman kings by heart, it would subsequently have been quite indifferent to me whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never really existed. . . . But oh! the trouble I had at school with the endless dates. And with arithmetic it was still worse. What I understood best was subtraction, for that has a very practical rule: 'Four can't be taken from three; therefore I must borrow one.' But I advise every one in such a case to borrow a few extra pence, for no one can tell what may happen. . . . As for Latin, you have no idea, madam, what a complicated affair it is. The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had first had to learn Latin. Luckily for them, they already knew in their cradles what nouns have their accusative in *im*. I, on the contrary, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow ; nevertheless, it is fortunate for me that I know them ; . . . and the fact that I have them at my finger-ends if I should ever happen

to want them suddenly, affords me much inward repose and consolation in many troubled hours of life. . . . Of Greek I will not say a word ; I should get too much irritated. The monks in the middle ages were not so far wrong when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the devil. God knows the suffering I endured over it. . . . With Hebrew it went somewhat better, for I had always a great liking for the Jews, though to this very hour they crucify my good name ; but I could never get on so far in Hebrew as my watch, which had much familiar intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in this way contracted many Jewish habits—for example, it wouldn't go on Saturdays."

Heine's parents were apparently not wealthy, but his education was cared for by his uncle, Solomon Heine, a great banker in Hamburg, so that he had no early pecuniary disadvantages to struggle with. He seems to have been very happy in his mother, who was not of Hebrew, but of Teutonic blood ; he often mentions her with reverence and affection, and in the "Buch der Lieder" there are two exquisite sonnets addressed to her, which tell how his proud spirit was always subdued by the charm of her presence, and how her love was the home of his heart after restless weary wandering:—

“Wie mächtig auch mein stolzer Muth sich blähe,
In deiner selig süssen, trauten Nähe
Ergreift mich oft ein demuthvolle Zagen.

Und immer irrte ich nach Liebe, immer
Nach Liebe, doch die Liebe fand ich nimmer,
Und kehrte um nach Hause, krank und trübe.
Doch da bist du entgegen mir gekommen,
Und ach ! was da in deinem Aug' geschwommen,
Das war die süsse, langgesuchte Liebe.”

He was at first destined for a mercantile life, but Nature declared too strongly against this plan. “God knows,” he has lately said in conversation with his brother, “I would willingly have become a banker, but I could never bring myself to that pass. I very early discerned that bankers would one day be the rulers of the world.” So commerce was at length given up for law, the study of which he began in 1819 at the University of Bonn. He had already published some poems in the corner of a newspaper, and among them was one

on Napoleon, the object of his youthful enthusiasm. This poem, he says in a letter to St. René Taillandier, was written when he was only sixteen. It is still to be found in the "Buch der Lieder" under the title "Die Grenadiere," and it proves that even in its earliest efforts his genius showed a strongly specific character.

It will be easily imagined that the germs of poetry sprouted too vigorously in Heine's brain for jurisprudence to find much room there. Lectures on history and literature, we are told, were more diligently attended than lectures on law. He had taken care, too, to furnish his trunk with abundant editions of the poets, and the poet he especially studied at that time was Byron. At a later period we find his taste taking another direction, for he writes: "Of all authors, Byron is precisely the one who excites in me the most intolerable emotion; whereas Scott, in every one of his works, gladdens my heart, soothes and invigorates me." Another indication of his bent in these Bonn days was a newspaper essay, in which he attacked the Romantic school; and here also he went through that chicken-pox of authorship—the production of a tragedy. Heine's tragedy—"Almansor"—is, as might be expected, better than the majority of these youthful mistakes. The tragic collision lies in the conflict between natural affection and the deadly hatred of religion and of race—in the sacrifice of youthful lovers to the strife between Moor and Spaniard, Moslem and Christian. Some of the situations are striking, and there are passages of considerable poetic merit; but the characters are little more than shadowy vehicles for the poetry, and there is a want of clearness and probability in the structure. It was published two years later, in company with another tragedy, in one act, called "William Ratcliffe," in which there is rather a feeble use of the Scotch second-sight after the manner of the Fate in the Greek tragedy. We smile to find Heine saying of his tragedies, in a letter to a friend soon after their publication: "I know they will be terribly cut up, but I will confess to you in confidence that they are very good,—better than my collection of poems, which are not worth a shot." Elsewhere he tells us, that when, after one of Paganini's concerts, he was passionately complimenting the

great master on his violin-playing, Paganini interrupted him thus: "But how were you pleased with my *bows*?"

In 1820, Heine left Bonn for Göttingen. He there pursued his omission of law studies; and at the end of three months he was rusticated for a breach of the laws against duelling. While there, he had attempted a negotiation with Brockhaus for the printing of a volume of poems, and had endured that first ordeal of lovers and poets—a refusal. It was not until a year after, that he found a Berlin publisher for his first volume of poems, subsequently transformed, with additions, into the "Buch der Lieder." He remained between two and three years at Berlin, and the society he found there seems to have made these years an important epoch in his culture. He was one of the youngest members of a circle which assembled at the house of the poetess Elise von Hohenhausen, the translator of Byron—a circle which included Chamisso, Varnhagen, and Rahel (Varnhagen's wife). For Rahel, Heine had a profound admiration and regard. He afterward dedicated to her the poems included under the title "Heimkehr"; and he frequently refers to her or quotes her in a way that indicates how he valued her influence. According to his friend, F. von Hohenhausen, the opinions concerning Heine's talent were very various among his Berlin friends, and it was only a small minority that had any presentiment of his future fame. In this minority was Elise von Hohenhausen, who proclaimed Heine as the Byron of Germany; but her opinion was met with much head-shaking and opposition. We can imagine how precious was such a recognition as hers to the young poet, then only two or three and twenty, and with by no means an impressive personality for superficial eyes. Perhaps even the deep-sighted were far from detecting in that small, blond, pale young man, with quiet, gentle manners, the latent powers of ridicule and sarcasm—the terrible talons that were one day to be thrust out from the velvet paw of the young leopard.

It was apparently during this residence in Berlin that Heine united himself with the Lutheran Church. He would willingly, like many of his friends, he tells us, have remained free from all ecclesiastical ties if the authorities there had not forbidden residence in Prussia, and especially in Berlin, to

every one who did not belong to one of the positive religions recognized by the State:—

“As Henry IV. once laughingly said, ‘*Paris vaut bien une messe,*’ so I might with reason say, ‘*Berlin vaut bien une prêche*’; and I could afterward, as before, accommodate myself to the very enlightened Christianity, filtrated from all superstition, which could then be had in the churches of Berlin, and which was even free from the divinity of Christ, like turtle-soup without turtle.”

At the same period, too, Heine became acquainted with Hegel. In his lately published “*Geständnisse*” (Confessions), he throws on Hegel’s influence over him the blue light of demoniacal wit, and confounds us by the most bewildering, double-edged sarcasms; but that influence seems to have been at least more wholesome than the one which produced the mocking retractations of the “*Geständnisse.*” Through all his self-satire, we discern that in those days he had something like real earnestness and enthusiasm, which are certainly not apparent in his present theistic confession of faith:—

“On the whole, I never felt a strong enthusiasm for this philosophy, and conviction on the subject was out of the question. I never was an abstract thinker, and I accepted the synthesis of the Hegelian doctrine without demanding any proof, since its consequences flattered my vanity. I was young and proud, and it pleased my vainglory when I learned from Hegel that the true God was not, as my grandmother believed, the God who lives in heaven, but myself here upon earth. This foolish pride had not in the least a pernicious influence on my feelings; on the contrary, it heightened these to the pitch of heroism. I was at that time so lavish in generosity and self-sacrifice, that I must assuredly have eclipsed the most brilliant deeds of those good *bourgeois* of virtue who acted merely from a sense of duty, and simply obeyed the laws of morality.”

His sketch of Hegel is irresistibly amusing; but we must warn the reader that Heine’s anecdotes are often mere devices of style by which he conveys his satire or opinions. The reader will see that he does not neglect an opportunity of giving a sarcastic lash or two, in passing, to Meyerbeer, for whose music he has a great contempt. The sarcasm conveyed in the substitution of *reputation* for *music* and *journalists* for *musicians* might perhaps escape any one unfamiliar with the sly and unexpected turns of Heine’s ridicule:—

“To speak frankly, I seldom understood him, and only arrived at the meaning of his words by subsequent reflection. I believe he wished not to be understood; and hence his practice of sprinkling his discourse with modifying parentheses; hence, perhaps, his preference for persons of whom he knew that they did not understand him, and to whom he all the more willingly granted the honor of his familiar acquaintance. Thus every one in Berlin wondered at the intimate companionship of the profound Hegel with the late Heinrich Beer, a brother of Giacomo Meyerbeer, who is universally known by his reputation, and who has been celebrated by the cleverest journalists. This Beer, namely Heinrich, was a thoroughly stupid fellow, and indeed was afterward actually declared imbecile by his family, and placed under guardianship, because instead of making a name for himself in art or in science by means of his great fortune, he squandered his money on childish trifles; and, for example, one day bought six thousand thalers' worth of walking-sticks. This poor man, who had no wish to pass either for a great tragic dramatist, or for a great star-gazer, or for a laurel-crowned musical genius, a rival of Mozart and Rossini, and preferred giving his money for walking-sticks—this degenerate Beer enjoyed Hegel's most confidential society; he was the philosopher's bosom friend, his Pylades, and accompanied him everywhere like his shadow. The equally witty and gifted Felix Mendelssohn once sought to explain this phenomenon by maintaining that Hegel did not understand Heinrich Beer. I now believe, however, that the real ground of that intimacy consisted in this—Hegel was convinced that no word of what he said was understood by Heinrich Beer; and he could therefore, in his presence, give himself up to all the intellectual outpourings of the moment. In general, Hegel's conversation was a sort of monologue, sighed forth by starts in a noiseless voice: the odd roughness of his expressions often struck me, and many of them have remained in my memory. One beautiful starlight evening we stood together at the window, and I, a young man of one-and-twenty, having just had a good dinner and finished my coffee, spoke with enthusiasm of the stars, and called them the habitations of the departed. But the master muttered to himself, ‘The stars! hum! hum! The stars are only a brilliant leprosy on the face of the heavens.’ ‘For God's sake,’ I cried, ‘is there, then, no happy place above, where virtue is rewarded after death?’ But he, staring at me with his pale eyes, said, cuttingly, ‘So you want a bonus for having taken care of your sick mother, and refrained from poisoning your worthy brother?’ At these words he looked anxiously round, but appeared immediately set at rest when he observed that it was only Heinrich Beer, who had approached to invite him to a game of whist.”

In 1823, Heine returned to Göttingen to complete his career as a law-student, and this time he gave evidence of advanced mental maturity, not only by producing many of the charming poems subsequently included in the “Reisebilder,” but also by

prosecuting his professional studies diligently enough to leave Göttingen in 1825 as *Doctor juris*. Hereupon he settled at Hamburg as an advocate, but his profession seems to have been the least pressing of his occupations. In those days, a small blond young man, with the brim of his hat drawn over his nose, his coat flying open, and his hands stuck in his trouser-pockets, might be seen stumbling along the streets of Hamburg, staring from side to side, and appearing to have small regard to the figure he made in the eyes of the good citizens. Occasionally an inhabitant, more literary than usual, would point out this young man to his companion as *Heinrich Heine*; but in general, the young poet had not to endure the inconveniences of being a lion. His poems were devoured, but he was not asked to devour flattery in return. Whether because the fair Hamburgers acted in the spirit of Johnson's advice to Hannah More—to "consider what her flattery was worth before she choked him with it"—or for some other reason, Heine, according to the testimony of August Lewald, to whom we owe these particulars of his Hamburg life, was left free from the persecution of tea-parties. Not, however, from another persecution of genius—nervous headaches, which some persons, we are told, regarded as an improbable fiction, intended as a pretext for raising a delicate white hand to his forehead. It is probable that the sceptical persons alluded to were themselves untroubled with nervous headache, and that their hands were not delicate. Slight details these, but worth telling about a man of genius, because they help us to keep in mind that he is, after all, our brother, having to endure the petty every-day ills of life as we have; with this difference, that his heightened sensibility converts what are mere insect-stings for us into scorpion-stings for him.

It was perhaps in these Hamburg days that Heine paid the visit to Goethe, of which he gives us this charming little picture:—

"When I visited him in Weimar, and stood before him, I involuntarily glanced at his side to see whether the eagle was not there with the lightning in his beak. I was nearly speaking Greek to him; but, as I observed that he understood German, I stated to him, in German, that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were very good. I had for

so many long winter nights thought over what lofty and profound things I would say to Goethe, if ever I saw him. And when I saw him at last, I said to him, that the Saxon plums were very good! And Goethe smiled."

During the next few years, Heine produced the most popular of all his works—those which have won him his place as the greatest of living German poets and humorists. Between 1826 and 1829 appeared the four volumes of the "Reisebilder" (Pictures of Travel), and the "Buch der Lieder" (Book of Songs)—a volume of lyrics, of which it is hard to say whether their greatest charm is the lightness and finish of their style, their vivid and original imaginativeness, or their simple, pure sensibility. In his "Reisebilder," Heine carries us with him to the Harz, to the isle of Norderney, to his native town Düsseldorf, to Italy, and to England, sketching scenery and character, now with the wildest, most fantastic humor, now with the finest idyllic sensibility,—letting his thoughts wander from poetry to politics, from criticism to dreamy reverie, and blending fun, imagination, reflection, and satire in a sort of exquisite, ever-varying shimmer, like the hues of the opal.

Heine's journey to England did not at all heighten his regard for the English. He calls our language the "hiss of egoism" (*Zischlaute des Egoismus*); and his ridicule of English awkwardness is as merciless as—English ridicule of German awkwardness. His antipathy toward us seems to have grown in intensity, like many of his other antipathies; and in his "Vermischte Schriften" he is more bitter than ever. Let us quote one of his philippics; since bitters are understood to be wholesome:—

"It is certainly a frightful injustice to pronounce sentence of condemnation on an entire people. But with regard to the English, momentary disgust might betray me into this injustice; and on looking at the mass, I easily forget the many brave and noble men who distinguished themselves by intellect and love of freedom. But these, especially the British poets, were always all the more glaringly in contrast with the rest of the nation; they were isolated martyrs to their national relations; and besides, great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth: they scarcely belong to this earth, the Golgotha of their sufferings. The mass—the English blockheads, God forgive me!—are hateful to me in my inmost soul; and I often regard them not at all as my fellow-men, but as miserable automata—machines, whose

motive-power is egoism. In these moods, it seems to me as if I heard the whizzing wheel-work by which they think, feel, reckon, digest, and pray: their praying, their mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt Prayer-book under their arms, their stupid, tiresome Sunday, their awkward piety, is most of all odious to me. I am firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more pleasing sight for the Divinity than a praying Englishman."

On his return from England, Heine was employed at Munich in editing the *Allgemeinen Politischen Annalen*; but in 1830 he was again in the north, and the news of the July Revolution surprised him on the island of Heligoland. He has given us a graphic picture of his democratic enthusiasm in those days in some letters, apparently written from Heligoland, which he has inserted in his book on Börne. We quote some passages, not only for their biographic interest as showing a phase of Heine's mental history, but because they are a specimen of his power in that kind of dithyrambic writing which, in less masterly hands, easily becomes ridiculous:—

"The thick packet of newspapers arrived from the Continent with these warm, glowing-hot tidings. They were sunbeams wrapped up in packing-paper, and they inflamed my soul till it burst into the wildest conflagration. . . . It is all like a dream to me; especially the name Lafayette sounds to me like a legend out of my earliest childhood. Does he really sit again on horseback, commanding the National Guard? I almost fear it may not be true, for it is in print. I will myself go to Paris, to be convinced of it with my bodily eyes. . . . It must be splendid, when he rides through the streets, the citizen of two worlds, the god-like old man, with his silver locks streaming down his sacred shoulder. . . . He greets, with his dear old eyes, the grandchildren of those who once fought with him for freedom and equality. . . . It is now sixty years since he returned from America with the Declaration of Human Rights—the decalogue of the world's new creed, which was revealed to him amid the thunders and lightnings of cannon. . . . And the tricolored flag waves again on the towers of Paris, and its streets resound with the Marseillaise! . . . It is all over with my yearning for repose. I know now again what I will do, what I ought to do, what I must do. . . . I am the son of the Revolution, and seize again the hallowed weapons on which my mother pronounced her magic benediction. . . . Flowers! flowers! I will crown my head for the death-fight. And the lyre too—reach me the lyre, that I may sing a battle-song. . . . Words like flaming stars, that shoot down from the heavens, and burn up the palaces, and illuminate the huts. . . . Words like bright javelins, that whirr up to the seventh heaven and strike the pious hypocrites who have skulked into the Holy of Holies. . . . I am all joy and song, all

sword and flame! Perhaps, too, all delirium. . . . One of those sunbeams wrapped in brown paper has flown to my brain, and set my thoughts aglow. In vain I dip my head into the sea. No water extinguishes this Greek fire. . . . Even the poor Heligolanders shout for joy, although they have only a sort of dim instinct of what has occurred. The fisherman who yesterday took me over to the little sand island, which is the bathing-place here, said to me, smilingly, 'The poor people have won!' Yes; instinctively the people comprehend such events—perhaps better than we, with all our means of knowledge. Thus Frau von Varnhagen once told me that when the issue of the battle of Leipzig was not yet known, the maid-servant suddenly rushed into the room, with the sorrowful cry, 'The nobles have won!' . . . This morning another packet of newspapers is come. I devour them like manna. Child that I am, affecting details touch me yet more than the momentous whole. Oh, if I could but see the dog Medor! . . . The dog Medor brought his master his gun and cartridge-box, and when his master fell, and was buried with his fellow-heroes in the Court of the Louvre, there stayed the poor dog, like a monument of faithfulness, sitting motionless on the grave, day and night, eating but little of the food that was offered him—burying the greater part of it in the earth, perhaps as nourishment for his buried master!"

The enthusiasm which was kept thus at boiling-heat by imagination, cooled down rapidly when brought into contact with reality. In the same book he indicates, in his caustic way, the commencement of that change in his political *temperature*—for it cannot be called a change in opinion—which has drawn down on him immense vituperation from some of the patriotic party, but which seems to have resulted simply from the essential antagonism between keen wit and fanaticism:—

"On the very first days of my arrival in Paris, I observed that things wore, in reality, quite different colors from those which had been shed on them, when in perspective, by the light of my enthusiasm. The silver locks which I saw fluttering so majestically on the shoulders of Lafayette, the hero of two worlds, were metamorphosed into a brown perruque, which made a pitiable covering for a narrow skull. And even the dog Medor, which I visited in the Court of the Louvre, and which, encamped under tricolored flags and trophies, very quietly allowed himself to be fed—he was not at all the right dog, but quite an ordinary brute, who assumed to himself merits not his own, as often happens with the French; and, like many others, he made a profit out of the glory of the Revolution. . . . He was pampered and patronized, perhaps promoted to the highest posts, while the true Medor, some days after the battle, modestly slunk out of sight, like the true people who created the Revolution,"

That it was not merely interest in French politics which sent Heine to Paris in 1831, but also a perception that German air was not friendly to sympathizers in July revolutions, is humorously intimated in the "Geständnisse":—

"I had done much and suffered much, and when the sun of the July Revolution arose in France, I had become very weary, and needed some recreation. Also, my native air was every day more unhealthy for me, and it was time I should seriously think of a change of climate. I had visions: the clouds terrified me, and made all sorts of ugly faces at me. It often seemed to me as if the sun were a Prussian cockade; at night I dreamed of a hideous black eagle, which gnawed my liver; and I was very melancholy. Add to this, I had become acquainted with an old Berlin Justizrath, who had spent many years in the fortress of Spandau, and he related to me how unpleasant it is when one is obliged to wear irons in winter. For myself I thought it very unchristian that the irons were not warmed a trifle. If the irons were warmed a little for us they would not make so unpleasant an impression, and even chilly natures might then bear them very well; it would be only proper consideration, too, if the fetters were perfumed with essence of roses and laurels, as is the case in this country (France). I asked my Justizrath whether he often got oysters to eat at Spandau? He said, No; Spandau was too far from the sea. Moreover, he said meat was very scarce there, and there was no kind of *volaille* except flies, which fell into one's soup. . . . Now, as I really needed some recreation, and as Spandau is too far from the sea for oysters to be got there, and the Spandau fly-soup did not seem very appetizing to me; as, besides all this, the Prussian chains are very cold in winter, and could not be conducive to my health, I resolved to visit Paris."

Since this time Paris has been Heine's home, and his best prose works have been written either to inform the Germans on French affairs or to inform the French on German philosophy and literature. He became a correspondent of the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and his correspondence, which extends, with an interruption of several years, from 1831 to 1844, forms the volume entitled "Französische Zustände" (French Affairs), and the second and third volumes of his "Vermischte Schriften." It is a witty and often wise commentary on public men and public events: Louis Philippe, Casimir Périer, Thiers, Guizot, Rothschild, the Catholic party, the Socialist party, have their turn of satire and appreciation, for Heine deals out both with an impartiality which made his less favorable critics—Börne, for example—charge him with the rather

incompatible sins of reckless caprice and venality. Literature and art alternate with politics: we have now a sketch of George Sand, or a description of one of Horace Vernet's pictures,—now a criticism of Victor Hugo, or of Liszt,—now an irresistible caricature of Spontini, or Kalkbrenner,—and occasionally the predominant satire is relieved by a fine saying or a genial word of admiration. And all is done with that airy lightness, yet precision of touch, which distinguishes Heine beyond any living writer. The charge of venality was loudly made against Heine in Germany: first, it was said that he was paid to write; then, that he was paid to abstain from writing; and the accusations were supposed to have an irrefragable basis in the fact that he accepted a stipend from the French Government. He has never attempted to conceal the reception of that stipend, and we think his statement (in the "Vermischte Schriften") of the circumstances under which it was offered and received is a sufficient vindication of himself and M. Guizot from any dishonor in the matter.

It may be readily imagined that Heine, with so large a share of the Gallic element as he has in his composition, was soon at his ease in Parisian society, and the years here were bright with intellectual activity and social enjoyment. "His wit," wrote August Lewald, "is a perpetual gushing fountain; he throws off the most delicious descriptions with amazing facility, and sketches the most comic characters in conversation." Such a man could not be neglected in Paris, and Heine was sought on all sides—as a guest in distinguished salons, as a possible proselyte in the circle of the Saint Simoniens. His literary productiveness seems to have been furthered by this congenial life, which, however, was soon to some extent imbittered by the sense of exile; for since 1835 both his works and his person have been the object of denunciation by the German Governments. Between 1833 and 1845 appeared the four volumes of the "Salon," "Die Romantische Schule" (both written, in the first instance, in French); the book on Börne; "Atta Troll," a romantic poem; "Deutschland," an exquisitely humorous poem, describing his last visit to Germany, and containing some grand passages of serious writing; and the "Neue Gedichte," a collection of lyrical poems.

Among the most interesting of his prose works are the second volume of the "Salon," which contains a survey of religion and philosophy in Germany, and the "Romantische Schule," a delightful introduction to that phase of German literature known as the Romantic School. The book on Börne, which appeared in 1840, two or three years after the death of that writer, excited great indignation in Germany, as a wreaking of vengeance on the dead, an insult to the memory of a man who had worked and suffered in the cause of freedom—a cause which was Heine's own. Börne, we may observe parenthetically, for the information of those who are not familiar with recent German literature, was a remarkable political writer of the ultra-liberal party in Germany, who resided in Paris at the same time as Heine,—a man of stern uncompromising partisanship, and bitter humor. Without justifying Heine's production of this book, we see excuses for him which should temper the condemnation passed on it. There was a radical opposition of nature between him and Börne: to use his own distinction, Heine is a Hellene—sensuous, realistic, exquisitely alive to the beautiful; while Börne was a Nazarene—ascetic, spiritualistic, despising the pure artist as destitute of earnestness. Heine has too keen a perception of practical absurdities and damaging exaggerations ever to become a thoroughgoing partisan; and with a love of freedom, a faith in the ultimate triumph of democratic principles, of which we see no just reason to doubt the genuineness and consistency, he has been unable to satisfy more zealous and one-sided Liberals by giving his adhesion to their views and measures, or by adopting a denunciatory tone against those in the opposite ranks. Börne could not forgive what he regarded as Heine's epicurean indifference and artistic dalliance, and he at length gave vent to his antipathy in savage attacks on him through the press, accusing him of utterly lacking character and principle, and even of writing under the influence of venal motives. To these attacks Heine remained absolutely mute—from contempt, according to his own account; but the retort, which he resolutely refrained from making during Börne's life, comes in this volume published after his death with the concentrated force of long-gathering thunder. The utterly inexcusable

part of the book is the caricature of Börne's friend, Madame Wohl, and the scurrilous insinuations concerning Börne's domestic life. It is said, we know not with how much truth, that Heine had to answer for these in a duel with Madame Wohl's husband, and that, after receiving a serious wound, he promised to withdraw the offensive matter from a future edition. That edition, however, has not been called for. Whatever else we may think of the book, it is impossible to deny its transcendent talent—the dramatic vigor with which Börne is made present to us, the critical acumen with which he is characterized, and the wonderful play of wit, pathos, and thought which runs through the whole. But we will let Heine speak for himself, and first we will give part of his graphic description of the way in which Börne's mind and manners grated on his taste:—

“To the disgust which, in intercourse with Börne, I was in danger of feeling toward those who surrounded him, was added the annoyance I felt from his perpetual talk about politics. Nothing but political argument, and again political argument, even at table, where he managed to hunt me out. At dinner, when I so gladly forget all the vexations of the world, he spoiled the best dishes for me by his patriotic gall, which he poured as a bitter sauce over everything. Calf's feet, *à la maître d'hôtel*, then my innocent *bonne bouche*, he completely spoiled for me by Job's tidings from Germany, which he scraped together out of the most unreliable newspapers. And then his accursed remarks, which spoiled one's appetite! . . . This was a sort of table-talk which did not greatly exhilarate me, and I avenged myself by affecting an excessive, almost impassioned indifference for the objects of Börne's enthusiasm. For example, Börne was indignant that immediately on my arrival in Paris, I had nothing better to do than to write for German papers a long account of the Exhibition of Pictures. I omit all discussion as to whether that interest in Art which induced me to undertake this work was so utterly irreconcilable with the revolutionary interests of the day; but Börne saw in it a proof of my indifference toward the sacred cause of humanity, and I could in my turn spoil the taste of his patriotic *Sauerkraut* for him by talking all dinner-time of nothing but pictures, of Robert's Reapers, Horace Vernet's Judith, and Scheffer's Faust. . . . That I never thought it worth while to discuss my political principles with him it is needless to say; and once when he declared that he had found a contradiction in my writings, I satisfied myself with the ironical answer, ‘You are mistaken, *mon cher*; such contradictions never occur in my works, for always before I begin to write I read over the statement of my political principles in my previous writings, that I may not con-

tradict myself, and that no one may be able to reproach me with apostasy from my liberal principles.' ”

And here is his own account of the spirit in which the book was written:—

“I was never Börne’s friend, nor was I ever his enemy. The displeasure which he could often excite in me was never very important, and he atoned for it sufficiently by the cold silence which I opposed to all his accusations and raillery. While he lived I wrote not a line against him, I never thought about him, I ignored him completely; and that enraged him beyond measure. If I now speak of him, I do so neither out of enthusiasm nor out of uneasiness; I am conscious of the coolest impartiality. I write here neither an apology nor a critique, and as in painting the man I go on my own observation, the image I present of him ought perhaps to be regarded as a real portrait. And such a monument is due to him—to the great wrestler who, in the arena of our political games, wrestled so courageously, and earned, if not the laurel, certainly the crown of oak leaves. I give an image with his true features, without idealization—the more like him the more honorable for his memory. He was neither a genius nor a hero; he was no Olympian god. He was a man, a denizen of this earth; he was a good writer and a great patriot. . . . Beautiful delicious peace, which I feel at this moment in the depths of my soul! thou rewardest me sufficiently for everything I have done and for everything I have despised. . . . I shall defend myself neither from the reproach of indifference nor from the suspicion of venality. I have for years, during the life of the insinuator, held such self-justification unworthy of me; now even decency demands silence. That would be a frightful spectacle!—polemics between Death and Exile! Dost thou stretch out to me a beseeching hand from the grave? Without rancor I reach mine toward thee. . . . See how noble it is and pure! It was never soiled by pressing the hands of the mob, any more than by the impure gold of the people’s enemy. In reality thou hast never injured me. . . . In all thy insinuations there is not a *louis-d’or’s* worth of truth.”

In one of these years Heine was married, and, in deference to the sentiments of his wife, married according to the rites of the Catholic Church. On this fact busy rumor afterward founded the story of his conversion to Catholicism, and could of course name the day and the spot on which he abjured Protestantism. In his “*Geständnisse*” Heine publishes a denial of this rumor; less, he says, for the sake of depriving the Catholics of the solace they may derive from their belief in a new convert, than in order to cut off from another party the more spiteful satisfaction of bewailing his instability:—

“That statement of time and place was entirely correct. I was actually on the specified day in the specified church, which was, moreover, a Jesuit church—namely, St. Sulpice; and I then went through a religious act. But this act was no odious abjuration, but a very innocent conjugation; that is to say, my marriage, already performed according to the civil law, there received the ecclesiastical consecration, because my wife, whose family are stanch Catholics, would not have thought her marriage sacred enough without such a ceremony. And I would on no account cause this beloved being any uneasiness or disturbance in her religious views.”

For sixteen years—from 1831 to 1847—Heine lived that rapid concentrated life which is known only in Paris; but then, alas! stole on the “days of darkness,” and they were to be many. In 1847 he felt the approach of the terrible spinal disease which has for seven years chained him to his bed in acute suffering. The last time he went out of doors, he tells us, was in May, 1848:

“With difficulty I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost sank down as I entered the magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time disconsolately, as if she would say: Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and thus cannot help thee?”

Since 1848, then, this poet, whom the lovely objects of Nature have always “haunted like a passion,” has not descended from the second story of a Parisian house; this man of hungry intellect has been shut out from all direct observation of life, all contact with society, except such as is derived from visitors to his sick-room. The terrible nervous disease has affected his eyes; the sight of one is utterly gone, and he can only raise the lid of the other by lifting it with his finger. Opium alone is the beneficent genius that stills his pain. We hardly know whether to call it an alleviation or an intensification of the torture that Heine retains his mental vigor, his poetic imagination, and his incisive wit; for if his intellectual activity fills up a blank, it widens the sphere of suffering. His brother described him in 1851 as still, in moments when the hand of pain was not too heavy on him, the same Heinrich Heine, poet and satirist by turns. In such moments, he would

narrate the strangest things in the gravest manner. But when he came to an end, he would roguishly lift up the lid of his right eye with his finger to see the impression he had produced; and if his audience had been listening with a serious face, he would break into Homeric laughter. We have other proof than personal testimony that Heine's disease allows his genius to retain much of its energy, in the "Romanzero," a volume of poems published in 1851, and written chiefly during the first three years of his illness; and in the first volume of the "Vermischte Schriften," also the product of recent years. Very plaintive is the poet's own description of his condition, in the epilogue to the "Romanzero":—

"Do I really exist? My body is so shrunken that I am hardly anything but a voice; and my bed reminds me of the singing grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under tall oaks whose tops soar like green flames toward heaven. Alas! I envy thee those trees and the fresh breeze that moves their branches, brother Merlin, for no green leaf rustles about my mattress-grave in Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rolling of vehicles, hammering, quarrelling, and piano-strumming. A grave without repose, death without the privileges of the dead, who have no debts to pay, and need write neither letters nor books—that is a piteous condition. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin and for my necrology; but I die so slowly, that the process is tedious for me as well as my friends. But patience; everything has an end. You will one day find the booth closed where the puppet-show of my humor has so often delighted you."

As early as 1850, it was rumored that since Heine's illness a change had taken place in his religious views; and as rumor seldom stops short of extremes, it was soon said that he had become a thorough pietist, Catholics and Protestants by turns claiming him as a convert. Such a change in so uncompromising an iconoclast, in a man who had been so zealous in his negations as Heine, naturally excited considerable sensation in the camp he was supposed to have quitted, as well as in that he was supposed to have joined. In the second volume of the "Salon" and in the "Romantische Schule," written in 1834 and '35, the doctrine of Pantheism is dwelt on with a fervor and unmixed seriousness which show that Pantheism was then an animating faith to Heine, and he attacks what he considers the false spiritualism and asceticism of Christianity

as the enemy of true beauty in Art, and of social well-being. Now, however, it was said that Heine had recanted all his heresies; but from the fact that visitors to his sick-room brought away very various impressions as to his actual religious views, it seemed probable that his love of mystification had found a tempting opportunity for exercise on this subject, and that, as one of his friends said, he was not inclined to pour out unmixed wine to those who asked for a sample out of mere curiosity. At length, in the epilogue to the "Romanzero," dated 1851, there appeared, amidst much mystifying banter, a declaration that he had embraced Theism and the belief in a future life; and what chiefly lent an air of seriousness and reliability to this affirmation, was the fact that he took care to accompany it with certain negations:—

"As concerns myself, I can boast of no particular progress in politics; I adhered (after 1848) to the same democratic principles which had the homage of my youth, and for which I have ever since glowed with increasing fervor. In theology, on the contrary, I must accuse myself of retrogression, since, as I have already confessed, I returned to the old superstition—to a personal God. This fact is, once for all, not to be stifled, as many enlightened and well-meaning friends would fain have had it. But I must expressly contradict the report that my retrograde movement has carried me as far as to the threshold of a Church, and that I have even been received into her lap. No: my religious convictions and views have remained free from any tincture of ecclesiasticism; no chiming of bells has allured me, no altar-candles have dazzled me. I have dallied with no dogmas, and have not utterly renounced my reason."

This sounds like a serious statement. But what shall we say to a convert who plays with his newly acquired belief in a future life as Heine does in the very next page? He says to his reader:—

"Console thyself; we shall meet again in a better world, where I also mean to write thee better books. I take for granted that my health will there be improved, and that Swedenborg has not deceived me. He relates, namely, with great confidence, that we shall peacefully carry on our old occupations in the other world, just as we have done in this; that we shall there preserve our individuality unaltered, and that death will produce no particular change in our organic development. Swedenborg is a thoroughly honorable fellow, and quite worthy of credit in what he tells us about the other world, where he saw with his own eyes

the persons who had played a great part on our earth. Most of them, he says, remained unchanged, and busied themselves with the same things as formerly; they remained stationary, were old-fashioned, *rococo*—which now and then produced a ludicrous effect. For example, our dear Dr. Martin Luther kept fast by his doctrine of Grace, about which he had for three hundred years daily written down the same mouldy arguments—just in the same way as the late Baron Ekstein, who during twenty years printed in the ‘Allgemeine Zeitung’ one and the same article, perpetually chewing over again the old cud of Jesuitical doctrine. But, as we have said, all persons who once figured here below were not found by Swedenborg in such a state of fossil immutability: many have considerably developed their character, both for good and evil, in the other world; and this gave rise to some singular results. Some who had been heroes and saints on earth had *there* sunk into scamps and good-for-nothings; and there were examples, too, of a contrary transformation. For instance, the fumes of self-conceit mounted to St. Anthony’s head when he learned what immense veneration and adoration had been paid to him by all Christendom; and he who here below withstood the most terrible temptations, was now quite an impertinent rascal and dissolute gallows-bird, who vied with his pig in rolling himself in the mud. The chaste Susanna, from having been excessively vain of her virtue, which she thought indomitable, came to a shameful fall, and she who once so gloriously resisted the two old men, was a victim to the seductions of the young Absalom, the son of David. On the contrary, Lot’s daughters had in the lapse of time become very virtuous, and passed in the other world for models of propriety: the old man, alas! had stuck to the wine-flask.”

In his “Geständnisse,” the retraction of former opinions and profession of Theism are renewed, but in a strain of irony that repels our sympathy and baffles our psychology. Yet what strange, deep pathos is mingled with the audacity of the following passage!—

“What avails it me, that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurel, when the withered hands of an aged nurse are pressing Spanish flies behind my ears? What avails it me, that all the roses of Shiraz glow and waft incense for me? Alas! Shiraz is two thousand miles from the Rue d’Amsterdam, where, in the wearisome loneliness of my sick-room, I get no scent except it be, perhaps, the perfume of warmed towels. Alas! God’s satire weighs heavily on me. The great Author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating, with crushing force, to me, the little, earthly, German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humor, in colossal mockery.”

For our own part, we regard the paradoxical irreverence with which Heine professes his theoretical reverence as pathological, as the diseased exhibition of a predominant tendency urged into anomalous action by the pressure of pain and mental privation—as the delirium of wit starved of its proper nourishment. It is not for us to condemn, who have never had the same burden laid on us; it is not for pygmies at their ease to criticise the writhings of the Titan chained to the rock.

On one other point we must touch before quitting Heine's personal history. There is a standing accusation against him in some quarters of wanting political principle, of wishing to denationalize himself, and of indulging in insults against his native country. Whatever ground may exist for these accusations, that ground is not, so far as we see, to be found in his writings. He may not have much faith in German revolutions and revolutionists; experience, in his case as in that of others, may have thrown his millennial anticipations into more distant perspective; but we see no evidence that he has ever swerved from his attachment to the principles of freedom, or written anything which to a philosophic mind is incompatible with true patriotism. He has expressly denied the report that he wished to become naturalized in France; and his yearning toward his native land and the accents of his native language is expressed with a pathos the more reliable from the fact that he is sparing in such effusions. We do not see why Heine's satire of the blunders and foibles of his fellow-countrymen should be denounced as the crime of *lèse-patrie*, any more than the political caricatures of any other satirist. The real offences of Heine are his occasional coarseness and his unscrupulous personalities, which are reprehensible, not because they are directed against his fellow-countrymen, but because they are *personalities*. That these offences have their precedents in men whose memory the world delights to honor, does not remove their turpitude, but it is a fact which should modify our condemnation in a particular case—unless, indeed, we are to deliver our judgments on a principle of compensation, making up for our indulgence in one direction by our severity in another. On this ground of coarseness and personality, a true

bill may be found against Heine — not, we think, on the ground that he has laughed at what is laughable in his compatriots. Here is a specimen of the satire under which we suppose German patriots wince:—

“Rhenish Bavaria was to be the starting-point of the German revolution. Zweibrücken was the Bethlehem in which the infant Saviour—Freedom—lay in the cradle, and gave whimpering promise of redeeming the world. Near his cradle bellowed many an ox, who afterward, when his horns were reckoned on, showed himself a very harmless brute. It was confidently believed that the German revolution would begin in Zweibrücken, and everything was there ripe for an outbreak. But, as has been hinted, the tender-heartedness of some persons frustrated that illegal undertaking. For example, among the Bipontine conspirators there was a tremendous braggart, who was always loudest in his rage, who boiled over with the hatred of tyranny, and this man was fixed on to strike the first blow, by cutting down a sentinel who kept an important post. . . . ‘What!’ cried the man, when this order was given him—‘what!—me! Can you expect so horrible, so bloodthirsty an act of me? I—I, kill an innocent sentinel? I, who am father of a family! And this sentinel is perhaps also father of a family. One father of a family kill another father of a family? Yes! Kill—murder!’”

In political matters, Heine, like all men whose intellect and taste predominate too far over their impulses to allow of their becoming partisans, is offensive alike to the aristocrat and the democrat. By the one he is denounced as a man who holds incendiary principles, by the other as a half-hearted “trimmer.” He has no sympathy, as he says, with “that vague, barren pathos, that useless effervescence of enthusiasm, which plunges, with the spirit of a martyr, into an ocean of generalities, and which always reminds me of the American sailor, who had so fervent an enthusiasm for General Jackson that he at last sprang from the top of a mast into the sea, crying, ‘*I die for General Jackson!*’”

“But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou, too, liest, Asinius, in maintaining that my ridicule attacks these ideas which are the precious acquisition of Humanity, and for which I myself have so striven and suffered. No! for the very reason that those ideas constantly hover before the poet in glorious splendor and majesty, he is the more irresistibly overcome by laughter when he sees how rudely, awkwardly, and clumsily those ideas are seized and mirrored in the contracted minds of contemporaries. . . . There are mirrors which have so rough a surface that even an Apollo reflected in them becomes a carica-

ture, and excites our laughter. *But we laugh then only at the caricature, not at the god.*"

For the rest, why should we demand of Heine that he should be a hero, a patriot, a solemn prophet, any more than we should demand of a gazelle that it should draw well in harness? Nature has not made him of her sterner stuff—not of iron and adamant, but of pollen of flowers, the juice of the grape, and Puck's mischievous brain, plenteously mixing also the dews of kindly affection and the gold-dust of noble thoughts. It is, after all, a *tribute* which his enemies pay him when they utter their bitterest dictum—namely, that he is "*nur Dichter*"—only a poet. Let us accept this point of view for the present, and, leaving all consideration of him as a man, look at him simply as a poet and literary artist.

Heine is essentially a lyric poet. The finest products of his genius are

"Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away";

and they are so emphatically songs, that, in reading them, we feel as if each must have a twin melody born in the same moment and by the same inspiration. Heine is too impressible and mercurial for any sustained production: even in his short lyrics his tears sometimes pass into laughter, and his laughter into tears; and his longer poems, "Atta Troll" and "Deutschland," are full of Ariosto-like transitions. His song has a wide compass of notes: he can take us to the shores of the Northern Sea and thrill us by the sombre sublimity of his pictures and dreamy fancies; he can draw forth our tears by the voice he gives to our own sorrows, or to the sorrows of "Poor Peter"; he can throw a cold shudder over us by a mysterious legend, a ghost-story, or a still more ghastly rendering of hard reality; he can charm us by a quiet idyl, shake us with laughter at his overflowing fun, or give us a piquant sensation of surprise by the ingenuity of his transitions from the lofty to the ludicrous. This last power is not, indeed, essentially poetical; but only a poet can use it with the same success as Heine, for only a poet can poise our emotion and expectation at such a height as to give effect to the sudden fall.

Heine's greatest power as a poet lies in his simple pathos, in the ever varied but always natural expression he has given to the tender emotions. We may perhaps indicate this phase of his genius by referring to Wordsworth's beautiful little poem, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways"; the conclusion—

"She dwelt alone, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me"—

is entirely in Heine's manner; and so is Tennyson's poem of a dozen lines, called "Circumstance." Both these poems have Heine's pregnant simplicity. But lest this comparison should mislead, we must say that there is no general resemblance between either Wordsworth, or Tennyson, and Heine. Their greatest qualities lie quite away from the light, delicate lucidity, the easy, rippling music, of Heine's style. The distinctive charm of his lyrics may best be seen by comparing them with Goethe's. Both have the same masterly finished simplicity and rhythmic grace; but there is more thought mingled with Goethe's feeling—his lyrical genius is a vessel that draws more water than Heine's, and though it seems to glide along with equal ease, we have a sense of greater weight and force accompanying the grace of its movement. But, for this very reason, Heine touches our hearts more strongly; his songs are all music and feeling—they are like birds that not only enchant us with their delicious notes, but nestle against us with their soft breasts, and make us feel the agitated beating of their hearts. He indicates a whole sad history in a single quatrain: there is not an image in it, not a thought; but it is beautiful, simple, and perfect as a "big round tear"—it is pure feeling breathed in pure music:

"Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen
Und ich glaubt' ich trug es nie,
Und ich hab' es doch getragen,—
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie."¹

He excels equally in the more imaginative expression of

¹ At first I was almost in despair, and I thought I could never bear it and yet I have borne it—only do not ask me *how* ?

feeling: he represents it by a brief image, like a finely cut cameo; he expands it into a mysterious dream, or dramatizes it in a little story, half ballad, half idyl; and in all these forms his art is so perfect, that we never have a sense of artificiality or of unsuccessful effort; but all seems to have developed itself by the same beautiful necessity that brings forth vine-leaves and grapes and the natural curls of childhood. Of Heine's humorous poetry, "Deutschland" is the most charming specimen—charming especially, because its wit and humor grow out of a rich loam of thought. "Atta Troll" is more original, more various, more fantastic; but it is too great a strain on the imagination to be a general favorite. We have said that feeling is the element in which Heine's poetic genius habitually floats; but he can occasionally soar to a higher region, and impart deep significance to picturesque symbolism; he can flash a sublime thought over the past and into the future; he can pour forth a lofty strain of hope or indignation. Few could forget, after once hearing them, the stanzas at the close of "Deutschland," in which he warns the King of Prussia not to incur the irredeemable hell which the injured poet can create for him—the *singing flames* of a Dante's *terza rima*!

"Kennst du die Hölle des Dante nicht,
Die schrecklichen Terzetten?
Wen da der Dichter hineingesperrt
Den kann kein Gott mehr retten.

"Kein Gott, kein Heiland, erlöst ihn je
Aus diesen singenden flammen!
Nimm dich in Acht, das wir dich nicht
Zu solcher Hölle verdammen."¹

As a prosaist, Heine is, in one point of view, even more distinguished than as a poet. The German language easily

¹ It is not fair to the English reader to indulge in German quotations, but in our opinion poetical translations are usually worse than valueless. For those who think differently, however, we may mention that Mr. Stores Smith has published a modest little book, containing "Selections from the Poetry of Heinrich Heine," and that a meritorious (American) translation of Heine's complete works, by Charles Leland, is now appearing in shilling numbers.

lends itself to all the purposes of poetry; like the ladies of the Middle Ages, it is gracious and compliant to the Troubadours. But as these same ladies were often crusty and repulsive to their unmusical mates, so the German language generally appears awkward and unmanageable in the hands of prose writers. Indeed the number of really fine German prosaists before Heine would hardly have exceeded the numerating powers of a New Hollander, who can count three and no more. Persons the most familiar with German prose testify that there is an extra fatigue in reading it, just as we feel an extra fatigue from our walk when it takes us over a ploughed clay. But in Heine's hands German prose, usually so heavy, so clumsy, so dull, becomes, like clay in the hands of the chemist, compact, metallic, brilliant; it is German in an *allotropic* condition. No dreary, labyrinthine sentences in which you find "no end in wandering mazes lost"; no chains of adjective in linked harshness long drawn out; no digressions thrown in as parentheses; but crystalline definiteness and clearness, fine and varied rhythm, and all that delicate precision, all those felicities of word and cadence, which belong to the highest order of prose. And Heine has proved—what Madame de Staël seems to have doubted—that it is possible to be witty in German; indeed, in reading him, you might imagine that German was pre-eminently the language of wit, so flexible, so subtle, so piquant does it become under his management. He is far more an artist in prose than Goethe. He has not the breadth and repose, and the calm development which belong to Goethe's style, for they are foreign to his mental character; but he excels Goethe in susceptibility to the manifold qualities of prose, and in mastery over its effects. Heine is full of variety, of light and shadow: he alternates between epigrammatic pith, imaginative grace, sly allusion, and daring piquancy; and athwart all these there runs a vein of sadness, tenderness, and grandeur which reveals the poet. He continually throws out those finely chiselled sayings which stamp themselves on the memory, and become familiar by quotation. For example: "The People have time enough, they are immortal: kings only are mortal." "Wherever a great soul utters its thoughts, there is Golgotha." "Nature wanted to

see how she looked, and she created Goethe." "Only the man who has known bodily suffering is truly a *man*; his limbs have their Passion-history, they are spiritualized." He calls Rubens "this Flemish Titan, the wings of whose genius were so strong that he soared as high as the sun, in spite of the hundred-weight of Dutch cheeses that hung on his legs." Speaking of Börne's dislike to the calm creations of the true artist, he says, "He was like a child which, insensible to the glowing significance of a Greek statue, only touches the marble and complains of cold."

The most poetic and specifically humorous of Heine's prose writings are the "Reisebilder." The comparison with Sterne is inevitable here; but Heine does not suffer from it, for if he falls below Sterne in raciness of humor, he is far above him in poetic sensibility, and in reach and variety of thought. Heine's humor is never persistent, it never flows on long in easy gayety and drollery; where it is not swelled by the tide of poetic feeling, it is continually dashing down the precipice of a witticism. It is not broad and unctuous; it is aerial and sprite-like, a momentary resting-place between his poetry and his wit. In the "Reisebilder" he runs through the whole gamut of his powers, and gives us every hue of thought, from the wildly droll and fantastic to the sombre and the terrible. Here is a passage almost Dantesque in its conception:—

"Alas! one ought in truth to write against no one in this world. Each of us is sick enough in this great *lazaretto*, and many a polemical writing reminds me involuntarily of a revolting quarrel, in a little hospital at Cracow, of which I chanced to be a witness, and where it was horrible to hear how the patients mockingly reproached each other with their infirmities: how one who was wasted by consumption jeered at another who was bloated by dropsy; how one laughed at another's cancer in the nose, and this one again at his neighbor's locked-jaw or squint, until at last the delirious fever-patient sprang out of bed and tore away the coverings from the wounded bodies of his companions, and nothing was to be seen but hideous misery and mutilation."

And how fine is the transition in the very next chapter where, after quoting the Homeric description of the feasting gods, he says:—

"Then suddenly approached, panting, a pale Jew, with drops of blood on his brow, with a crown of thorns on his head, and a great cross laid

on his shoulders ; and he threw the cross on the high table of the gods, so that the golden cups tottered, and the gods became dumb and pale, and grew even paler, till they at last melted away into vapor."

The richest specimens of Heine's wit are perhaps to be found in the works which have appeared since the "Reisebilder." The years, if they have intensified his satirical bitterness, have also given his wit a finer edge and polish. His sarcasms are so subtly prepared and so slyly allusive, that they may often escape readers whose sense of wit is not very acute; but for those who delight in the subtle and delicate flavors of style, there can hardly be any wit more irresistible than Heine's. We may measure its force by the degree in which it has subdued the German language to its purposes, and made that language brilliant in spite of a long hereditary transmission of dulness. As one of the most harmless examples of his satire, take this on a man who has certainly had his share of adulation:—

"Assuredly it is far from my purpose to depreciate M. Victor Cousin. The titles of this celebrated philosopher even lay me under an obligation to praise him. He belongs to that living pantheon of France, which we call the peerage, and his intelligent legs rest on the velvet benches of the Luxembourg. I must indeed sternly repress all private feelings which might seduce me into an excessive enthusiasm. Otherwise I might be suspected of servility; for M. Cousin is very influential in the State by means of his position and his tongue. This consideration might even move me to speak of his faults as frankly as of his virtues. Will he himself disprove of this? Assuredly not. I know that we cannot do higher honor to great minds than when we throw as strong a light on their demerits as on their merits. When we sing the praises of a Hercules, we must also mention that he once laid aside the lion's skin and sat down to the distaff: what then? he remains notwithstanding a Hercules! So when we relate similar circumstances concerning M. Cousin, we must nevertheless add, with discriminating eulogy: *M. Cousin, if he has sometimes sat twaddling at the distaff, has never laid aside the lion's skin.* . . . It is true that, having been suspected of demagogy, he spent some time in a German prison, just as Lafayette and Richard Cœur de Lion. But that M. Cousin there in his leisure hours studied Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' is to be doubted on three grounds. First, this book is written in German. Secondly, in order to read this book, a man must understand German. Thirdly, M. Cousin does not understand German. . . . I fear I am passing unawares from the sweet waters of praise into the bitter ocean of blame. Yes, on one account I cannot refrain from bitterly blaming M. Cousin—namely, that he who loves

truth far more than he loves Plato and Tenneman, is unjust to himself when he wants to persuade us that he has borrowed something from the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel. Against this self-accusation, I must take M. Cousin under my protection. On my word and conscience! this honorable man has not stolen a jot from Schelling and Hegel, and if he brought home anything of theirs, it was merely their friendship. That does honor to his heart. But there are many instances of such false self-accusation in psychology. I knew a man who declared that he had stolen silver spoons at the king's table; and yet we all knew that the poor devil had never been presented at Court, and accused himself of stealing these spoons to make us believe that he had been a guest at the palace. No! In German philosophy M. Cousin has always kept the sixth commandment; here he has never pocketed a single idea, not so much as a salt-spoon of an idea. All witnesses agree in attesting that in this respect M. Cousin is honor itself. . . . I prophesy to you that the renown of M. Cousin, like the French Revolution, will go round the world! I hear some one wickedly add Undeniably the renown of M. Cousin is going round the world, and *it has already taken its departure from France.*"

The following "symbolical myth" about Louis Philippe is very characteristic of Heine's manner:—

"I remember very well that immediately on my arrival [in Paris] I hastened to the Palais Royal to see Louis Philippe. The friend who conducted me told me that the king now appeared on the terrace only at stated hours, but that formerly he was to be seen at any time for five francs. 'For five francs!' I cried, with amazement; 'does he then show himself for money?' 'No; but he is shown for money, and it happens in this way: there is a society of *claqueurs*, *marchands de contremarques*, and such riff-raff, who offered every foreigner to show him the king for five francs: if he would give ten francs, he might see the king raise his eyes to heaven, and lay his hand protestingly on his heart; if he would give twenty francs, the king would sing the Marseillaise. If the foreigner gave five francs, they raised a loud cheering under the king's windows, and his Majesty appeared on the terrace, bowed, and retired. If ten francs, they shouted still louder, and gesticulated as if they had been possessed, when the king appeared, who then, as a sign of silent emotion, raised his eyes to heaven, and laid his hand on his heart. English visitors, however, would sometimes spend as much as twenty francs, and then the enthusiasm mounted to the highest pitch: no sooner did the king appear on the terrace, than the Marseillaise was struck up and roared out frightfully, until Louis Philippe, perhaps only for the sake of putting an end to the singing, bowed, laid his hand on his heart, and joined in the Marseillaise. Whether, as is asserted, he beat time with his foot, I cannot say.'"

EVANGELICAL TEACHING: DR. CUMMING.

GIVEN, a man with moderate intellect, a moral standard not higher than the average, some rhetorical affluence and great glibness of speech, what is the career in which, without the aid of birth or money, he may most easily attain power and reputation in English society? Where is that Goshen of mediocrity in which a smattering of science and learning will pass for profound instruction, where platitudes will be accepted as wisdom, bigoted narrowness as holy zeal, unctuous egoism as God-given piety? Let such a man become an evangelical preacher; he will then find it possible to reconcile small ability with great ambition, superficial knowledge with the prestige of erudition, a middling morale with a high reputation for sanctity. Let him shun practical extremes and be ultra only in what is purely theoretic: let him be stringent on predestination, but latitudinarian on fasting; unflinching in insisting on the eternity of punishment, but diffident of curtailing the substantial comforts of time; ardent and imaginative on the premillennial advent of Christ, but cold and cautious toward every other infringement of the *status quo*. Let him fish for souls not with the bait of inconvenient singularity, but with the drag-net of comfortable conformity. Let him be hard and literal in his interpretation only when he wants to hurl texts at the heads of unbelievers and adversaries, but when the letter of the Scriptures presses too closely on the genteel Christianity of the nineteenth century, let him use his spiritualizing alembic and disperse it into impalpable ether. Let him preach less of Christ than of Antichrist; let him be less definite in showing what sin is than in showing who is the Man of Sin, less expansive on the blessedness of faith than on the accursedness of infidelity. Above all, let him set up as an interpreter of prophecy, and rival Moore's Almanack in the prediction of political events, tickling the interests of hearers

who are but moderately spiritual by showing how the Holy Spirit has dictated problems and charades for their benefit, and how, if they are ingenious enough to solve these, they may have their Christian graces nourished by learning precisely to whom they may point as the "horn that had eyes," "the lying prophet," and the "unclean spirits." In this way he will draw men to him by the strong cords of their passions, made reason-proof by being baptized with the name of piety. In this way he may gain a metropolitan pulpit; the avenues to his church will be as crowded as the passages to the opera; he has but to print his prophetic sermons and bind them in lilac and gold, and they will adorn the drawing-room table of all evangelical ladies, who will regard as a sort of pious "light reading" the demonstration that the prophecy of the locusts whose sting is in their tail, is fulfilled in the fact of the Turkish commander's having taken a horse's tail for his standard, and that the French are the very frogs predicted in the Revelation.

Pleasant to the clerical flesh under such circumstances is the arrival of Sunday! Somewhat at a disadvantage during the week, in the presence of working-day interests and lay splendors, on Sunday the preacher becomes the cynosure of a thousand eyes, and predominates at once over the Amphitryon with whom he dines, and the most captious member of his church or vestry. He has an immense advantage over all other public speakers. The platform orator is subject to the criticism of hisses and groans. Council for the plaintiff expects the retort of council for the defendant. The honorable gentleman on one side of the House is liable to have his facts and figures shown up by his honorable friend on the opposite side. Even the scientific or literary lecturer, if he is dull or incompetent, may see the best part of his audience slip quietly out one by one. But the preacher is completely master of the situation: no one may hiss, no one may depart. Like the writer of imaginary conversations, he may put what imbecilities he pleases into the mouths of his antagonists, and swell with triumph when he has refuted them. He may riot in gratuitous assertions, confident that no man will contradict him; he may exercise perfect free-will in logic, and invent

illustrative experience; he may give an evangelical edition of history with the inconvenient facts omitted;—all this he may do with impunity, certain that those of his hearers who are not sympathizing are not listening. For the Press has no band of critics who go the round of the churches and chapels, and are on the watch for a slip or defect in the preacher, to make a “feature” in their article: the clergy are, practically, the most irresponsible of all talkers. For this reason, at least, it is well that they do not always allow their discourses to be merely fugitive, but are often induced to fix them in that black and white in which they are open to the criticism of any man who has the courage and patience to treat them with thorough freedom of speech and pen.

It is because we think this criticism of clerical teaching desirable for the public good, that we devote some pages to Dr. Cumming. He is, as every one knows, a preacher of immense popularity, and of the numerous publications in which he perpetuates his pulpit labors, all circulate widely, and some, according to their title-page, have reached the sixteenth thousand. Now our opinion of these publications is the very opposite of that given by a newspaper eulogist: we do *not* “believe that the repeated issues of Dr. Cumming’s thoughts are having a beneficial effect on society,” but the reverse; and hence, little inclined as we are to dwell on his pages, we think it worth while to do so, for the sake of pointing out in them what we believe to be profoundly mistaken and pernicious. Of Dr. Cumming personally we know absolutely nothing: our acquaintance with him is confined to a perusal of his works; our judgment of him is founded solely on the manner in which he has written himself down on his pages. We know neither how he looks nor how he lives. We are ignorant whether, like St. Paul, he has a bodily presence that is weak and contemptible, or whether his person is as florid and as prone to amplification as his style. For aught we know, he may not only have the gift of prophecy, but may bestow the profits of all his works to feed the poor, and be ready to give his own body to be burned with as much alacrity as he infers the everlasting burning of Roman Catholics and Puseyites. Out of the pulpit he may be a model of justice, truthfulness, and the

love that thinketh no evil; but we are obliged to judge of his charity by the spirit we find in his sermons, and shall only be glad to learn that his practice is, in many respects, an amiable *non sequitur* from his teaching.

Dr. Cumming's mind is evidently not of the pietistic order. There is not the slightest leaning toward mysticism in his Christianity—no indication of religious raptures, of delight in God, of spiritual communion with the Father. He is most at home in the forensic view of Justification, and dwells on salvation as a scheme rather than as an experience. He insists on good works as the sign of justifying faith, as labors to be achieved to the glory of God, but he rarely represents them as the spontaneous, necessary outflow of a soul filled with Divine love. He is at home in the external, the polemical, the historical, the circumstantial, and is only episodically devout and practical. The great majority of his published sermons are occupied with argument or philippic against Romanists and unbelievers, with "vindications" of the Bible, with the political interpretation of prophecy, or the criticism of public events; and the devout aspiration, or the spiritual and practical exhortation, is tacked to them as a sort of fringe in a hurried sentence or two at the end. He revels in the demonstration that the Pope is the Man of Sin; he is copious on the downfall of the Ottoman empire; he appears to glow with satisfaction in turning a story which tends to show how he abashed an "infidel"; it is a favorite exercise with him to form conjectures of the process by which the earth is to be burned up, and to picture Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Wilberforce being caught up to meet Christ in the air, while Romanists, Puseyites, and infidels are given over to gnashing of teeth. But of really spiritual joys and sorrows, of the life and death of Christ as a manifestation of love that constrains the soul, of sympathy with that yearning over the lost and erring which made Jesus weep over Jerusalem, and prompted the sublime prayer, "Father, forgive them," of the gentler fruits of the Spirit, and the peace of God which passeth understanding—of all this, we find little trace in Dr. Cumming's discourses.

His style is in perfect correspondence with this habit of

mind. Though diffuse, as that of all preachers must be, it has rapidity of movement, perfect clearness, and some aptness of illustration. He has much of that literary talent which makes a good journalist—the power of beating out an idea over a large space, and of introducing far-fetched *à propos*. His writings have, indeed, no high merit: they have no originality or force of thought, no striking felicity of presentation, no depth of emotion. Throughout nine volumes we have alighted on no passage which impressed us as worth extracting and placing among the “beauties” of evangelical writers, such as Robert Hall, Foster the Essayist, or Isaac Taylor. Everywhere there is commonplace cleverness, nowhere a spark of rare thought, of lofty sentiment, or pathetic tenderness. We feel ourselves in company with a voluble retail talker, whose language is exuberant but not exact, and to whom we should never think of referring for precise information, or for well-digested thought and experience. His argument continually slides into wholesale assertion and vague declamation, and in his love of ornament he frequently becomes tawdry. For example, he tells us (Apoc. Sketches, p. 265) that “Botany weaves around the cross her amaranthine garlands; and Newton comes from his starry home—Linnæus from his flowery resting-place—and Werner and Hutton from their subterranean graves at the voice of Chalmers, to acknowledge that all they learned and elicited in their respective provinces has only served to show more clearly that Jesus of Nazareth is enthroned on the riches of the universe.” And so prosaic an injunction to his hearers as that they should choose a residence within an easy distance of church, is magnificently draped by him as an exhortation to prefer a house “that basks in the sunshine of the countenance of God.” Like all preachers of his class, he is more fertile in imaginative paraphrase than in close exposition, and in this way he gives us some remarkable fragments of what we may call the romance of Scripture, filling up the outline of the record with an elaborate coloring quite undreamed of by more literal minds. The serpent, he informs us, said to Eve, “Can it be so? Surely you are mistaken, that God hath said you shall die, a creature so fair, so lovely, so beautiful. It is impossible. *The laws of*

nature and physical science tell you that my interpretation is correct; you shall not die. I can tell you by my own experience as an angel that you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."—(Apoc. Sketches, p. 294.) Again, according to Dr. Cumming, Abel had so clear an idea of the Incarnation and Atonement, that when he offered his sacrifice "he must have said, 'I feel myself a guilty sinner, and that in myself I cannot meet Thee alive; I lay on Thine altar this victim, and I shed its blood as my testimony that mine should be shed; and I look for forgiveness and undeserved mercy through Him who is to bruise the serpent's head, and whose atonement this typifies.'"—(Occas. Disc., vol. i. p. 23.) Indeed his productions are essentially ephemeral; he is essentially a journalist, who writes sermons instead of leading articles, who, instead of venting diatribes against her Majesty's Ministers, directs his power of invective against Cardinal Wiseman and the Puseyites,—instead of declaiming on public spirit, perorates on the "glory of God." We fancy he is called, in the more refined evangelical circles, an "intellectual preacher"; by the plainer sort of Christians, a "flowery preacher"; and we are inclined to think that the more spiritually minded class of believers, who look with greater anxiety for the kingdom of God within them than for the visible advent of Christ in 1864, will be likely to find Dr. Cumming's declamatory flights and historico-prophetical exercitations as little better than "clouts o' cauld parritch."

Such is our general impression from his writings after an attentive perusal. There are some particular characteristics which we shall consider more closely, but in doing so we must be understood as altogether declining any doctrinal discussion. We have no intention to consider the grounds of Dr. Cumming's dogmatic system, to examine the principles of his prophetic exegesis, or to question his opinion concerning the little horn, the river Euphrates, or the seven vials. We identify ourselves with no one of the bodies whom he regards it as his special mission to attack: not giving adhesion either to Romanism, to Puseyism, or to that anomalous combination of opinions which he introduces to us under the name of infidelity. It is simply as spectators that we criticise Dr. Cumming's

mode of warfare: as spectators concerned less with what he holds to be Christian truth than with his manner of enforcing that truth, less with the doctrines he teaches than with the moral spirit and tendencies of his teaching.

One of the most striking characteristics of Dr. Cumming's writings is *unscrupulosity of statement*. His motto apparently is, *Christianitatem, quocunque modo, Christianitatem*; and the only system he includes under the term Christianity is Calvinistic Protestantism. Experience has so long shown that the human brain is a congenial nidus for inconsistent beliefs, that we do not pause to inquire how Dr. Cumming, who attributes the conversion of the unbelieving to the Divine Spirit, can think it necessary to co-operate with that Spirit by argumentative white lies. Nor do we for a moment impugn the genuineness of his zeal for Christianity, or the sincerity of his conviction that the doctrines he preaches are necessary to salvation; on the contrary, we regard the flagrant unverity found on his pages as an indirect result of that conviction—as a result, namely, of the intellectual and moral distortion of view which is inevitably produced by assigning to dogmas, based on a very complex structure of evidence, the place and authority of first truths. A distinct appreciation of the value of evidence—in other words, the intellectual perception of truth—is more closely allied to truthfulness of statement, or the moral quality of veracity, than is generally admitted. That highest moral habit, the constant preference of truth, both theoretically and practically, pre-eminently demands the co-operation of the intellect with the impulses—as is indicated by the fact that it is only found in anything like completeness in the highest class of minds. And it is commonly seen that, in proportion as religious sects believe themselves to be guided by direct inspiration rather than by a spontaneous exertion of their faculties, their sense of truthfulness is misty and confused. No one can have talked to the more enthusiastic Methodists and listened to their stories of miracles without perceiving that they require no other passport to a statement than that it accords with their wishes and their general conception of God's dealings; nay, they regard as a symptom of sinful scepticism an inquiry into the evidence for a story

which they think unquestionably tends to the glory of God, and in retailing such stories, new particulars, further tending to His glory, are "borne in" upon their minds. Now, Dr. Cumming, as we have said, is no enthusiastic pietist: within a certain circle—within the mill of evangelical orthodoxy—his intellect is perpetually at work; but that principle of sophistication which our friends the Methodists derive from the predominance of their pietistic feelings, is involved for him in the doctrine of verbal inspiration; what is for them a state of emotion submerging the intellect, is with him a formula imprisoning the intellect, depriving it of its proper function—the free search for truth—and making it the mere servant-of-all-work to a foregone conclusion. Minds fettered by this doctrine no longer inquire concerning a proposition whether it is attested by sufficient evidence, but whether it accords with Scripture; they do not search for facts, as such, but for facts that will bear out their doctrine. They become accustomed to reject the more direct evidence in favor of the less direct, and where adverse evidence reaches demonstration they must resort to devices and expedients in order to explain away contradiction. It is easy to see that this mental habit blunts not only the perception of truth, but the sense of truthfulness, and that the man whose faith drives him into fallacies, treads close upon the precipice of falsehood.

We have entered into this digression for the sake of mitigating the inference that is likely to be drawn from that characteristic of Dr. Cumming's works to which we have pointed. He is much in the same intellectual condition as that professor of Padua, who, in order to disprove Galileo's discovery of Jupiter's satellites, urged that as there were only seven metals there could not be more than seven planets—a mental condition scarcely compatible with candor. And we may well suppose that if the professor had held the belief in seven planets, and no more, to be a necessary condition of salvation, his mental vision would have been so dazed that even if he had consented to look through Galileo's telescope, his eyes would have reported in accordance with his inward alarms rather than with the external fact. So long as a belief in propositions is regarded as indispensable to salvation, the pursuit of

truth *as such* is not possible, any more than it is possible for a man who is swimming for his life to make meteorological observations on the storm which threatens to overwhelm him. The sense of alarm and haste, the anxiety for personal safety, which Dr. Cumming insists upon as the proper religious attitude, unmans the nature, and allows no thorough, calm thinking, no truly noble, disinterested feeling. Hence, we by no means suspect that the unscrupulosity of statement with which we charge Dr. Cumming, extends beyond the sphere of his theological prejudices: religion apart, he probably appreciates and practises veracity.

A grave general accusation must be supported by details, and in adducing these, we purposely select the most obvious cases of misrepresentation—such as require no argument to expose them, but can be perceived at a glance. Among Dr. Cumming's numerous books, one of the most notable for unscrupulosity of statement is the "Manual of Christian Evidences," written, as he tells us in his Preface, not to give the deepest solutions of the difficulties in question, but to furnish Scripture-readers, city missionaries, and Sunday-school teachers with a "ready reply" to sceptical arguments. This announcement that *readiness* was the chief quality sought for in the solutions here given, modifies our inference from the other qualities which those solutions present; and it is but fair to presume, that when the Christian disputant is not in a hurry, Dr. Cumming would recommend replies less ready and more veracious. Here is an example of what in another place¹ he tells his readers is "change in their pocket, . . . a little ready argument which they can employ, and therewith answer a fool according to his folly." From the nature of this argumentative small-coin, we are inclined to think Dr. Cumming understands answering a fool according to his folly to mean, giving him a foolish answer. We quote from the "Manual of Christian Evidences," p. 62:—

"Some of the gods which the heathen worshipped were among the greatest monsters that ever walked the earth. Mercury was a thief; and because he was an expert thief he was enrolled among the gods. Bacchus was a mere sensualist and drunkard; and therefore he was enrolled

¹ Lect. on Daniel, p. 6.

among the gods. Venus was a dissipated and abandoned courtesan; and therefore she was enrolled among the goddesses. Mars was a savage, that gloried in battle and in blood; and therefore he was deified and enrolled among the gods."

Does Dr. Cumming believe the purport of these sentences? If so, this passage is worth handing down as his theory of the Greek myth—as a specimen of the astounding ignorance which was possible in a metropolitan preacher A.D. 1854. And if he does not believe them . . . The inference must then be, that he thinks delicate veracity about the ancient Greeks is not a Christian virtue, but only a "splendid sin" of the unregenerate. This inference is rendered the more probable by our finding, a little further on, that he is not more scrupulous about the moderns, if they come under his definition of "Infidels." But the passage we are about to quote in proof of this has a worse quality than its discrepancy with fact. Who that has a spark of generous feeling, that rejoices in the presence of good in a fellow-being, has not dwelt with pleasure on the thought that Lord Byron's unhappy career was ennobled and purified toward its close by a high and sympathetic purpose, by honest and energetic efforts for his fellow-men? Who has not read with deep emotion those last pathetic lines, beautiful as the after-glow of sunset, in which love and resignation are mingled with something of a melancholy heroism? Who has not lingered with compassion over the dying scene at Missolonghi—the sufferer's inability to make his farewell messages of love intelligible, and the last long hours of silent pain? Yet for the sake of furnishing his disciples with a "ready reply," Dr. Cumming can prevail on himself to inoculate them with a bad-spirited falsity like the following:—

"We have one striking exhibition of *an infidel's brightest thoughts*, in some lines *written in his dying moments* by a man, gifted with great genius, capable of prodigious intellectual prowess, but of worthless principle, and yet more worthless practices—I mean the celebrated Lord Byron. He says,—

"Though gay companions o'er the bowl
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
 Though pleasure fills the maddening soul,
 The heart—the heart is lonely still.

- “Ay, but to die, and go, alas !
 Where all have gone and all must go ;
 To be the *Nothing* that I was,
 Ere born to life and living woe !
- “Count o’er the joys thine hours have seen,
 Count o’er thy days from anguish free,
 And know, whatever thou hast been,
 ’Tis *something better* not to be.
- “Nay, for myself, so dark my fate
 Through every turn of life hath been,
Man and the world so much I hate,
 I care not when I quit the scene.”

It is difficult to suppose that Dr. Cumming can have been so grossly imposed upon—that he can be so ill informed as really to believe that these lines were “written” by Lord Byron in his dying moments; but, allowing him the full benefit of that possibility, how shall we explain his introduction of this feebly rabid doggerel as “an infidel’s brightest thoughts” ?

In marshalling the evidences of Christianity, Dr. Cumming directs most of his arguments against opinions that are either totally imaginary, or that belong to the past rather than to the present; while he entirely fails to meet the difficulties actually felt and urged by those who are unable to accept Revelation. There can hardly be a stronger proof of misconception as to the character of free-thinking in the present day than the recommendation of Leland’s “Short and Easy Method with the Deists,”—a method which is unquestionably short and easy for preachers disinclined to consider their stereotyped modes of thinking and arguing, but which has quite ceased to realize those epithets in the conversion of Deists. Yet Dr. Cumming not only recommends this book, but takes the trouble himself to write a feebler version of its arguments. For example, on the question of the genuineness and authenticity of the New Testament writings, he says:—

“If therefore, at a period long subsequent to the death of Christ, a number of men had appeared in the world, drawn up a book which they christened by the name of Holy Scripture, and recorded these things which appear in it as facts when they were only the fancies of their own

imagination, surely the *Jews* would have instantly reclaimed that no such events transpired, that no such person as Jesus Christ appeared in their capital, and that *their* crucifixion of Him, and their alleged evil treatment of His apostles, were mere fictions."¹

It is scarcely necessary to say that, in such argument as this, Dr. Cumming is beating the air. He is meeting a hypothesis which no one holds, and totally missing the real question. The only type of "infidel" whose existence Dr. Cumming recognizes is that fossil personage who "calls the Bible a lie and a forgery." He seems to be ignorant—or he chooses to ignore the fact—that there is a large body of eminently instructed and earnest men who regard the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures as a series of historical documents, to be dealt with according to the rules of historical criticism; and that an equally large number of men, who are not historical critics, find the dogmatic scheme built on the letter of the Scriptures opposed to their profoundest moral convictions. Dr. Cumming's infidel is a man who, because his life is vicious, tries to convince himself that there is no God, and that Christianity is an imposture, but who is all the while secretly conscious that he is opposing the truth, and cannot help "letting out" admissions "that the Bible is the Book of God." We are favored with the following "Creed of the Infidel":—

"I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or not. I believe also that the world was not made, but that the world made itself or that it had no beginning, and that it will last forever. I believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and that the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul. I believe that there is no religion, that *natural religion is the only religion, and all religion unnatural*. I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophers. I believe not in the evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, and Hobbes. I believe in Lord Bolingbroke, and I believe not in St. Paul. I believe not in revelation; *I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Koran*; I believe not in the Bible. I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ. And lastly, *I believe in all unbelief*."

The intellectual and moral monster whose creed is this complex web of contradictions is, moreover, according to Dr. Cum-

¹Man. of Ev., p. 81.

ming, a being who unites much simplicity and imbecility with his Sajanic hardihood,—much tenderness of conscience with his obdurate vice. Hear the “proof” :—

“I once met with an acute and enlightened infidel, with whom I reasoned day after day, and for hours together; I submitted to him the internal, the external, and the experimental evidences, but made no impression on his scorn and unbelief. At length I entertained a suspicion that there was something morally, rather than intellectually wrong, and that the bias was not in the intellect, but in the heart; one day therefore I said to him—‘I must now state my conviction, and you may call me uncharitable, but duty compels me: you are living in some known and gross sin.’ *The man’s countenance became pale; he bowed and left me.*”—Man. of Evidences, p. 254.

Here we have the remarkable psychological phenomenon of an “acute and enlightened” man who, deliberately purposing to indulge in a favorite sin, and regarding the Gospel with scorn and unbelief, is nevertheless so much more scrupulous than the majority of Christians, that he cannot “embrace sin and the Gospel simultaneously”; who is so alarmed at the Gospel in which he does not believe, that he cannot be easy without trying to crush it; whose acuteness and enlightenment suggest to him, as a means of crushing the Gospel, to argue from day to day with Dr. Cumming; and who is withal so naïve that he is taken by surprise when Dr. Cumming, failing in argument, resorts to accusation, and so tender in conscience that, at the mention of his sin, he turns pale and leaves the spot. If there be any human mind in existence capable of holding Dr. Cumming’s “Creed of the Infidel,” of at the same time believing in tradition and “believing in all unbelief,” it must be the mind of the infidel just described, for whose existence we have Dr. Cumming’s *ex officio* word as a theologian; and to theologians we may apply what Sancho Panza says of the bachelors of Salamanca, that they never tell lies—except when it suits their purpose.

The total absence from Dr. Cumming’s theological mind of any demarcation between fact and rhetoric is exhibited in another passage, where he adopts the dramatic form :—

“Ask the peasant on the hills—and I have asked amid the mountains of Braemar and Deeside—‘How do you know that this book is divine,

and that the religion you profess is true? You never read Paley?' 'No, I never heard of him.' 'You have never read Butler?' 'No, I have never heard of him.' 'Nor Chalmers?' 'No, I do not know him.' 'You have never read any books on evidence?' 'No, I have read no such books.' 'Then, how do you know this book is true?' 'Know it! Tell me that the Dee, the Clunie, and the Garrawalt, the streams at my feet, do not run; that the winds do not sigh amid the gorges of these blue hills; that the sun does not kindle the peaks of Loch-na-Gar,—tell me my heart does not beat, and I will believe you; but do not tell me the Bible is not divine. I have found its truth illuminating my footsteps; its consolations sustaining my heart. May my tongue cleave to my mouth's roof, and my right hand forget its cunning, if I ever deny what is my deepest inner experience, that this blessed book is the Book of God.'—Church before the Flood, p. 35.

Dr. Cumming is so slippery and lax in his mode of presentation, that we find it impossible to gather whether he means to assert, that this is what a peasant on the mountains of Braemar *did* say, or that it is what such a peasant *would* say: in the one case, the passage may be taken as a measure of his truthfulness; in the other, of his judgment.

His own faith, apparently, has not been altogether intuitive, like that of his rhetorical peasant, for he tells us (Apoc. Sketches, p. 405) that he has himself experienced what it is to have religious doubts. "I was tainted while at the University by this spirit of scepticism. I thought Christianity might not be true. The very possibility of its being true was the thought I felt I must meet and settle. Conscience could give me no peace till I had settled it. I read, and I have read from that day, for fourteen or fifteen years, till this, and now I am as convinced, upon the clearest evidence, that this book is the Book of God, as that I now address you." This experience, however, instead of impressing on him the fact that doubt may be the stamp of a truth-loving mind—that *sunt quibus non credidisse honor est, et fidei futura pignus*—seems to have produced precisely the contrary effect. It has not enabled him even to conceive the condition of a mind "perplexed in faith but pure in deed," craving light, yearning for a faith that will harmonize and cherish its highest powers and aspirations, but unable to find that faith in dogmatic Christianity. His own doubts apparently were of a different kind. Nowhere in his pages have we found a humble, can-

did, sympathetic attempt to meet the difficulties that may be felt by an ingenuous mind. Everywhere he supposes that the doubter is hardened, conceited, consciously shutting his eyes to the light—a fool who is to be answered according to his folly—that is, with ready replies made up of reckless assertions, of apocryphal anecdotes, and, where other resources fail, of vituperative imputations. As to the reading which he has prosecuted for fifteen years—*either* it has left him totally ignorant of the relation which his own religious creed bears to the criticism and philosophy of the nineteenth century, *or* he systematically blinks that criticism and that philosophy; and instead of honestly and seriously endeavoring to meet and solve what he knows to be the real difficulties, contents himself with setting up popinjays to shoot at, for the sake of confirming the ignorance and winning the cheap admiration of his evangelical hearers and readers. Like the Catholic preacher who, after throwing down his cap and apostrophizing it as Luther, turned to his audience and said, “You see this heretical fellow has not a word to say for himself,” Dr. Cumming, having drawn his ugly portrait of the infidel, and put arguments of a convenient quality into his mouth, finds a “short and easy method” of confounding this “croaking frog.”

In his treatment of infidels, we imagine he is guided by a mental process which may be expressed in the following syllogism: Whatever tends to the glory of God is true; it is for the glory of God that infidels should be as bad as possible; therefore, whatever tends to show that infidels are as bad as possible is true. All infidels, he tells us, have been men of “gross and licentious lives.” Is there not some well-known unbeliever—David Hume, for example—of whom even Dr. Cumming’s readers may have heard as an exception? No matter. Some one suspected that he was *not* an exception; and as that suspicion tends to the glory of God, it is one for a Christian to entertain.—(See *Man. of Ev.*, p. 73.) If we were unable to imagine this kind of self-sophistication, we should be obliged to suppose that, relying on the ignorance of his evangelical disciples, he fed them with direct and conscious falsehoods. “Voltaire,” he informs them, “declares there is no God”; he was “an antitheist—that is, one who

deliberately and avowedly opposed and hated God; who swore in his blasphemy that he would dethrone Him"; and "advocated the very depths of the lowest sensuality." With regard to many statements of a similar kind, equally at variance with truth, in Dr. Cumming's volumes, we presume that he has been misled by hearsay or by the second-hand character of his acquaintance with free-thinking literature. An evangelical preacher is not obliged to be well read. Here, however, is a case which the extremest supposition of educated ignorance will not reach. Even books of "evidences" quote from Voltaire the line—

"Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer";

even persons fed on the mere whey and buttermilk of literature must know that in philosophy Voltaire was nothing if not a theist—must know that he wrote not against God, but against Jehovah, the God of the Jews, whom he believed to be a false God—must know that to say Voltaire was an atheist on this ground is as absurd as to say that a Jacobite opposed hereditary monarchy because he declared the Brunswick family had no title to the throne. That Dr. Cumming should repeat the vulgar fables about Voltaire's death is merely what we might expect from the specimens we have seen of his illustrative stories. A man whose accounts of his own experience are apocryphal is not likely to put borrowed narratives to any severe test.

The alliance between intellectual and moral perversion is strikingly typified by the way in which he alternates from the unvarnished to the absurd, from misrepresentation to contradiction. Side by side with the adduction of "facts" such as those we have quoted, we find him arguing on one page that the doctrine of the Trinity was too grand to have been conceived by man, and was *therefore* Divine; and on another page, that the Incarnation *had* been preconceived by man, and is *therefore* to be accepted as Divine. But we are less concerned with the fallacy of his "ready replies" than with their falsity; and even of this we can only afford space for a very few specimens. Here is one: "There is a *thousand times* more proof that the Gospel of John was written by him than there

is that the *Ἀνάβασις* was written by Xenophon, or the 'Ars Poetica' by Horace." If Dr. Cumming had chosen Plato's Epistles or Anacreon's Poems, instead of the "Anabasis" or the "Ars Poetica," he would have reduced the extent of the falsehood, and would have furnished a ready reply, which would have been equally effective with his Sunday-school teachers and their disputants. Hence we conclude this prodigality of misstatement, this exuberance of mendacity, is an effervescence of zeal *in majorem gloriam Dei*. Elsewhere he tells us that "the idea of the author of the 'Vestiges' is, that man is the development of a monkey, that the monkey is the embryo man; so that *if you keep a baboon long enough, it will develop itself into a man.*" How well Dr. Cumming has qualified himself to judge of the ideas in "that very unphilosophical book," as he pronounces it, may be inferred from the fact that he implies the author of the "Vestiges" to have *originated* the nebular hypothesis.

In the volume from which the last extract is taken, even the hardihood of assertion is surpassed by the suicidal character of the argument. It is called "The Church before the Flood," and is devoted chiefly to the adjustment of the question between the Bible and Geology. Keeping within the limits we have prescribed to ourselves, we do not enter into the matter of this discussion; we merely pause a little over the volume in order to point out Dr. Cumming's mode of treating the question. He first tells us that "the Bible has not a single scientific error in it"; that "*its slightest intimations of scientific principles or natural phenomena have in every instance been demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true*"; and he asks:—

"How is it that Moses, with no greater education than the Hindoo or the ancient philosopher, has written his book, touching science at a thousand points, so accurately, that scientific research has discovered no flaws in it; and yet in those investigations which have taken place in more recent centuries, it has not been shown that he has committed one single error, or made one solitary assertion which can be proved by the maturest science, or by the most eagle-eyed philosopher, to be incorrect, scientifically or historically?"

According to this, the relation of the Bible to science should be one of the strong points of apologists for revelation: the

scientific accuracy of Moses should stand at the head of their evidences; and they might urge with some cogency, that since Aristotle, who devoted himself to science, and lived many ages after Moses, does little else than err ingeniously, this fact, that the Jewish lawgiver, though touching science at a thousand points, has written nothing that has not been "demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true," is an irrefragable proof of his having derived his knowledge from a supernatural source. How does it happen, then, that Dr. Cumming forsakes this strong position? How is it that we find him, some pages further on, engaged in reconciling Genesis with the discoveries of science, by means of imaginative hypotheses and feats of "interpretation"? Surely that which has been demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true does not require hypothesis and critical argument, in order to show that it may *possibly* agree with those very discoveries by means of which its exact and strict truth has been demonstrated. And why should Dr. Cumming suppose, as we shall presently find him supposing, that men of science hesitate to accept the Bible because it appears to contradict their discoveries? By his own statement, that appearance of contradiction does not exist; on the contrary, it has been demonstrated that the Bible precisely agrees with their discoveries. Perhaps, however, in saying of the Bible that its "slightest intimations of scientific principles or natural phenomena have in every instance been demonstrated to be exactly and strictly true," Dr. Cumming merely means to imply that theologians have found out a way of explaining the Biblical text so that it no longer, in their opinion, appears to be in contradiction with the discoveries of science. One of two things, therefore: either, he uses language without the slightest appreciation of its real meaning; or, the assertions he makes on one page are directly contradicted by the arguments he urges on another.

Dr. Cumming's principles—or, we should rather say, confused notions—of Biblical interpretation, as exhibited in this volume, are particularly significant of his mental calibre.

He says ("Church before the Flood," p. 93):—

"Men of science, who are full of scientific investigation, and enamoured of scientific discovery, will hesitate before they accept a book

which, they think, contradicts the plainest and the most unequivocal disclosures they have made in the bowels of the earth, or among the stars of the sky. To all these we answer, as we have already indicated, there is not the least dissonance between God's written book and the most mature discoveries of geological science. One thing, however, there may be: *there may be a contradiction between the discoveries of geology and our preconceived interpretations of the Bible.* But this is not because the Bible is wrong, but because our interpretation is wrong." (The italics in all cases are our own.)

Elsewhere he says:—

"It seems to me plainly evident that the record of Genesis, when read fairly, and not in the light of our prejudices,—*and mind you, the essence of Popery is to read the Bible in the light of our opinions, instead of viewing our opinions in the light of the Bible, in its plain and obvious sense,*—falls in perfectly with the assertion of geologists."

On comparing these two passages, we gather that when Dr. Cumming, under stress of geological discovery, assigns to the Biblical text a meaning entirely different from that which, on his own showing, was universally ascribed to it for more than three thousand years, he regards himself as "viewing his opinions in the light of the Bible in its plain and obvious sense"! Now he is reduced to one of two alternatives: either, he must hold that the "plain and obvious meaning" lies in the sum of knowledge possessed by each successive age—the Bible being an elastic garment for the growing thought of mankind; or, he must hold that some portions are amenable to this criterion, and others not so. In the former case, he accepts the principle of interpretation adopted by the early German rationalists; in the latter case, he has to show a further criterion by which we can judge what parts of the Bible are elastic and what rigid. If he says that the interpretation of the text is rigid wherever it treats of doctrines necessary to salvation, we answer, that for doctrines to be necessary to salvation they must first be true; and in order to be true, according to his own principle, they must be founded on a correct interpretation of the Biblical text. Thus he makes the necessity of doctrines to salvation the criterion of infallible interpretation, and infallible interpretation the criterion of doctrines being necessary to salvation. He is whirled round in a circle, having,

by admitting the principle of novelty in interpretation, completely deprived himself of a basis. That he should seize the very moment in which he is most palpably betraying that he has no test of Biblical truth beyond his own opinion, as an appropriate occasion for flinging the rather novel reproach against Popery that its essence is to "read the Bible in the light of our opinions," would be an almost pathetic self-exposure, if it were not disgusting. Imbecility that is not even meek, ceases to be pitiable, and becomes simply odious.

Parenthetic lashes of this kind against Popery are very frequent with Dr. Cumming, and occur even in his more devout passages, where their introduction must surely disturb the spiritual exercises of his hearers. Indeed, Roman Catholics fare worse with him even than infidels. Infidels are the small vermin—the mice to be bagged *en passant*. The main object of his chase—the rats which are to be nailed up as trophies—are the Roman Catholics. Romanism is the masterpiece of Satan. But reassure yourselves! Dr. Cumming has been created. Antichrist is enthroned in the Vatican; but he is stoutly withstood by the Boanerges of Crown Court. The personality of Satan, as might be expected, is a very prominent tenet in Dr. Cumming's discourses; those who doubt it are, he thinks, "generally specimens of the victims of Satan as a triumphant seducer"; and it is through the medium of this doctrine that he habitually contemplates Roman Catholics. They are the puppets of which the devil holds the strings. It is only exceptionally that he speaks of them as fellow-men, acted on by the same desires, fears, and hopes as himself; his *rule* is to hold them up to his hearers as foredoomed instruments of Satan, and vessels of wrath. If he is obliged to admit that they are "no shams," that they are "thoroughly in earnest"—that is because they are inspired by hell, because they are under an "infra-natural" influence. If their missionaries are found wherever Protestant missionaries go, this zeal in propagating their faith is not in them a consistent virtue, as it is in Protestants, but a "melancholy fact," affording additional evidence that they are instigated and assisted by the devil. And Dr. Cumming is inclined to think that they work miracles, because that is no more than might be ex-

pected from the known ability of Satan who inspires them.¹ He admits, indeed, that "there is a fragment of the Church of Christ in the very bosom of that awful apostasy,"² and that there are members of the Church of Rome in glory; but this admission is rare and episodic—is a declaration, *pro formâ*, about as influential on the general disposition and habits as an aristocrat's profession of democracy.

This leads us to mention another conspicuous characteristic of Dr. Cumming's teaching—the *absence of genuine charity*. It is true that he makes large profession of tolerance and liberality within a certain circle; he exhorts Christians to unity; he would have Churchmen fraternize with Dissenters, and exhorts these two branches of God's family to defer the settlement of their differences till the millennium. But the love thus taught is the love of the *clan*, which is the correlative of antagonism to the rest of mankind. It is not sympathy and helpfulness toward men as men, but toward men as Christians, and as Christians in the sense of a small minority. Dr. Cumming's religion may demand a tribute of love, but it gives a charter to hatred; it may enjoin charity, but it fosters all uncharitableness. If I believe that God tells me to love my enemies, but at the same time hates His own enemies and requires me to have one will with Him, which has the larger scope, love or hatred? And we refer to those pages of Dr. Cumming's in which he opposes Roman Catholics, Puseyites, and infidels—pages which form the larger proportion of what he has published—for proof that the idea of God which both the logic and spirit of his discourses keep present to his hearers is that of a God who hates His enemies, a God who teaches love by fierce denunciations of wrath—a God who encourages obedience to His precepts by elaborately revealing to us that His own government is in precise opposition to those precepts. We know the usual evasions on this subject. We know Dr. Cumming would say that even Roman Catholics are to be loved and succored as men; that he would help even that "unclean spirit," Cardinal Wiseman, out of a ditch. But who that is in the slightest degree acquainted with the action of the human mind, will believe that any genuine and large

¹ Signs of the Times, p. 38.

² Apoc. Sketches, p. 243.

charity can grow out of an exercise of love which is always to have an *arrière-pensée* of hatred? Of what quality would be the conjugal love of a husband who loved his spouse as a wife, but hated her as a woman? It is reserved for the regenerate mind, according to Dr. Cumming's conception of it, to be "wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral, in a moment." Precepts of charity uttered with faint breath at the end of a sermon are perfectly futile, when all the force of the lungs has been spent in keeping the hearer's mind fixed on the conception of his fellow-men, not as fellow-sinners and fellow-sufferers, but as agents of hell, as automata through whom Satan plays his game upon earth,—not on objects which call forth their reverence, their love, their hope of good even in the most strayed and perverted, but on a minute identification of human things with such symbols as the scarlet whore, the beast out of the abyss, scorpions whose sting is in their tails, men who have the mark of the beast, and unclean spirits like frogs. You might as well attempt to educate a child's sense of beauty by hanging its nursery with the horrible and grotesque pictures in which the early painters represented the Last Judgment, as expect Christian graces to flourish on that prophetic interpretation which Dr. Cumming offers as the principal nutriment of his flock. Quite apart from the critical basis of that interpretation, quite apart from the degree of truth there may be in Dr. Cumming's prognostications—questions into which we do not choose to enter—his use of prophecy must be *à priori* condemned in the judgment of right-minded persons, by its results as testified in the net moral effect of his sermons. The best minds that accept Christianity as a divinely inspired system, believe that the great end of the Gospel is not merely the saving but the educating of men's souls, the creating within them of holy dispositions, the subduing of egoistical pretensions, and the perpetual enhancing of the desire that the will of God—a will synonymous with goodness and truth—may be done on earth. But what relation to all this has a system of interpretation which keeps the mind of the Christian in the position of a spectator at a gladiatorial show, of which Satan is the wild beast in the shape of the great red dragon, and two-thirds of mankind the victims—

the whole provided and got up by God for the edification of the saints? The demonstration that the Second Advent is at hand, if true, can have no really holy, spiritual effect; the highest state of mind inculcated by the Gospel is resignation to the disposal of God's providence—"Whether we live, we live under the Lord; whether we die, we die unto the Lord"—not an eagerness to see a temporal manifestation which shall confound the enemies of God and give exaltation to the saints; it is to dwell in Christ by spiritual communion with His nature, not to fix the date when He shall appear in the sky. Dr. Cumming's delight in shadowing forth the downfall of the Man of Sin, in prognosticating the battle of Gog and Magog, and in advertising the premillennial Advent, is simply the transportation of political passions on to a so-called religious platform; it is the anticipation of the triumph of "our party," accomplished by our principal men being "sent for" into the clouds. Let us be understood to speak in all seriousness. If we were in search of amusement, we should not seek for it by examining Dr. Cumming's works in order to ridicule them. We are simply discharging a disagreeable duty in delivering our opinion that, judged by the highest standard even of orthodox Christianity, they are little calculated to produce

"A closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame";

but are more likely to nourish egoistic complacency and pretension, a hard and condemnatory spirit toward one's fellow-men, and a busy occupation with the minutiae of events, instead of a reverent contemplation of great facts and a wise application of great principles. It would be idle to consider Dr. Cumming's theory of prophecy in any other light,—as a philosophy of history or a specimen of Biblical interpretation; it bears about the same relation to the extension of genuine knowledge as the astrological "house" in the heavens bears to the true structure and relations of the universe.

The slight degree in which Dr. Cumming's faith is imbued with truly human sympathies is exhibited in the way he treats the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. *Here* a little of that readiness to strain the letter of the Scriptures which he so

often manifests when his object is to prove a point against Romanism, would have been an amiable frailty if it had been applied on the side of mercy. When he is bent on proving that the prophecy concerning the Man of Sin, in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, refers to the Pope, he can extort from the innocent word *καθίσαι* the meaning *cathedrize*; though why we are to translate "He as God cathedrizes in the temple of God," any more than we are to translate "cathedrize here, while I go and pray yonder," it is for Dr. Cumming to show more clearly than he has yet done. But when rigorous literality will favor the conclusion that the greater proportion of the human race will be eternally miserable, *then* he is rigorously literal. He says—

"The Greek words, *εις τους αιωνας των αιωνων*, here translated 'everlasting,' signify literally 'unto the ages of ages'; *αιει ων*, 'always being,' that is, everlasting, ceaseless existence. Plato uses the word in this sense when he says, 'The gods that live for ever.' *But I must also admit*, that this word is used several times in a limited extent,—as for instance, 'The everlasting hills.' Of course, this does not mean that there never will be a time when the hills will cease to stand; the expression here is evidently figurative, but it implies eternity. The hills shall remain as long as the earth lasts, and no hand has power to remove them but that Eternal One which first called them into being; *so the state of the soul* remains the same after death as long as the soul exists, and no one has power to alter it. The same word is often applied to denote the existence of God—'the Eternal God.' Can we limit the word when applied to Him? Because occasionally used in a limited sense, we must not infer it is always so. 'Everlasting' plainly means in Scripture 'without end'; it is only to be explained figuratively when it is evident it cannot be interpreted in any other way."

We do not discuss whether Dr. Cumming's interpretation accords with the meaning of the New Testament writers: we simply point to the fact that the text becomes elastic for him when he wants freer play for his prejudices; while he makes it an adamant barrier against the admission that mercy will ultimately triumph, that God—*i. e.*, Love—will be all in all. He assures us that he does not "delight to dwell on the misery of the lost"; and we believe him. That misery does not seem to be a question of feeling with him, either one way or the other. He does not merely resign himself to the awful mystery of eternal punishment; he contends for it. Do we object,

he asks,¹ to everlasting happiness? then why object to everlasting misery?—reasoning which is perhaps felt to be cogent by theologians who anticipate the everlasting happiness for themselves, and the everlasting misery for their neighbors.

The compassion of some Christians has been glad to take refuge in the opinion, that the Bible allows the supposition of annihilation for the impenitent; but the rigid sequence of Dr. Cumming's reasoning will not admit of this idea. He sees that flax is made into linen, and linen into paper; that paper, when burnt, partly ascends as smoke, and then again descends in rain, or in dust and carbon. "Not one particle of the original flax is lost, although there may be not one particle that has not undergone an entire change: annihilation is not, but change of form is. *It will be thus with our bodies at the resurrection.* The death of the body means not annihilation. *Not one feature of the face will be annihilated.*" Having established the perpetuity of the body by this close and clear analogy—namely, that *as* there is a total change in the particles of flax in consequence of which they no longer appear as flax, *so* there will *not* be a total change in the particles of the human body, but they will reappear as the human body—he does not seem to consider that the perpetuity of the body involves the perpetuity of the soul, but requires separate evidence for this, and finds such evidence by begging the very question at issue—namely, by asserting that the text of the Scriptures implies "the perpetuity of the punishment of the lost, and the consciousness of the punishment which they endure." Yet it is drivelling like this which is listened to and lauded as eloquence by hundreds, and which a Doctor of Divinity can believe that he has his "reward as a saint" for preaching and publishing!

One more characteristic of Dr. Cumming's writings, and we have done. This is the *perverted moral judgment* that everywhere reigns in them. Not that this perversion is peculiar to Dr. Cumming; it belongs to the dogmatic system which he shares with all evangelical believers. But the abstract tendencies of systems are represented in very different degrees, according to the different characters of those who embrace

¹ Man. of Christ. Ev., p. 184.

them; just as the same food tells differently on different constitutions: and there are certain qualities in Dr. Cumming that cause the perversion of which we speak to exhibit itself with peculiar prominence in his teaching. A single extract will enable us to explain what we mean:—

“The ‘ thoughts ’ are evil. If it were possible for human eye to discern and to detect the thoughts that flutter round the heart of an unregenerate man—to mark their hue and their multitude—it would be found that they are indeed ‘ evil.’ We speak not of the thief, and the murderer, and the adulterer, and suchlike, whose crimes draw down the cognizance of earthly tribunals, and whose unenviable character it is to take the lead in the paths of sin; but we refer to the men who are marked out by their practice of many of theseemliest moralities of life—by the exercise of the kindest affections, and the interchange of the sweetest reciprocities—and of these men, if unrenewed and unchanged, we pronounce that their thoughts are evil. To ascertain this, we must refer to the object around which our thoughts ought continually to circulate. The Scriptures assert that this object is *the glory of God*; that for this we ought to think, to act, and to speak; and that in thus thinking, acting, and speaking, there is involved the purest and most endearing bliss. Now it will be found true of the most amiable men, that with all their good society and kindness of heart, and all their strict and unbending integrity, they never or rarely think of the glory of God. The question never occurs to them—Will this redound to the glory of God? Will this make His name more known, His being more loved, His praise more sung? And just inasmuch as their every thought comes short of this lofty aim, in so much does it come short of good, and entitle itself to the character of evil. If the glory of God is not the absorbing and the influential aim of their thoughts, then they are evil; but God’s glory never enters into their minds. They are amiable, because it chances to be one of the constitutional tendencies of their individual character, left uneffaced by the Fall; and *they are just and upright, because they have perhaps no occasion to be otherwise, or find it subservient to their interests to maintain such a character.*”—Occ. Disc., vol. i. p. 8.

Again we read (Ibid., p. 236):—

“There are traits in the Christian character which the mere worldly man cannot understand. He can understand the outward morality, but he cannot understand the inner spring of it; he can understand Dorcas’s liberality to the poor, but he cannot penetrate the ground of Dorcas’s liberality. *Some men give to the poor because they are ostentatious, or because they think the poor will ultimately avenge their neglect; but the Christian gives to the poor, not only because he has sensibilities like other men, but because inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*”

Before entering on the more general question involved in these quotations, we must point to the clauses we have marked with italics, where Dr. Cumming appears to express sentiments which, we are happy to think, are not shared by the majority of his brethren in the faith. Dr. Cumming, it seems, is unable to conceive that the natural man can have any other motive for being just and upright than that it is useless to be otherwise, or that a character for honesty is profitable; according to his experience, between the feelings of ostentation and selfish alarm and the feeling of love to Christ, there lie no sensibilities which can lead a man to relieve want. Granting, as we should prefer to think, that it is Dr. Cumming's exposition of his sentiments which is deficient rather than his sentiments themselves, still, the fact that the deficiency lies precisely here, and that he can overlook it not only in the haste of oral delivery but in the examination of proof-sheets, is strongly significant of his mental bias—of the faint degree in which he sympathizes with the disinterested elements of human feeling, and of the fact, which we are about to dwell upon, that those feelings are totally absent from his religious theory. Now, Dr. Cumming invariably assumes that, in fulminating against those who differ from him, he is standing on a moral elevation to which they are compelled reluctantly to look up; that his theory of motives and conduct is in its loftiness and purity a perpetual rebuke to their low and vicious desires and practice. It is time he should be told that the reverse is the fact; that there are men who do not merely cast a superficial glance at his doctrine, and fail to see its beauty or justice, but who, after a close consideration of that doctrine, pronounce it to be subversive of true moral development, and therefore positively noxious. Dr. Cumming is fond of showing up the teaching of Romanism, and accusing it of undermining true morality: it is time he should be told that there is a large body, both of thinkers and practical men, who hold precisely the same opinion of his own teaching—with this difference, that they do not regard it as the inspiration of Satan, but as the natural crop of a human mind where the soil is chiefly made up of egoistic passions and dogmatic beliefs.

Dr. Cumming's theory, as we have seen, is that actions are good or evil according as they are prompted or not prompted by an exclusive reference to the "glory of God." God, then, in Dr. Cumming's conception, is a Being who has no pleasure in the exercise of love and truthfulness and justice, considered as affecting the well-being of His creatures; He has satisfaction in us only in so far as we exhaust our motives and dispositions of all relation to our fellow-beings, and replace sympathy with men by anxiety for the "glory of God." The deed of Grace Darling, when she took a boat in the storm to rescue drowning men and women, was not good if it was only compassion that nerved her arm and impelled her to brave death for the chance of saving others; it was only good if she asked herself—Will this redound to the glory of God? The man who endures tortures rather than betray a trust, the man who spends years in toil in order to discharge an obligation from which the law declares him free, must be animated not by the spirit of fidelity to his fellow-man, but by a desire to make "the name of God more known." The sweet charities of domestic life—the ready hand and the soothing word in sickness, the forbearance toward frailties, the prompt helpfulness in all efforts and sympathy in all joys—are simply evil if they result from a "constitutional tendency" or from dispositions disciplined by the experience of suffering and the perception of moral loveliness. A wife is not to devote herself to her husband out of love to him and a sense of the duties implied by a close relation—she is to be a faithful wife for the glory of God; if she feels her natural affections welling up too strongly, she is to repress them; it will not do to act from natural affection—she must think of the glory of God. A man is to guide his affairs with energy and discretion, not from an honest desire to fulfil his responsibilities as a member of society and a father, but—that "God's praise may be sung." Dr. Cumming's Christian pays his debts for the glory of God: were it not for the coercion of that supreme motive, it would be evil to pay them. A man is not to be just from a feeling of justice; he is not to help his fellow-men out of good-will to his fellow-men; he is not to be a tender husband and father out of affection: all these natural muscles and

fibres are to be torn away and replaced by a patent steel spring—anxiety for the “glory of God.”

Happily, the constitution of human nature forbids the complete prevalence of such a theory. Fatally powerful as religious systems have been, human nature is stronger and wider than religious systems, and though dogmas may hamper, they cannot absolutely repress its growth: build walls round the living tree as you will, the bricks and mortar have by and by to give way before the slow and sure operation of the sap. But next to that hatred of the enemies of God which is the principle of persecution, there perhaps has been no perversion more obstructive of true moral development than this substitution of a reference to the glory of God for the direct promptings of the sympathetic feelings. Benevolence and justice are strong only in proportion as they are directly and inevitably called into activity by their proper objects: pity is strong only because we are strongly impressed by suffering; and only in proportion as it is compassion that speaks through the eyes when we soothe, and moves the arm when we succor, is a deed strictly benevolent. If the soothing or the succor be given because another being wishes or approves it, the deed ceases to be one of benevolence, and becomes one of deference, of obedience, of self-interest, or vanity. Accessory motives may aid in producing an *action*, but they presuppose the weakness of the direct motive; and conversely, when the direct motive is strong, the action of accessory motives will be excluded. If then, as Dr. Cumming inculcates, the glory of God is to be “the absorbing and the influential aim” in our thoughts and actions, this must tend to neutralize the human sympathies; the stream of feeling will be diverted from its natural current in order to feed an artificial canal. The idea of God is really moral in its influence—it really cherishes all that is best and loveliest in man—only when God is contemplated as sympathizing with the pure elements of human feeling, as possessing infinitely all those attributes which we recognize to be moral in humanity. In this light, the idea of God and the sense of His presence intensify all noble feeling, and encourage all noble effort, on the same principle that human sympathy is found a source of strength: the brave man feels braver when

he knows that another stout heart is beating time with his; the devoted woman who is wearing out her years in patient effort to alleviate suffering or save vice from the last stages of degradation, finds aid in the pressure of a friendly hand which tells her that there is one who understands her deeds, and in her place would do the like. The idea of a God who not only sympathizes with all we feel and endure for our fellow-men, but who will pour new life into our too languid love, and give firmness to our vacillating purpose, is an extension and multiplication of the effects produced by human sympathy; and it has been intensified for the better spirits who have been under the influence of orthodox Christianity, by the contemplation of Jesus as "God manifest in the flesh." But Dr. Cumming's God is the very opposite of all this: He is a God who, instead of sharing and aiding our human sympathies, is directly in collision with them; who, instead of strengthening the bond between man and man, by encouraging the sense that they are both alike the objects of His love and care, thrusts Himself between them and forbids them to feel for each other except as they have relation to Him. He is a God who, instead of adding His solar force to swell the tide of those impulses that tend to give humanity a common life in which the good of one is the good of all, commands us to check those impulses, lest they should prevent us from thinking of His glory. It is in vain for Dr. Cumming to say that we are to love man for God's sake: with the conception of God which his teaching presents, the love of man for God's sake involves, as his writings abundantly show, a strong principle of hatred. We can only love one being for the sake of another when there is an habitual delight in associating the idea of those two beings—that is, when the object of our indirect love is a source of joy and honor to the object of our direct love. But, according to Dr. Cumming's theory, the majority of mankind—the majority of his neighbors—are in precisely the opposite relation to God. His soul has no pleasure in them: they belong more to Satan than to Him; and if they contribute to His glory, it is against their will. Dr. Cumming, then, can only love *some* men for God's sake; the rest he must in consistency *hate* for God's sake.

There must be many, even in the circle of Dr. Cumming's admirers, who would be revolted by the doctrine we have just exposed, if their natural good sense and healthy feeling were not early stifled by dogmatic beliefs, and their reverence misled by pious phrases. But as it is, many a rational question, many a generous instinct, is repelled as the suggestion of a supernatural enemy, or as the ebullition of human pride and corruption. This state of inward contradiction can be put an end to only by the conviction that the free and diligent exertion of the intellect, instead of being a sin, is a part of their responsibility—that Right and Reason are synonymous. The fundamental faith for man is faith in the result of a brave, honest, and steady use of all his faculties:—

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster.”

Before taking leave of Dr. Cumming, let us express a hope that we have in no case exaggerated the unfavorable character of the inferences to be drawn from his pages. His creed often obliges him to hope the worst of men, and to exert himself in proving that the worst is true; but thus far we are happier than he. We have no theory which requires us to attribute unworthy motives to Dr. Cumming, no opinions, religious or irreligious, which can make it a gratification to us to detect him in delinquencies. On the contrary, the better we are able to think of him as a man, while we are obliged to disapprove him as a theologian, the stronger will be the evidence for our conviction, that the tendency toward good in human nature has a force which no creed can utterly counteract, and which insures the ultimate triumph of that tendency over all dogmatic perversions.

THE INFLUENCE OF RATIONALISM: LECKY'S HISTORY.

THERE is a valuable class of books on great subjects which have something of the character and functions of good popular lecturing. They are not original, not subtle, not of close logical texture, not exquisite either in thought or style; but by virtue of these negatives they are all the more fit to act on the average intelligence. They have enough of organizing purpose in them to make their facts illustrative, and to leave a distinct result in the mind, even when most of the facts are forgotten; and they have enough of vagueness and vacillation in their theory to win them ready acceptance from a mixed audience. The vagueness and vacillation are not devices of timidity; they are the honest result of the writer's own mental character, which adapts him to be the instructor and the favorite of "the general reader." For the most part, the general reader of the present day does not exactly know what distance he goes; he only knows that he does not go "too far." Of any remarkable thinker whose writings have excited controversy, he likes to have it said that "his errors are to be deplored," leaving it not too certain what those errors are: he is fond of what may be called disembodied opinions, that float in vapory phrases above all systems of thought or action; he likes an undefined Christianity which opposes itself to nothing in particular, an undefined education of the people, an undefined amelioration of all things: in fact, he likes sound views,—nothing extreme, but something between the excesses of the past and the excesses of the present. This modern type of the general reader may be known in conversation by the cordiality with which he assents to indistinct, blurred statements: say that black is black, he will shake his head and hardly think it; say that black is not so very black, he will reply, "Exactly." He has no hesitation, if you wish it, even to get

up at a public meeting and express his conviction that at times, and within certain limits, the radii of a circle have a tendency to be equal; but, on the other hand, he would urge that the spirit of geometry may be carried a little too far. His only bigotry is a bigotry against any clearly defined opinion; not in the least based on a scientific scepticism, but belonging to a lack of coherent thought,—a spongy texture of mind, that gravitates strongly to nothing. The one thing he is staunch for is the utmost liberty of private haziness.

But precisely these characteristics of the general reader, rendering him incapable of assimilating ideas unless they are administered in a highly diluted form, make it a matter of rejoicing that there are clever, fair-minded men, who will write books for him,—men very much above him in knowledge and ability, but not too remote from him in their habits of thinking, and who can thus prepare for him infusions of history and science that will leave some solidifying deposit, and save him from a fatal softening of the intellectual skeleton. Among such serviceable writers, Mr. Lecky's "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe" entitles him to a high place. He has prepared himself for its production by an unusual amount of well-directed reading; he has chosen his facts and quotations with much judgment; and he gives proof of those important moral qualifications—impartiality, seriousness, and modesty. This praise is chiefly applicable to the long chapter on the history of magic and witchcraft which opens the work, and to the two chapters on the antecedents and history of persecution, which occur, the one at the end of the first volume, the other at the beginning of the second. In these chapters Mr. Lecky has a narrower and better-traced path before him than in other portions of his work; he is more occupied with presenting a particular class of facts in their historical sequence, and in their relation to certain grand tide-marks of opinion, than with disquisition; and his writing is freer than elsewhere from an apparent confusedness of thought and an exuberance of approximative phrases, which can be serviceable in no other way than as diluents needful for the sort of reader we have just described.

The history of magic and witchcraft has been judiciously

chosen by Mr. Lecky as the subject of his first section on the Declining Sense of the Miraculous, because it is strikingly illustrative of a position with the truth of which he is strongly impressed, though he may not always treat of it with desirable clearness and precision—namely, that certain beliefs become obsolete, not in consequence of direct arguments against them, but because of their incongruity with prevalent habits of thought. Here is his statement of the two “classes of influences,” by which the mass of men, in what is called civilized society, get their beliefs gradually modified:—

“If we ask why it is that the world has rejected what was once so universally and so intensely believed, why a narrative of an old woman who had been seen riding on a broomstick, or who was proved to have transformed herself into a wolf, and to have devoured the flocks of her neighbors, is deemed so entirely incredible, most persons would probably be unable to give a very definite answer to the question. It is not because we have examined the evidence and found it insufficient, for the disbelief always precedes, when it does not prevent, examination. It is rather because the idea of absurdity is so strongly attached to such narratives, that it is difficult even to consider them with gravity. Yet at one time no such improbability was felt, and hundreds of persons have been burnt simply on the two grounds I have mentioned.

“When so complete a change takes place in public opinion, it may be ascribed to one or other of two causes. It may be the result of a controversy which has conclusively settled the question, establishing to the satisfaction of all parties a clear preponderance of argument or fact in favor of one opinion, and making that opinion a truism which is accepted by all enlightened men, even though they have not themselves examined the evidence on which it rests. Thus, if any one in a company of ordinarily educated persons were to deny the motion of the earth, or the circulation of the blood, his statement would be received with derision, though it is probable that some of his audience would be unable to demonstrate the first truth, and that very few of them could give sufficient reasons for the second. They may not themselves be able to defend their position; but they are aware that, at certain known periods of history, controversies on those subjects took place, and that known writers then brought forward some definite arguments or experiments, which were ultimately accepted by the whole learned world as rigid and conclusive demonstrations. It is possible, also, for as complete a change to be effected by what is called the spirit of the age. The general intellectual tendencies pervading the literature of a century profoundly modify the character of the public mind. They form a new tone and habit of thought. They alter the measure of probability. They create new attractions and new antipathies, and they eventually cause as

absolute a rejection of certain old opinions as could be produced by the most cogent and definite arguments."

Mr. Lecky proceeds to some questionable views concerning the evidences of witchcraft, which seem to be irreconcilable even with his own remarks later on; but they lead him to the statement, thoroughly made out by his historical survey, that "the movement was mainly silent, unargumentative, and insensible; that men came gradually to disbelieve in witchcraft, because they came gradually to look upon it as absurd; and that this new tone of thought appeared, first of all, in those who were least subject to theological influences, and soon spread through the educated laity, and, last of all, took possession of the clergy."

We have rather painful proof that this "second class of influences" with a vast number go hardly deeper than fashion, and that witchcraft to many of us is absurd only on the same ground that our grandfathers' gigs are absurd. It is felt preposterous to think of spiritual agencies in connection with ragged beldames soaring on broomsticks, in an age when it is known that mediums of communication with the invisible world are usually unctuous personages dressed in excellent broadcloth, who soar above the curtain-poles without any broomstick, and who are not given to unprofitable intrigues. The enlightened imagination rejects the figure of a witch with her profile in dark relief against the moon and her broomstick cutting a constellation. No undiscovered natural laws, no names of "respectable" witnesses, are invoked to make us feel our presumption in questioning the diabolic intimacies of that obsolete old woman, for it is known now that the undiscovered laws, and the witnesses qualified by the payment of income-tax, are all in favor of a different conception—the image of a heavy gentleman in boots and black coat-tails foreshortened against the cornice. Yet no less a person than Sir Thomas Browne once wrote that those who denied there were witches, inasmuch as they thereby denied spirits also, were "obliquely and upon consequence a sort, not of infidels, but of atheists." At present, doubtless, in certain circles, unbelievers in heavy gentlemen who float in the air by means of undiscovered laws are also taxed with atheism; illiberal as it is not to admit that

mere weakness of understanding may prevent one from seeing how that phenomenon is necessarily involved in the Divine origin of things. With still more remarkable parallelism, Sir Thomas Browne goes on: "Those that, to refute their incredulity, desire to see apparitions, shall questionless never behold any, nor have the power to be so much as witches. The devil hath made them already in a heresy as capital as witchcraft, and to appear to them were but to convert them." It would be difficult to see what has been changed here but the mere drapery of circumstance, if it were not for this prominent difference between our own days and the days of witchcraft, that instead of torturing, drowning, or burning the innocent, we give hospitality and large pay to—the highly distinguished medium. At least we are safely rid of certain horrors; but if the multitude—that "farraginous concurrence of all conditions, tempers, sexes, and ages"—do not roll back even to a superstition that carries cruelty in its train, it is not because they possess a cultivated Reason, but because they are pressed upon and held up by what we may call an external Reason—the sum of conditions resulting from the laws of material growth, from changes produced by great historical collisions shattering the structures of ages and making new highways for events and ideas, and from the activities of higher minds no longer existing merely as opinions and teaching, but as institutions and organizations with which the interests, the affections, and the habits of the multitude are inextricably interwoven. No undiscovered laws accounting for small phenomena going forward under drawing-room tables are likely to affect the tremendous facts of the increase of population, the rejection of convicts by our colonies, the exhaustion of the soil by cotton plantations, which urge even upon the foolish certain questions, certain claims, certain views concerning the scheme of the world, that can never again be silenced. If right reason is a right representation of the coexistences and sequences of things, here are coexistences and sequences that do not wait to be discovered, but press themselves upon us like bars of iron. No *séances* at a guinea a head for the sake of being pinched by "Mary Jane" can annihilate railways, steamships, and electric telegraphs, which are demonstrating

the interdependence of all human interests, and making self-interest a duct for sympathy. These things are part of the external Reason to which internal silliness has inevitably to accommodate itself.

Three points in the history of magic and witchcraft are well brought out by Mr. Lecky. First, that the cruelties connected with it did not begin until men's minds had ceased to repose implicitly in a sacramental system which made them feel well armed against evil spirits—that is, until the eleventh century, when there came a sort of morning dream of doubt and heresy, bringing on the one side the terror of timid consciences, and on the other the terrorism of authority or zeal bent on checking the rising struggle. In that time of comparative mental repose, says Mr. Lecky—

“All those conceptions of diabolical presence; all that predisposition toward the miraculous, which acted so fearfully upon the imaginations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, existed; but the implicit faith, the boundless and triumphant credulity with which the virtue of ecclesiastical rites was accepted, rendered them comparatively innocuous. If men had been a little less superstitious, the effects of their superstition would have been much more terrible. It was firmly believed that any one who deviated from the strict line of orthodoxy must soon succumb beneath the power of Satan; but as there was no spirit of rebellion or doubt, this persuasion did not produce any extraordinary terrorism.”

The Church was disposed to confound heretical opinion with sorcery; false doctrine was especially the devil's work, and it was a ready conclusion that a denier or innovator had held consultation with the father of lies. It is a saying of a zealous Catholic in the sixteenth century, quoted by Maury in his excellent work, ‘De la Magie’—“*Crescit cum magia hæresis, cum hæresi magia.*” Even those who doubted were terrified at their doubts, for trust is more easily undermined than terror. Fear is earlier born than hope, lays a stronger grasp on man's system than any other passion, and remains master of a larger group of involuntary actions. A chief aspect of man's moral development is the slow subduing of fear by the gradual growth of intelligence, and its suppression as a motive by the presence of impulses less animally selfish; so that in relation to invisible Power, fear at last ceases to exist, save in that interfusion with higher faculties which we call awe.

Secondly, Mr. Lecky shows clearly that dogmatic Protestantism, holding the vivid belief in Satanic agency to be an essential of piety, would have felt it shame to be a whit behind Catholicism in severity against the devil's servants. Luther's sentiment was that he would not suffer a witch to live (he was not much more merciful to Jews); and, in spite of his fondness for children, believing a certain child to have been begotten by the devil, he recommended the parents to throw it into the river. The torch must be turned on the worst errors of heroic minds—not in irreverent ingratitude, but for the sake of measuring our vast and various debt to all the influences which have concurred, in the intervening ages, to make us recognize as detestable errors the honest convictions of men who, in mere individual capacity and moral force, were very much above us. Again, the Scotch Puritans, during the comparatively short period of their ascendancy, surpassed all Christians before them in the elaborate ingenuity of the tortures they applied for the discovery of witchcraft and sorcery, and did their utmost to prove that if Scotch Calvinism was the true religion, the chief "note" of the true religion was cruelty. It is hardly an endurable task to read the story of their doings; thoroughly to imagine them as a past reality is already a sort of torture. One detail is enough, and it is a comparatively mild one. It was the regular profession of men called "prickers" to thrust long pins into the body of a suspected witch in order to detect the insensible spot which was the infallible sign of her guilt. On a superficial view one would be in danger of saying that the main difference between the teachers who sanctioned these things and the much-despised ancestors who offered human victims inside a huge wicker idol, was that they arrived at a more elaborate barbarity by a longer series of dependent propositions. I do not share Mr. Buckle's opinion that a Scotch minister's groans were a part of his deliberate plan for keeping the people in a state of terrified subjection; the ministers themselves held the belief they taught, and might well groan over it. What a blessing has a little false logic been to the world! Seeing that men are so slow to question their premises, they must have made each other much more miserable, if pity had not some-

times drawn tender conclusion not warranted by Major and Minor; if there had not been people with an amiable imbecility of reasoning which enabled them at once to cling to hideous beliefs, and to be conscientiously inconsistent with them in their conduct. There is nothing like acute deductive reasoning for keeping a man in the dark: it might be called the *technique* of the intellect, and the concentration of the mind upon it corresponds to that predominance of technical skill in art which ends in degradation of the artist's function, unless new inspiration and invention come to guide it.

And of this there is some good illustration furnished by that third node in the history of witchcraft, the beginning of its end, which is treated in an interesting manner by Mr. Lecky. It is worth noticing, that the most important defences of the belief in witchcraft, against the growing scepticism in the latter part of the sixteenth century and in the seventeenth, were the productions of men who in some departments were among the foremost thinkers of their time. One of them was Jean Bodin, the famous writer on government and jurisprudence, whose "Republic," Hallam thinks, had an important influence in England, and furnished "a store of arguments and examples that were not lost on the thoughtful minds of our countrymen." In some of his views he was original and bold; for example, he anticipated Montesquieu in attempting to appreciate the relations of government and climate. Hallam inclines to the opinion that he was a Jew, and attached Divine authority only to the Old Testament. But this was enough to furnish him with his chief data for the existence of witches and for their capital punishment; and in the account of his "Republic" given by Hallam, there is enough evidence that the sagacity which often enabled him to make fine use of his learning was also often entangled in it, to temper our surprise at finding a writer on political science of whom it could be said that, along with Montesquieu, he was "the most philosophical of those who had read so deeply, the most learned of those who had thought so much," in the van of the forlorn hope to maintain the reality of witchcraft. It should be said that he was equally confident of the unreality of the Copernican hypothesis, on the ground that it was contrary to the tenets

of the theologians and philosophers and to common sense, and therefore subversive of the foundations of every science. Of his work on witchcraft, Mr. Lecky says:—

“The ‘*Démonomanie des Sorciers*’ is chiefly an appeal to authority, which the author deemed on this subject so unanimous and so conclusive, that it was scarcely possible for any sane man to resist it. He appealed to the popular belief in all countries, in all ages, and in all religions. He cited the opinions of an immense multitude of the greatest writers of pagan antiquity, and of the most illustrious of the Fathers. He showed how the laws of all nations recognized the existence of witchcraft; and he collected hundreds of cases which had been investigated before the tribunals of his own or of other countries. He relates with the most minute and circumstantial detail, and with the most unfaltering confidence, all the proceedings at the witches’ Sabbath; the methods which the witches employed in transporting themselves through the air, their transformations, their carnal intercourse with the Devil, their various means of injuring their enemies, the signs that lead to their detection, their confessions when condemned, and their demeanor at the stake.”

Something must be allowed for a lawyer’s affection toward a belief which had furnished so many “cases.” Bodin’s work had been immediately prompted by the treatise “*De Prestigiis Dæmonum*,” written by John Wier, a German physician—a treatise which is worth notice as an example of a transitional form of opinion for which many analogies may be found in the history both of religion and science. Wier believed in demons, and in possession by demons, but his practice as a physician had convinced him that the so-called witches were patients and victims, that the Devil took advantage of their diseased condition to delude them, and that there was no consent of an evil will on the part of the women. He argued that the word in Leviticus translated “witch” meant “poisoner,” and besought the princes of Europe to hinder the further spilling of innocent blood. These heresies of Wier threw Bodin into such a state of amazed indignation, that if he had been an ancient Jew instead of a modern economical one, he would have rent his garment. “No one had ever heard of pardon being accorded to sorcerers”; and probably the reason why Charles IX. died young was because he had pardoned the sorcerer, *Trois Echelles*! We must remember that this was in 1581, when the great scientific movement of the Renaissance had

hardly begun—when Galileo was a youth of seventeen, and Kepler a boy of ten.

But directly afterward, on the other side, came Montaigne, whose sceptical acuteness could arrive at negatives without any apparatus of method. A certain keen narrowness of nature will secure a man from many absurd beliefs which the larger soul, vibrating to more manifold influences, would have a long struggle to part with. And so we find the charming, chatty Montaigne—in one of the brightest of his essays, “Des Boiteux,” where he declares that, from his own observation of witches and sorcerers, he should have recommended them to be treated with curative hellebore—stating in his own way a pregnant doctrine, since taught more gravely. It seems to him much less of a prodigy that men should lie, or that their imaginations should deceive them, than that a human body should be carried through the air on a broomstick, or up a chimney, by some unknown spirit. He thinks it a sad business to persuade one’s self that the test of truth lies in the multitude of believers—“en une presse où les fols surpassent de tant les sages en nombre.” Ordinarily, he has observed, when men have something stated to them as a fact, they are more ready to explain it than to inquire whether it is real: “Ils passent par-dessus les propositions, mais ils examinent les conséquences; *ils laissent les choses, et courent aux causes.*” There is a sort of strong and generous ignorance which is as honorable and courageous as science—“ignorance pour laquelle concevoir il n’y a pas moins de science qu’à concevoir la science.” And *à propos* of the immense traditional evidence which weighed with such men as Bodin, he says: “As for the proofs and arguments founded on experience and facts, I do not pretend to unravel these. What end of a thread is there to lay hold of? I often cut them as Alexander did his knot. *Après tout, c’est mettre ses conjectures à bien haut prix, que d’en faire cuire un homme tout vif.*”

Writing like this, when it finds eager readers, is a sign that the weather is changing; yet much later, namely, after 1665, when the Royal Society had been founded, our own Glanvil, the author of the “*Scepsis Scientifica*,” a work that was a remarkable advance toward a true definition of the limits of

inquiry, and that won him his election as fellow of the Society, published an energetic vindication of the belief in witchcraft, of which Mr. Lecky gives the following sketch:—

“The ‘Sadducismus Triumphatus,’ which is probably the ablest book ever published in defence of the superstition, opens with a striking picture of the rapid progress of the scepticism in England. Everywhere a disbelief in witchcraft was becoming fashionable in the upper classes; but it was a disbelief that arose entirely from a strong sense of its antecedent improbability. All who were opposed to the orthodox faith united in discrediting witchcraft. They laughed at it, as palpably absurd, as involving the most grotesque and ludicrous conceptions, as so essentially incredible that it would be a waste of time to examine it. This spirit had arisen since the Restoration, although the laws were still in force, and although little or no direct reasoning had been brought to bear upon the subject. In order to combat it, Glanvil proceeded to examine the general question of the credibility of the miraculous. He saw that the reason why witchcraft was ridiculed was, because it was a phase of the miraculous and the work of the Devil; that the scepticism was chiefly due to those who disbelieved in miracles and the Devil; and that the instances of witchcraft or possession in the Bible were invariably placed on a level with those that were tried in the law courts of England. That the evidence of the belief was overwhelming, he firmly believed—and this, indeed, was scarcely disputed; but, until the sense of *à priori* improbability was removed, no possible accumulation of facts would cause men to believe it. To that task he accordingly addressed himself. Anticipating the idea and almost the words of modern controversialists, he urged that there was such a thing as a credulity of unbelief; and that those who believe so strange a concurrence of delusions, as was necessary on the supposition of the unreality of witchcraft, were far more credulous than those who accepted the belief. He made his very scepticism his principal weapon; and, analyzing with much acuteness the *à priori* objections, he showed that they rested upon an unwarrantable confidence in our knowledge of the laws of the spirit world; that they implied the existence of some strict analogy between the faculties of men and of spirits; and that, as such analogy most probably did not exist, no reasoning based on the supposition could dispense men from examining the evidence. He concluded with a large collection of cases, the evidence of which was, as he thought, incontestable.”

We have quoted this sketch because Glanvil's argument against the *à priori* objection of absurdity is fatiguingly urged in relation to other alleged marvels which, to busy people seriously occupied with the difficulties of affairs, of science, or of art, seem as little worthy of examination as aeronautic broomsticks. And also because we here see Glanvil, in com-

bating an incredulity that does not happen to be his own, wielding that very argument of traditional evidence which he had made the subject of vigorous attack in his "Scepsis Scientifica." But perhaps large minds have been peculiarly liable to this fluctuation concerning the sphere of tradition, because, while they have attacked its misapplications, they have been the more solicited by the vague sense that tradition is really the basis of our best life. Our sentiments may be called organized traditions; and a large part of our actions gather all their justification, all their attraction and aroma, from the memory of the life lived, of the actions done, before we were born. In the absence of any profound research into psychological functions or into the mysteries of inheritance, in the absence of any comprehensive view of man's historical development and the dependence of one age on another, a mind at all rich in sensibilities must always have had an indefinite uneasiness in an undistinguishing attack on the coercive influence of tradition. And this may be the apology for the apparent inconsistency of Glanvil's acute criticism on the one side, and his indignation at the "looser gentry," who laughed at the evidences for witchcraft, on the other. We have already taken up too much space with this subject of witchcraft, else we should be tempted to dwell on Sir Thomas Browne, who far surpassed Glanvil in magnificent incongruity of opinion, and whose works are the most remarkable combination existing, of witty sarcasm against ancient nonsense and modern obsequiousness, with indications of a capacious credulity. After all, we may be sharing what seems to us the hardness of these men who sat in their studies and argued at their ease about a belief that would be reckoned to have caused more misery and bloodshed than any other superstition, if there had been no such thing as persecution on the ground of religious opinion.

On this subject of persecution, Mr. Lecky writes his best: with clearness of conception, with calm justice, bent on appreciating the necessary tendency of ideas, and with an appropriateness of illustration that could be supplied only by extensive and intelligent reading. Persecution, he shows, is not in any sense peculiar to the Catholic Church; it is a direct

sequence of the doctrines that salvation is to be had only within the Church, and that erroneous belief is damnatory—doctrines held as fully by Protestant sects as by the Catholics; and in proportion to its power, Protestantism has been as persecuting as Catholicism. He maintains, in opposition to the favorite modern notion of persecution defeating its own object, that the Church, holding the dogma of exclusive salvation, was perfectly consequent, and really achieved its end of spreading one belief and quenching another by calling in the aid of the civil arm. Who will say that Governments, by their power over institutions and patronage, as well as over punishment, have not power also over the interests and inclinations of men, and over most of those external conditions into which subjects are born, and which make them adopt the prevalent belief as a second nature? Hence, to a sincere believer in the doctrine of exclusive salvation, Governments had it in their power to save men from perdition; and wherever the clergy were at the elbow of the civil arm, no matter whether they were Catholic or Protestant, persecution was the result. "Compel them to come in" was a rule that seemed sanctioned by mercy, and the horrible sufferings it led men to inflict seemed small to minds accustomed to contemplate, as a perpetual source of motive, the eternal unmitigated miseries of a hell that was the inevitable destination of a majority amongst mankind.

It is a significant fact, noted by Mr. Lecky, that the only two leaders of the Reformation who advocated tolerance were Zuinglius and Socinus, both of them disbelievers in exclusive salvation. And in corroboration of other evidence that the chief triumphs of the Reformation were due to coercion, he commends to the special attention of his readers the following quotation from a work attributed without question to the famous Protestant theologian, Jurieu, who had himself been hindered, as a Protestant, from exercising his professional functions in France, and was settled as pastor at Rotterdam. It should be remembered that Jurieu's labors fell in the latter part of the seventeenth century and in the beginning of the eighteenth, and that he was the contemporary of Bayle, with whom he was in bitter controversial hostility. He wrote,

then, at a time when there was warm debate on the question of Toleration; and it was his great object to vindicate himself and his French fellow-Protestants from all laxity on this point:—

“Peut-on nier que le paganisme est tombé dans le monde par l'autorité des empereurs Romains? On peut assurer sans témérité que le paganisme seroit encore debout, et que les trois quarts de l'Europe seroient encore payens si Constantin et ses successeurs n'avaient employé leur autorité pour l'abolir. Mais, je vous prie, de quelles voies Dieu s'est-il servi dans ces derniers siècles pour rétablir la véritable religion dans l'Occident? *Les rois de Suède, ceux de Danemarck, ceux d'Angleterre, les magistrats souverains de Suisse, des Pais Bas, des villes libres d'Allemagne, les princes électeurs, et autres princes souverains de l'empire, n'ont-ils pas employé leur autorité pour abattre le Papisme?*”

Indeed, wherever the tremendous alternative of everlasting torments is believed in—believed in so that it becomes a motive determining the life—not only persecution, but every other form of severity and gloom, are the legitimate consequences. There is much ready declamation in these days against the spirit of asceticism and against zeal for doctrinal conversion; but surely the macerated form of a Saint Francis, the fierce denunciations of a Saint Dominic, the groans and prayerful wrestlings of the Puritan who seasoned his bread with tears and made all pleasurable sensation sin, are more in keeping with the contemplation of unending anguish as the destiny of a vast multitude whose nature we share, than the rubicund cheerfulness of some modern divines, who profess to unite a smiling liberalism with a well-bred and tacit but unshaken confidence in the reality of the bottomless pit. But in fact, as Mr. Lecky maintains, that awful image, with its group of associated dogmas concerning the inherited curse, and the damnation of unbaptized infants, of heathens, and of heretics, has passed away from what he is fond of calling “the realizations” of Christendom. These things are no longer the objects of practical belief. They may be mourned for in encyclical letters; bishops may regret them; doctors of divinity may sign testimonials to the excellent character of these decayed beliefs; but for the mass of Christians they are no more influential than unrepealed but forgotten statutes. And with these dogmas has melted away the strong basis for

the defence of persecution. No man now writes eager vindications of himself and his colleagues from the suspicion of adhering to the principle of toleration. And this momentous change, it is Mr. Lecky's object to show, is due to that concurrence of conditions which he has chosen to call "the advance of the Spirit of Rationalism."

In other parts of his work, where he attempts to trace the action of the same conditions on the acceptance of miracles and on other chief phases of our historical development, Mr. Lecky has laid himself open to considerable criticism. The chapters on the Miracles of the Church, the æsthetic, scientific, and moral Development of Rationalism, the Secularization of Politics, and the Industrial history of Rationalism, embrace a wide range of diligently gathered facts; but they are nowhere illuminated by a sufficiently clear conception and statement of the agencies at work, or the mode of their action in the gradual modification of opinion and of life. The writer frequently impresses us as being in a state of hesitation concerning his own standing-point, which may form a desirable stage in private meditation but not in published exposition. Certain epochs in theoretic conception, certain considerations, which should be fundamental to his survey, are introduced quite incidentally in a sentence or two, or in a note which seems to be an afterthought. Great writers and their ideas are touched upon too slightly and with too little discrimination, and important theories are sometimes characterized with a rashness which conscientious revision will correct. There is a fatiguing use of vague or shifting phrases, such as "modern civilization," "spirit of the age," "tone of thought," "intellectual type of the age," "bias of the imagination," "habits of religious thought," unbalanced by any precise definition; and the spirit of rationalism is sometimes treated of as if it lay outside the specific mental activities of which it is a generalized expression. Mr. Curdle's famous definition of the dramatic unities as "a sort of a general oneness," is not totally false; but such luminousness as it has could only be perceived by those who already knew what the unities were. Mr. Lecky has the advantage of being strongly impressed with the great part played by the emotions in the formation of opinion, and

with the high complexity of the causes at work in social evolution; but he frequently writes as if he had never yet distinguished between the complexity of the conditions that produce prevalent states of mind, and the inability of particular minds to give distinct reasons for the preferences or persuasions produced by those states. In brief, he does not discriminate, or does not help his reader to discriminate, between objective complexity and subjective confusion. But the most muddle-headed gentleman who represents the spirit of the age by observing, as he settles his collar, that the development-theory is quite "the thing," is a result of definite processes, if we could only trace them. "Mental attitudes" and "predispositions," however vague in consciousness, have not vague causes, any more than the "blind motions of the spring" in plants and animals.

The word "Rationalism" has the misfortune, shared by most words in this gray world, of being somewhat equivocal. This evil may be nearly overcome by careful preliminary definition; but Mr. Lecky does not supply this, and the original specific application of the word to a particular phase of Biblical interpretation seems to have clung about his use of it with a misleading effect. Through some parts of his book he appears to regard the grand characteristic of modern thought and civilization, compared with ancient, as a radiation in the first instance from a change in religious conceptions. The supremely important fact, that the gradual reduction of all phenomena within the sphere of established law, which carries as a consequence the rejection of the miraculous, has its determining current in the development of physical science, seems to have engaged comparatively little of his attention; at least, he gives it no prominence. The great conception of universal regular sequence, without partiality and without caprice—the conception which is the most potent force at work in the modification of our faith, and of the practical form given to our sentiments—could only grow out of that patient watching of external fact, and that silencing of preconceived notions, which are urged upon the mind by the problems of physical science.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF GERMAN LIFE: RIEHL.

It is an interesting branch of psychological observation to note the images that are habitually associated with abstract or collective terms—what may be called the picture-writing of the mind, which it carries on concurrently with the more subtle symbolism of language. Perhaps the fixity or variety of these associated images would furnish a tolerably fair test of the amount of concrete knowledge and experience which a given word represents, in the minds of two persons who use it with equal familiarity. The word *railways*, for example, will probably call up, in the mind of a man who is not highly locomotive, the image either of a “Bradshaw,” or of the station with which he is most familiar, or of an indefinite length of tram-road; he will alternate between these three images, which represent his stock of concrete acquaintance with railways. But suppose a man to have had successively the experience of a “navvy,” an engineer, a traveller, a railway director and shareholder, and a landed proprietor in treaty with a railway company, and it is probable that the range of images which would by turns present themselves to his mind at the mention of the *word* “railways,” would include all the essential facts in the existence and relations of the *thing*. Now it is possible for the first-mentioned personage to entertain very expanded views as to the multiplication of railways in the abstract, and their ultimate function in civilization. He may talk of a vast network of railways stretching over the globe, of future “lines” in Madagascar, and elegant refreshment-rooms in the Sandwich Islands, with none the less glibness because his distinct conceptions on the subject do not extend beyond his one station and his indefinite length of tram-road. But it is evident that if we want a railway to be

made, or its affairs to be managed, this man of wide views and narrow observation will not serve our purpose.

Probably, if we could ascertain the images called up by the terms "the people," "the masses," "the proletariat," "the peasantry," by many who theorize on those bodies with eloquence, or who legislate for them without eloquence, we should find that they indicate almost as small an amount of concrete knowledge—that they are as far from completely representing the complex facts summed up in the collective term, as the railway images of our non-locomotive gentleman. How little the real characteristics of the working classes are known to those who are outside them, how little their natural history has been studied, is sufficiently disclosed by our Art as well as by our political and social theories. Where, in our picture exhibitions, shall we find a group of true peasantry? What English artist even attempts to rival in truthfulness such studies of popular life as the pictures of Teniers or the ragged boys of Murillo? Even one of the greatest painters of the pre-eminently realistic school, while, in his picture of "The Hireling Shepherd," he gave us a landscape of marvellous truthfulness, placed a pair of peasants in the foreground who were not much more real than the idyllic swains and damsels of our chimney ornaments. Only a total absence of acquaintance and sympathy with our peasantry could give a moment's popularity to such a picture as "Cross Purposes," where we have a peasant girl who looks as if she knew L. E. L.'s poems by heart, and English rustics, whose costume seems to indicate that they are meant for ploughmen, with exotic features that remind us of a handsome *primo tenore*. Rather than such Cockney sentimentality as this, as an education for the taste and sympathies, we prefer the most crapulous group of boors that Teniers ever painted. But even those among our painters who aim at giving the rustic type of features, who are far above the effeminate feebleness of the "Keepsake" style, treat their subjects under the influence of traditions and prepossessions rather than of direct observation. The notion that peasants are joyous, that the typical moment to represent a man in a smock-frock is when he is cracking a joke and showing a row of sound teeth, that cot-

tage matrons are usually buxom, and village children necessarily rosy and merry, are prejudices difficult to dislodge from the artistic mind, which looks for its subjects into literature instead of life. The painter is still under the influence of idyllic literature, which has always expressed the imagination of the cultivated and town-bred, rather than the truth of rustic life. Idyllic ploughmen are jocund when they drive their team afield; idyllic shepherds make bashful love under hawthorn-bushes; idyllic villagers dance in the checkered shade and refresh themselves, not immoderately, with spicy nut-brown ale. But no one who has seen much of actual ploughmen thinks them jocund; no one who is well acquainted with the English peasantry can pronounce them merry. The slow gaze, in which no sense of beauty beams, no humor twinkles,—the slow utterance, and the heavy slouching walk, remind one rather of that melancholy animal the camel, than of the sturdy countryman, with striped stockings, red waistcoat, and hat aside, who represents the traditional English peasant. Observe a company of haymakers. When you see them at a distance, tossing up the forkfuls of hay in the golden light, while the wagon creeps slowly with its increasing burden over the meadow, and the bright green space which tells of work done gets larger and larger, you pronounce the scene “smiling,” and you think these companions in labor must be as bright and cheerful as the picture to which they give animation. Approach nearer, and you will certainly find that hay-making-time is a time for joking, especially if there are women among the laborers; but the coarse laugh that bursts out every now and then, and expresses the triumphant taunt, is as far as possible from your conception of idyllic merriment. That delicious effervescence of the mind which we call fun has no equivalent for the northern peasant, except tipsy revelry; the only realm of fancy and imagination for the English clown exists at the bottom of the third quart-pot.

The conventional countryman of the stage, who picks up pocket-books and never looks into them, and who is too simple even to know that honesty has its opposite, represents the still lingering mistake, that an unintelligible dialect is a guaranty for ingenuousness, and that slouching shoulders indicate

an upright disposition. It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket; a reaper is not given to writing begging-letters, but he is quite capable of cajoling the dairymaid into filling his small-beer bottle with ale. The selfish instincts are not subdued by the sight of buttercups, nor is integrity in the least established by that classic rural occupation, sheep-washing. To make men moral, something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass.

Opera peasants, whose unreality excites Mr. Ruskin's indignation, are surely too frank an idealization to be misleading; and since popular chorus is one of the most effective elements of the opera, we can hardly object to lyric rustics in elegant laced bodices and picturesque motley, unless we are prepared to advocate a chorus of colliers in their pit costume, or a ballet of charwomen and stocking-weavers. But our social novels profess to represent the people as they are, and the unreality of their representations is a grave evil. The greatest benefit we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the extension of our sympathies. Appeals founded on generalizations and statistics require a sympathy ready-made, a moral sentiment already in activity; but a picture of human life such as a great artist can give, surprises even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment. When Scott takes us into Luckie Mucklebackit's cottage, or tells the story of "The Two Drovers,"—when Wordsworth sings to us the reverie of "Poor Susan,"—when Kingsley shows us Alton Locke gazing yearningly over the gate which leads from the highway into the first wood he ever saw,—when Hornung paints a group of chimney-sweepers,—more is done toward linking the higher classes with the lower, toward obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness, than by hundreds of sermons and philosophical dissertations. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the

People. Falsification here is far more pernicious than in the more artificial aspects of life. It is not so very serious that we should have false ideas about evanescent fashions—about the manners and conversation of beaux and duchesses; but it is serious that our sympathy with the perennial joys and struggles, the toil, the tragedy, and the humor in the life of our more heavily laden fellow-men, should be perverted, and turned toward a false object instead of the true one.

This perversion is not the less fatal because the misrepresentation which gives rise to it has what the artist considers a moral end. The thing for mankind to know is, not what are the motives and influences which the moralist thinks *ought* to act on the laborer or the artisan, but what are the motives and influences which *do* act on him. We want to be taught to feel, not for the heroic artisan or the sentimental peasant, but for the peasant in all his coarse apathy, and the artisan in all his suspicious selfishness.

We have one great novelist who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external traits of our town population; and if he could give us their psychological character—their conceptions of life, and their emotions—with the same truth as their idiom and manners, his books would be the greatest contribution Art has ever made to the awakening of social sympathies. But while he can copy Mrs. Plornish's colloquial style with the delicate accuracy of a sun-picture, while there is the same startling inspiration in his description of the gestures and phrases of "Boots," as in the speeches of Shakespeare's mobs or numskulls, he scarcely ever passes from the humorous and external to the emotional and tragic, without becoming as transcendent in his unreality as he was a moment before in his artistic truthfulness. But for the precious salt of his humor, which compels him to reproduce external traits that serve, in some degree, as a corrective to his frequently false psychology, his preternaturally virtuous poor children and artisans, his melodramatic boatmen and courtesans, would be as noxious as Eugène Sue's idealized proletaires in encouraging the miserable fallacy that high morality and refined sentiment can grow out of harsh social relations, ignorance, and want; or that the working classes are in a condition to

enter at once into a millennial state of *altruism*, wherein every one is caring for every one else, and no one for himself.

If we need a true conception of the popular character to guide our sympathies rightly, we need it equally to check our theories, and direct us in their application. The tendency created by the splendid conquests of modern generalization, to believe that all social questions are merged in economical science, and that the relations of men to their neighbors may be settled by algebraic equations,—the dream that the uncultured classes are prepared for a condition which appeals principally to their moral sensibilities,—the aristocratic diletteantism which attempts to restore the “good old times” by a sort of idyllic masquerading, and to grow feudal fidelity and veneration as we grow prize turnips, by an artificial system of culture,—none of these diverging mistakes can coexist with a real knowledge of the People, with a thorough study of their habits, their ideas, their motives. The land-holder, the clergyman, the mill-owner, the mining-agent, have each an opportunity for making precious observations on different sections of the working classes; but unfortunately their experience is too often not registered at all, or its results are too scattered to be available as a source of information and stimulus to the public mind generally. If any man of sufficient moral and intellectual breadth, whose observations would not be vitiated by a foregone conclusion, or by a professional point of view, would devote himself to studying the natural history of our social classes, especially of the small shopkeepers, artisans, and peasantry,—the degree in which they are influenced by local conditions, their maxims and habits, the points of view from which they regard their religious teachers, and the degree in which they are influenced by religious doctrines, the interaction of the various classes on each other, and what are the tendencies in their position toward disintegration or toward development,—and if, after all this study, he would give us the result of his observations in a book well nourished with specific facts, his work would be a valuable aid to the social and political reformer.

What we are desiring for ourselves has been in some degree done for the Germans by Riehl, the author of the very re-

markable books the titles of which are placed at the bottom of this page;¹ and we wish to make these books known to our readers, not only for the sake of the interesting matter they contain and the important reflections they suggest, but also as a model for some future or actual student of our own people. By way of introducing Riehl to those who are unacquainted with his writings, we will give a rapid sketch from his picture of the German Peasantry, and perhaps this indication of the mode in which he treats a particular branch of his subject may prepare them to follow us with more interest when we enter on the general purpose and contents of his works.

In England, at present, when we speak of the peasantry, we mean scarcely more than the class of farm-servants and farm-laborers; and it is only in the most primitive districts—as in Wales, for example—that farmers are included under the term. In order to appreciate what Riehl says of the German peasantry, we must remember what the tenant-farmers and small proprietors were in England half a century ago, when the master helped to milk his own cows, and the daughters got up at one o'clock in the morning to brew,—when the family dined in the kitchen with the servants, and sat with them round the kitchen fire in the evening. In those days the quarried parlor was innocent of a carpet, and its only specimens of art were a framed sampler and the best tea-board; the daughters even of substantial farmers had often no greater accomplishment in writing and spelling than they could procure at a dame-school; and, instead of carrying on sentimental correspondence, they were spinning their future table-linen, and looking after every saving in butter and eggs that might enable them to add to the little stock of plate and china which they were laying in against their marriage. In our own day, setting aside the superior order of farmers, whose style of living and mental culture are often equal to that of the professional class in provincial towns, we can hardly enter the least imposing farmhouse without finding a bad piano in the “drawing-room,” and some old annuals, disposed with a symmetrical imitation of negligence, on the table;

¹ *Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft.* Von W. H. Riehl. Dritte Auflage, 1855. *Land und Leute.* Von W. H. Riehl. Dritte Auflage, 1856.

though the daughters may still drop their *h*'s, their vowels are studiously narrow; and it is only in very primitive regions that they will consent to sit in a covered vehicle without springs, which was once thought an advance in luxury on the pillion.

The condition of the tenant-farmers and small proprietors in Germany is, we imagine, about on a par, not, certainly, in material prosperity, but in mental culture and habits, with that of the English farmers who were beginning to be thought old-fashioned nearly fifty years ago; and if we add to these the farm-servants and laborers, we shall have a class approximating in its characteristics to the *Bauernthum*, or peasantry, described by Riehl.

In Germany, perhaps more than in any other country, it is among the peasantry that we must look for the historical type of the national *physique*. In the towns this type has become so modified to express the personality of the individual, that even "family likeness" is often but faintly marked. But the peasants may still be distinguished into groups by their physical peculiarities. In one part of the country we find a longer-legged, in another a broader-shouldered race, which has inherited these peculiarities for centuries. For example, in certain districts of Hesse are seen long faces, with high foreheads, long straight noses, and small eyes with arched eyebrows and large eyelids. On comparing these physiognomies with the sculptures in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Marburg, executed in the thirteenth century, it will be found that the same old Hessian type has subsisted unchanged, with this distinction only, that the sculptures represent princes and nobles, whose features then bore the stamp of their race, while that stamp is now to be found only among the peasants. A painter who wants to draw mediæval characters with historic truth, must seek his models among the peasantry. This explains why the old German painters gave the heads of their subjects a greater uniformity of type than the painters of our day; the race had not attained to a high degree of individualization in features and expression. It indicates, too, that the cultured man acts more as an individual; the peasant, more as one of a group. Hans drives the plough, lives, and thinks

just as Kunz does; and it is this fact, that many thousands of men are as like each other in thoughts and habits as so many sheep or oysters, which constitutes the weight of the peasantry in the social and political scale.

In the cultivated world each individual has his style of speaking and writing. But among the peasantry it is the race, the district, the province, that has its style—namely, its dialect, its phraseology, its proverbs, and its songs, which belong alike to the entire body of the people. This provincial style of the peasant is again, like his *physique*, a remnant of history to which he clings with the utmost tenacity. In certain parts of Hungary, there are still descendants of German colonists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who go about the country as reapers, retaining their old Saxon songs and manners, while the more cultivated German emigrants in a very short time forget their own language, and speak Hungarian. Another remarkable case of the same kind is that of the Wends, a Slavonic race settled in Lusatia, whose numbers amount to 200,000, living either scattered among the German population or in separate parishes. They have their own schools and churches, and are taught in the Slavonic tongue. The Catholics among them are rigid adherents of the Pope; the Protestants not less rigid adherents of Luther, or *Doctor* Luther, as they are particular in calling him—a custom which, a hundred years ago, was universal in Protestant Germany. The Wend clings tenaciously to the usages of his Church, and perhaps this may contribute not a little to the purity in which he maintains the specific characteristics of his race. German education, German law and government, service in the standing army, and many other agencies, are in antagonism to his national exclusiveness; but the *wives* and *mothers* here, as elsewhere, are a conservative influence, and the habits temporarily laid aside in the outer world are recovered by the fireside. The Wends form several stout regiments in the Saxon army; they are sought far and wide, as diligent and honest servants; and many a weakly Dresden or Leipzig child becomes thriving under the care of a Wendish nurse. In their villages they have the air and habits of genuine, sturdy peasants, and all their customs indicate that they

have been, from the first, an agricultural people. For example, they have traditional modes of treating their domestic animals. Each cow has its own name, generally chosen carefully, so as to express the special qualities of the animal; and all important family events are narrated to the *bees*—a custom which is found also in Westphalia. Whether by the help of the bees or not, the Wend farming is especially prosperous; and when a poor Bohemian peasant has a son born to him, he binds him to the end of a long pole and turns his face toward Lusatia, that he may be as lucky as the Wends who live there.

The peculiarity of the peasant's language consists chiefly in his retention of historical peculiarities, which gradually disappear under the friction of cultivated circles. He prefers any proper name that may be given to a day in the calendar, rather than the abstract date, by which he very rarely reckons. In the baptismal names of his children he is guided by the old custom of the country, not at all by whim and fancy. Many old baptismal names, formerly common in Germany, would have become extinct but for their preservation among the peasantry, especially in North Germany; and so firmly have they adhered to local tradition in this matter, that it would be possible to give a sort of topographical statistics of proper names, and distinguish a district by its rustic names as we do by its Flora and Fauna. The continuous inheritance of certain favorite proper names in a family, in some districts, forces the peasant to adopt the princely custom of attaching a numeral to the name, and saying, when three generations are living at once, Hans I., II., and III.; or, in the more antique fashion, Hans the elder, the middle, and the younger. In some of our English counties there is a similar adherence to a narrow range of proper names; and as a mode of distinguishing collateral branches in the same family, you will hear of Jonathan's Bess, Thomas's Bess, and Samuel's Bess—the three Bessies being cousins.

The peasant's adherence to the traditional has much greater inconvenience than that entailed by a paucity of proper names. In the Black Forest and in Hüttenberg you will see him in the dog-days wearing a thick fur cap, because it is a historical fur

cap—a cap worn by his grandfather. In the Wetterau, that peasant girl is considered the handsomest who wears the most petticoats. To go to field-labor in seven petticoats can be anything but convenient or agreeable, but it is the traditionally correct thing; and a German peasant girl would think herself as unfavorably conspicuous in an untraditional costume as an English servant-girl would now think herself in a “linsey-woolsey” apron or a thick muslin cap. In many districts no medical advice would induce the rustic to renounce the tight leather belt with which he injures his digestive functions; you could more easily persuade him to smile on a new communal system than on the unhistorical invention of braces. In the eighteenth century, in spite of the philanthropic preachers of potatoes, the peasant for years threw his potatoes to the pigs and the dogs, before he could be persuaded to put them on his own table. However, the unwillingness of the peasant to adopt innovations has a not unreasonable foundation in the fact, that for him experiments are practical, not theoretical, and must be made with expense of money instead of brains—a fact that is not, perhaps, sufficiently taken into account by agricultural theorists, who complain of the farmer’s obstinacy. The peasant has the smallest possible faith in theoretic knowledge; he thinks it rather dangerous than otherwise, as is well indicated by a Lower Rhenish proverb: “One is never too old to learn, said an old woman; so she learned to be a witch.”

Between many villages an historical feud—once perhaps the occasion of much bloodshed—is still kept up under the milder form of an occasional round of cudgelling, and the launching of traditional nicknames. An historical feud of this kind still exists, for example, among many villages on the Rhine and more inland places in the neighborhood. *Rheinschnacke* (of which the equivalent is perhaps “water-snake”) is the standing term of ignominy for the inhabitant of the Rhine village, who repays it in kind by the epithet “karst” (mattock) or “kukuk” (cuckoo), according as the object of his hereditary hatred belongs to the field or the forest. If any Romeo among the “mattocks” were to marry a Juliet among the “water-snakes,” there would be no lack of Tybalts and

Mercutios to carry the conflict from words to blows, though neither side knows a reason for the enmity.

A droll instance of peasant conservatism is told of a village on the Taunus, whose inhabitants from time immemorial had been famous for impromptu cudgelling. For this historical offence the magistrates of the district had always inflicted the equally historical punishment of shutting up the most incorrigible offenders, not in prison, but in their own pig-sty. In recent times, however, the Government, wishing to correct the rudeness of these peasants, appointed an "enlightened" man as a magistrate, who at once abolished the original penalty above-mentioned. But this relaxation of punishment was so far from being welcome to the villagers, that they presented a petition praying that a more energetic man might be given them as a magistrate, who would have the courage to punish according to law and justice, "as had been before-time." And the magistrate who abolished incarceration in the pig-sty could never obtain the respect of the neighborhood. This happened no longer ago than the beginning of the present century.

But it must not be supposed that the historical piety of the German peasant extends to anything not immediately connected with himself. He has the warmest piety toward the old tumble-down house which his grandfather built, and which nothing will induce him to improve; but toward the venerable ruins of the old castle that overlooks his village he has no piety at all, and carries off its stones to make a fence for his garden, or tears down the Gothic carving of the old monastic church, which is "nothing to him," to mark off a footpath through his field. It is the same with historical traditions. The peasant has them fresh in his memory, so far as they relate to himself. In districts where the peasantry are unadulterated, you discern the remnants of the feudal relations in innumerable customs and phrases, but you will ask in vain for historical traditions concerning the empire, or even concerning the particular princely house to which the peasant is subject. He can tell you what "half people and whole people" mean; in Hesse you will still hear of "four horses making a whole peasant," or of "four-day and three-

day peasants": but you will ask in vain about Charlemagne and Frederic Barbarossa.

Riehl well observes that the feudal system, which made the peasant the bondman of his lord, was an immense benefit in a country the greater part of which had still to be colonized,—rescued the peasant from vagabondage, and laid the foundation of persistency and endurance in future generations. If a free German peasantry belongs only to modern times, it is to his ancestor who was a serf, and even, in the earliest times, a slave, that the peasant owes the foundation of his independence—namely, his capability of a settled existence,—nay, his unreasoning persistency, which has its important function in the development of the race.

Perhaps the very worst result of that unreasoning persistency is the peasant's inveterate habit of litigation. Every one remembers the immortal description of Dandie Dinmont's importunate application to Lawyer Pleydell to manage his "bit lawsuit," till at length Pleydell consents to help him ruin himself, on the ground that Dandie may fall into worse hands. It seems, this is a scene which has many parallels in Germany. The farmer's lawsuit is his point of honor; and he will carry it through, though he knows from the very first day that he shall get nothing by it. The litigious peasant piques himself, like Mr. Saddletree, on his knowledge of the law, and this vanity is the chief impulse to many a lawsuit. To the mind of the peasant, law presents itself as the "custom of the country," and it is his pride to be versed in all customs. *Custom with him holds the place of sentiment, of theory, and in many cases of affection.* Riehl justly urges the importance of simplifying law proceedings, so as to cut off this vanity at its source, and also of encouraging, by every possible means, the practice of arbitration.

The peasant never begins his lawsuit in summer, for the same reason that he does not make love and marry in summer,—because he has no time for that sort of thing. Anything is easier to him than to move out of his habitual course, and he is attached even to his privations. Some years ago, a peasant youth, out of the poorest and remotest region of the Westewald, was enlisted as a recruit, at Weilburg in Nassau. The

lad having never in his life slept in a bed, when he had to get into one for the first time began to cry like a child; and he deserted twice because he could not reconcile himself to sleeping in a bed, and to the "fine" life of the barracks: he was homesick at the thought of his accustomed poverty and his thatched hut. A strong contrast this with the feeling of the poor in towns, who would be far enough from deserting because their condition was too much improved! The genuine peasant is never ashamed of his rank and calling; he is rather inclined to look down on every one who does not wear a smock-frock, and thinks a man who has the manners of the gentry is likely to be rather windy and unsubstantial. In some places, even in French districts, this feeling is strongly symbolized by the practice of the peasantry, on certain festival days, to dress the images of the saints in peasant's clothing. History tells us of all kinds of peasant insurrections, the object of which was to obtain relief for the peasants from some of their many oppressions; but of an effort on their part to step out of their hereditary rank and calling, to become gentry, to leave the plough and carry on the easier business of capitalists or Government functionaries, there is no example.

The German novelists who undertake to give pictures of peasant life, fall into the same mistake as our English novelists; they transfer their own feelings to ploughmen and woodcutters, and give them both joys and sorrows of which they know nothing. The peasant never questions the obligation of family ties—he questions *no custom*,—but tender affection, as it exists amongst the refined part of mankind, is almost as foreign to him as white hands and filbert-shaped nails. That the aged father who has given up his property to his children on condition of their maintaining him for the remainder of his life, is very far from meeting with delicate attentions, is indicated by the proverb current among the peasantry—"Don't take your clothes off before you go to bed."¹ Among rustic moral tales and parables, not one is more universal than the story of the ungrateful children, who made their gray-headed father, dependent on them for a maintenance, eat at a wooden trough because he shook the food out of his trembling hands.

¹ This proverb is common among the English farmers also.

Then these same ungrateful children observed one day that their own little boy was making a tiny wooden trough; and when they asked him what it was for, he answered—that his father and mother might eat out of it, when he was a man and had to keep them.

Marriage is a very prudential affair, especially among the peasants who have the largest share of property. Politic marriages are as common among them as among princes; and when a peasant-heiress in Westphalia marries, her husband adopts her name, and places his own after it with the prefix *geborner (né)*. The girls marry young, and the rapidity with which they get old and ugly is one among the many proofs that the early years of marriage are fuller of hardships than of conjugal tenderness. “When our writers of village stories,” says Riehl, “transferred their own emotional life to the peasant, they obliterated what is precisely his most predominant characteristic—namely, that with him general custom holds the place of individual feeling.”

We pay for greater emotional susceptibility too often by nervous diseases of which the peasant knows nothing. To him headache is the least of physical evils, because he thinks head-work the easiest and least indispensable of all labor. Happily, many of the younger sons in peasant families, by going to seek their living in the towns, carry their hardy nervous system to amalgamate with the over-wrought nerves of our town population, and refresh them with a little rude vigor. And a return to the habits of peasant life is the best remedy for many moral as well as physical diseases induced by perverted civilization. Riehl points to colonization as presenting the true field for this regenerative process. On the other side of the ocean a man will have the courage to begin life again as a peasant, while at home, perhaps, opportunity as well as courage will fail him. *Apropos* of this subject of emigration, he remarks the striking fact that the native shrewdness and mother-wit of the German peasant seem to forsake him entirely when he has to apply them under new circumstances, and on relations foreign to his experience. Hence it is that the German peasant who emigrates, so constantly falls a victim to unprincipled adventurers in the preliminaries to emi-

gration; but if once he gets his foot on the American soil, he exhibits all the first-rate qualities of an agricultural colonist; and among all German emigrants, the peasant class are the most successful.

But many disintegrating forces have been at work on the peasant character, and degeneration is unhappily going on at a greater pace than development. In the wine districts especially, the inability of the small proprietors to bear up under the vicissitudes of the market, or to ensure a high quality of wine by running the risks of a late vintage, and the competition of beer and cider with the inferior wines, have tended to produce that uncertainty of gain which, with the peasant, is the inevitable cause of demoralization. The small peasant proprietors are not a new class in Germany, but many of the evils of their position are new. They are more dependent on ready money than formerly: thus, where a peasant used to get his wood for building and firing from the common forest, he has now to pay for it with hard cash; he used to thatch his own house, with the help perhaps of a neighbor, but now he pays a man to do it for him; he used to pay taxes in kind, he now pays them in money. The chances of the market have to be discounted, and the peasant falls into the hands of money-lenders. Here is one of the cases in which social policy clashes with a purely economical policy.

Political vicissitudes have added their influence to that of economical changes in disturbing that dim instinct, that reverence for traditional custom, which is the peasant's principle of action. He is in the midst of novelties for which he knows no reason—changes in political geography, changes of the Government to which he owes fealty, changes in bureaucratic management and police regulations. He finds himself in a new element before an apparatus for breathing in it is developed in him. His only knowledge of modern history is in some of its results—for instance, that he has to pay heavier taxes from year to year. His chief idea of a Government is of a power that raises his taxes, opposes his harmless customs, and torments him with new formalities. The source of all this is the false system of “enlightening” the peasant which has been adopted by the bureaucratic Governments. A sys-

tem which disregards the traditions and hereditary attachments of the peasant, and appeals only to a logical understanding which is not yet developed in him, is simply disintegrating and ruinous to the peasant character. The interference with the communal regulations has been of this fatal character. Instead of endeavoring to promote to the utmost the healthy life of the Commune, as an organism the conditions of which are bound up with the historical characteristics of the peasant, the bureaucratic plan of government is bent on improvement by its patent machinery of State-appointed functionaries, and off-hand regulations in accordance with modern enlightenment. The spirit of communal exclusiveness—the resistance to the indiscriminate establishment of strangers—is an intense traditional feeling in the peasant. “This gallows is for us and our children,” is the typical motto of this spirit. But such exclusiveness is highly irrational and repugnant to modern liberalism; therefore a bureaucratic Government at once opposes it, and encourages to the utmost the introduction of new inhabitants in the provincial communes. Instead of allowing the peasants to manage their own affairs, and, if they happen to believe that five and four make eleven, to unlearn the prejudice by their own experience in calculation, so that they may gradually understand processes, and not merely see results, bureaucracy comes with its “Ready Reckoner” and works all the peasant’s sums for him—the surest way of maintaining him in his stupidity, however it may shake his prejudice.

Another questionable plan for elevating the peasant is the supposed elevation of the clerical character, by preventing the clergyman from cultivating more than a trifling part of the land attached to his benefice,—that he may be as much as possible of a scientific theologian, and as little as possible of a peasant. In this, Riehl observes, lies one great source of weakness to the Protestant Church as compared with the Catholic, which finds the great majority of its priests among the owner orders; and we have had the opportunity of making an analogous comparison in England, where many of us can remember country districts in which the great mass of the people were christianized by illiterate Methodist and Independent

ministers; while the influence of the parish clergyman among the poor did not extend much beyond a few old women in scarlet cloaks, and a few exceptional church-going laborers.

Bearing in mind the general characteristics of the German peasant, it is easy to understand his relation to the revolutionary ideas and revolutionary movements of modern times. The peasant in Germany, as elsewhere, is a born grumbler. He has always plenty of grievances in his pocket, but he does not generalize those grievances; he does not complain of "government" or "society," probably because he has good reason to complain of the burgomaster. When a few sparks from the first French Revolution fell among the German peasantry, and in certain villages of Saxony the country people assembled together to write down their demands, there was no glimpse in their petition of the "universal rights of man," but simply of their own particular affairs as Saxon peasants. Again, after the July revolution of 1830, there were many insignificant peasant insurrections; but the object of almost all was the removal of local grievances. Toll-houses were pulled down; stamped paper was destroyed; in some places there was a persecution of wild boars, in others of that plentiful tame animal, the German *Rath*, or councillor who is never called into council. But in 1848 it seemed as if the movements of the peasants had taken a new character; in the small western states of Germany it seemed as if the whole class of peasantry was in insurrection. But, in fact, the peasant did not know the meaning of the part he was playing. He had heard that everything was being set right in the towns, and that wonderful things were happening there, so he tied up his bundle and set off. Without any distinct object or resolution, the country people presented themselves on the scene of commotion, and were warmly received by the party leaders. But, seen from the windows of ducal palaces and ministerial hotels, these swarms of peasants had quite another aspect, and it was imagined that they had a common plan of co-operation. This, however, the peasants have never had. Systematic co-operation implies general conceptions, and a provisional subordination of egoism, to which even the artisans of towns have rarely shown themselves equal, and

which are as foreign to the mind of the peasant as logarithms or the doctrine of chemical proportions. And the revolutionary fervor of the peasant was soon cooled. The old mistrust of the towns was reawakened on the spot. The Tyrolese peasants saw no great good in the freedom of the press and the constitution, because these changes "seemed to please the gentry so much." Peasants who had given their voices stormily for a German parliament asked afterward, with a doubtful look, whether it were to consist of infantry or cavalry. When royal domains were declared the property of the State, the peasants in some small principalities rejoiced over this, because they interpreted it to mean that every one would have his share in them, after the manner of the old common and forests rights.

The very practical views of the peasants, with regard to the demands of the people, were in amusing contrast with the abstract theorizing of the educated townsmen. The peasant continually withheld all State payments until he saw how matters would turn out, and was disposed to reckon up the solid benefit, in the form of land or money, that might come to him from the changes obtained. While the townsman was heating his brains about representation on the broadest basis, the peasant asked if the relation between tenant and landlord would continue as before, and whether the removal of the "feudal obligations" meant that the farmer should become owner of the land?

It is in the same naïve way that Communism is interpreted by the German peasantry. The wide spread among them of communistic doctrines, the eagerness with which they listened to a plan for the partition of property, seemed to countenance the notion that it was a delusion to suppose the peasant would be secured from this intoxication by his love of secure possession and peaceful earnings. But, in fact, the peasant contemplated "partition" by the light of a historical reminiscence rather than of novel theory. The golden age, in the imagination of the peasant, was the time when every member of the commune had a right to as much wood from the forest as would enable him to sell some, after using what he wanted in firing,—in which the communal possessions were so profit-

able that, instead of his having to pay rates at the end of the year, each member of the commune was something in pocket. Hence the peasants in general understood by "partition" that the State lands, especially the forests, would be divided among the communes, and that, by some political legerdemain or other, everybody would have free firewood, free grazing for his cattle, and, over and above that, a piece of gold without working for it. That he should give up a single clod of his own to further the general "partition" had never entered the mind of the peasant communist; and the perception that this was an essential preliminary to "partition" was often a sufficient cure for his Communism.

In villages lying in the neighborhood of large towns, however, where the circumstances of the peasantry are very different, quite another interpretation of Communism is prevalent. Here the peasant is generally sunk to the position of the proletaire, living from hand to mouth; he has nothing to lose, but everything to gain by "partition." The coarse nature of the peasant has here been corrupted into bestiality by the disturbance of his instincts, while he is as yet incapable of principles; and in this type of the degenerate peasant is seen the worst example of ignorance intoxicated by theory.

A significant hint as to the interpretation the peasants put on revolutionary theories, may be drawn from the way they employed the few weeks in which their movements were unchecked. They felled the forest trees and shot the game; they withheld taxes; they shook off the imaginary or real burdens imposed on them by their mediatized princes, by presenting their "demands" in a very rough way before the ducal or princely "Schloss"; they set their faces against the bureaucratic management of the communes, deposed the Government functionaries who had been placed over them as burgomasters and magistrates, and abolished the whole bureaucratic system of procedure, simply by taking no notice of its regulations, and recurring to some tradition—some old order or disorder of things. In all this it is clear that they were animated not in the least by the spirit of modern revolution, but by a purely narrow and personal impulse toward reaction.

The idea of constitutional government lies quite beyond the

range of the German peasant's conceptions. His only notion of representation is that of a representation of ranks — of classes; his only notion of a deputy is of one who takes care, not of the national welfare, but of the interests of his own order. Herein lay the great mistake of the democratic party, in common with the bureaucratic Governments, that they entirely omitted the peculiar character of the peasant from their political calculations. They talked of the "people," and forgot that the peasants were included in the term. Only a baseless misconception of the peasant's character could induce the supposition that he would feel the slightest enthusiasm about the principles involved in the reconstitution of the Empire, or even about that reconstitution itself. He has no zeal for a written law, as such, but only so far as it takes the form of a living law—a tradition. It was the external authority which the revolutionary party had won in Baden that attracted the peasants into a participation in the struggle.

Such, Riehl tells us, are the general characteristics of the German peasantry—characteristics which subsist amidst a wide variety of circumstances. In Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Brandenburg, the peasant lives on extensive estates; in Westphalia he lives in large isolated homesteads; in the West-erwald and in Sauerland, in little groups of villages and hamlets; on the Rhine, land is for the most part parcelled out among small proprietors, who live together in large villages. Then, of course, the diversified physical geography of Germany gives rise to equally diversified methods of land-culture; and out of these various circumstances grow numerous specific differences in manner and character. But the generic character of the German peasant is everywhere the same: in the clean mountain-hamlet and in the dirty fishing-village on the coast; in the plains of North Germany and in the backwoods of America. "Everywhere he has the same historical character—everywhere custom is his supreme law. Where religion and patriotism are still a naïve instinct—are still a sacred *custom*—there begins the class of the German Peasantry."

Our readers will perhaps already have gathered from the foregoing portrait of the German peasant, that Riehl is not a

man who looks at objects through the spectacles either of the doctrinaire or the dreamer; and they will be ready to believe what he tells us in his Preface—namely, that years ago he began his wanderings over the hills and plains of Germany for the sake of obtaining, in immediate intercourse with the people, that completion of his historical, political, and economical studies which he was unable to find in books. He began his investigations with no party prepossessions, and his present views were evolved entirely from his own gradually amassed observations. He was, first of all, a pedestrian, and only in the second place a political author. The views at which he has arrived by this inductive process, he sums up in the term—*social-political-conservatism*; but his conservatism is, we conceive, of a thoroughly philosophical kind. He sees in European society *incarnate history*, and any attempt to disengage it from its historical elements must, he believes, be simply destructive of social vitality.¹ What has grown up historically can only die out historically, by the gradual operation of necessary laws. The external conditions which society has inherited from the past are but the manifestation of inherited internal conditions in the human beings who compose it; the internal conditions and the external are related to each other as the organism and its medium, and development can take place only by the gradual consentaneous development of both. Take the familiar example of attempts to abolish titles, which have been about as effective as the process of cutting off poppy-heads in a corn-field. “*Jedem Menschen,*” says Riehl, “*ist sein Zopf angeboren, warum soll denn der sociale Sprachgebrauch nicht auch seinen Zopf haben?*”—which we may render—“As long as snobbism runs in the blood, why should it not run in our speech?” As a necessary preliminary to a purely rational society, you must obtain purely rational men, free from the sweet and bitter prejudices of hereditary affection and antipathy; which is as easy as to get running streams without springs, or the leafy shade of the forest without the secular growth of trunk and branch.

¹Throughout this article, in our statement of Riehl's opinions, we must be understood not as quoting Riehl, but as interpreting and illustrating him.

The historical conditions of society may be compared with those of language. It must be admitted that the language of cultivated nations is in anything but a rational state; the great sections of the civilized world are only approximatively intelligible to each other, and even that, only at the cost of long study; one word stands for many things, and many words for one thing; the subtle shades of meaning, and still subtler echoes of association, make language an instrument which scarcely anything short of genius can wield with definiteness and certainty. Suppose, then, that the effort which has been again and again made to construct a universal language on a rational basis has at length succeeded, and that you have a language which has no uncertainty, no whims of idiom, no cumbrous forms, no fitful shimmer of many-hued significance, no hoary archaisms "familiar with forgotten years"—a patent deodorized and non-resonant language, which effects the purpose of communication as perfectly and rapidly as algebraic signs. Your language may be a perfect medium of expression to science, but will never express *life*, which is a great deal more than science. With the anomalies and inconveniences of historical language, you will have parted with its music and its passion, with its vital qualities as an expression of individual character, with its subtle capabilities of wit, with everything that gives it power over the imagination; and the next step in simplification will be the invention of a talking watch, which will achieve the utmost facility and despatch in the communication of ideas by a graduated adjustment of ticks, to be represented in writing by a corresponding arrangement of dots. A melancholy "language of the future"! The sensory and motor nerves that run in the same sheath, are scarcely bound together by a more necessary and delicate union than that which binds men's affections, imagination, wit, and humor, with the subtle ramifications of historical language. Language must be left to grow in precision, completeness, and unity, as minds grow in clearness, comprehensiveness, and sympathy. And there is an analogous relation between the moral tendencies of men and the social conditions they have inherited. The nature of European men has its roots intertwined with the past, and can only be developed

by allowing those roots to remain undisturbed while the process of development is going on, until that perfect ripeness of the seed which carries with it a life independent of the root. This vital connection with the past is much more vividly felt on the Continent than in England, where we have to recall it by an effort of memory and reflection; for though our English life is in its core intensely traditional, Protestantism and commerce have modernized the face of the land and the aspects of society in a far greater degree than in any Continental country:—

“Abroad,” says Ruskin, “a building of the eighth or tenth century stands ruinous in the open street; the children play around it, the peasants heap their corn in it, the buildings of yesterday nestle about it, and fit their new stones in its rents, and tremble in sympathy as it trembles. No one wonders at it, or thinks of it as separate, and of another time; we feel the ancient world to be a real thing, and one with the new; antiquity is no dream; it is rather the children playing about the old stones that are the dream. But all is continuous, and the words, ‘from generation to generation,’ understandable here.”

This conception of European society as incarnate history, is the fundamental idea of Riehl's books.

After the notable failure of revolutionary attempts conducted from the point of view of abstract democratic and socialistic theories, after the practical demonstration of the evils resulting from a bureaucratic system which governs by an indiscriminating, dead mechanism, Riehl wishes to urge on the consideration of his countrymen a social policy founded on the special study of the people as they are—on the natural history of the various social ranks. He thinks it wise to pause a little from theorizing, and see what is the material actually present for theory to work upon. It is the glory of the Socialists—in contrast with the democratic doctrinaires who have been too much occupied with the general idea of “the people” to inquire particularly into the actual life of the people—that they have thrown themselves with enthusiastic zeal into the study at least of one social group—namely, the factory operatives; and here lies the secret of their partial success. But, unfortunately, they have made this special study of a single fragment of society the basis of a theory which

quietly substitutes for the small group of Parisian proletaires or English factory-workers, the society of all Europe—nay, of the whole world. And in this way they have lost the best fruit of their investigations. For, says Riehl, the more deeply we penetrate into the knowledge of society in its details, the more thoroughly we shall be convinced that *a universal social policy has no validity except on paper*, and can never be carried into successful practice. The conditions of German society are altogether different from those of French, of English, or of Italian society; and to apply the same social theory to these nations indiscriminately, is about as wise a procedure as Triptolemus Yellowley's application of the agricultural directions in Virgil's "Georgics" to his farm in the Shetland Isles.

It is the clear and strong light in which Riehl places this important position, that in our opinion constitutes the suggestive value of his books for foreign as well as German readers. It has not been sufficiently insisted on, that in the various branches of Social Science there is an advance from the general to the special, from the simple to the complex, analogous with that which is found in the series of the sciences, from Mathematics to Biology. To the laws of quantity comprised in Mathematics and Physics are superadded, in Chemistry, laws of quality; to these again are added, in Biology, laws of life; and lastly, the conditions of life in general branch out into its special conditions, or Natural History, on the one hand, and into its abnormal conditions, or Pathology, on the other. And in this series or ramification of the sciences, the more general science will not suffice to solve the problems of the more special. Chemistry embraces phenomena which are not explicable by Physics; Biology embraces phenomena which are not explicable by Chemistry; and no biological generalization will enable us to predict the infinite specialities produced by the complexity of vital conditions. So Social Science, while it has departments which in their fundamental generality correspond to mathematics and physics—namely, those grand and simple generalizations which trace out the inevitable march of the human race as a whole, and, as a ramification of these, the laws of economical science—has also, in the departments of government and jurisprudence, which

embrace the conditions of social life in all their complexity, what may be called its Biology, carrying us on to innumerable special phenomena which outlie the sphere of science, and belong to Natural History. And just as the most thorough acquaintance with physics, or chemistry, or general physiology will not enable you at once to establish the balance of life in your private vivarium, so that your particular society of zoöphytes, molluscs, and echinodérms may feel themselves, as the Germans say, at ease in their skin; so the most complete equipment of theory will not enable a statesman or a political and social reformer to adjust his measures wisely, in the absence of a special acquaintance with the section of society for which he legislates, with the peculiar characteristics of the nation, the province, the class whose well-being he has to consult. In other words, a wise social policy must be based not simply on abstract social science, but on the Natural History of social bodies.

Riehl's books are not dedicated merely to the argumentative maintenance of this or of any other position; they are intended chiefly as a contribution to that knowledge of the German people on the importance of which he insists. He is less occupied with urging his own conclusions than with impressing on his readers the facts which have led him to those conclusions. In the volume entitled "Land und Leute," which, though published last, is properly an introduction to the volume entitled "Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft," he considers the German people in their physical-geographical relations; he compares the natural divisions of the race, as determined by land and climate, and social traditions, with the artificial divisions which are based on diplomacy; and he traces the genesis and influences of what we may call the ecclesiastical geography of Germany—its partition between Catholicism and Protestantism. He shows that the ordinary antithesis of North and South Germany represents no real ethnographical distinction, and that the natural divisions of Germany, founded on its physical geography, are threefold—namely, the low plains, the middle mountain region, and the high mountain region, or Lower, Middle, and Upper Germany; and on this primary natural division all the other broad ethnographical

distinctions of Germany will be found to rest. The plains of North or Lower Germany include all the seaboard the nation possesses; and this, together with the fact that they are traversed to the depth of 600 miles by navigable rivers, makes them the natural seat of a trading race. Quite different is the geographical character of Middle Germany. While the northern plains are marked off into great divisions, by such rivers as the Lower Rhine, the Weser, and the Oder, running almost in parallel lines, this central region is cut up like a mosaic by the capricious lines of valleys and rivers. Here is the region in which you find those famous roofs from which the rain-water runs toward two different seas, and the mountain-tops from which you may look into eight or ten German States. The abundance of water-power and the presence of extensive coal-mines allow of a very diversified industrial development in Middle Germany. In Upper Germany, or the high mountain region, we find the same symmetry in the lines of the rivers as in the north; almost all the great Alpine streams flow parallel with the Danube. But the majority of these rivers are neither navigable nor available for industrial objects, and instead of serving for communication, they shut off one great tract from another. The slow development, the simple peasant-life of many districts, is here determined by the mountain and the river. In the southeast, however, industrial activity spreads through Bohemia toward Austria, and forms a sort of balance to the industrial districts of the Lower Rhine. Of course, the boundaries of these three regions cannot be very strictly defined; but an approximation to the limits of Middle Germany may be obtained by regarding it as a triangle, of which one angle lies in Silesia, another in Aix-la-Chapelle, and a third at Lake Constance.

This triple division corresponds with the broad distinctions of climate. In the northern plains the atmosphere is damp and heavy; in the southern mountain region it is dry and rare, and there are abrupt changes of temperature, sharp contrasts between the seasons, and devastating storms; but in both these zones men are hardened by conflict with the roughnesses of the climate. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, there is little of this struggle; the seasons are more equable, and the

mild, soft air of the valleys tends to make the inhabitants luxurious and sensitive to hardships. It is only in exceptional mountain districts that one is here reminded of the rough, bracing air on the heights of Southern Germany. It is a curious fact that, as the air becomes gradually lighter and rarer from the North German coast toward Upper Germany, the average of suicides regularly decreases. Mecklenburg has the highest number, then Prussia, while the fewest suicides occur in Bavaria and Austria.

Both the northern and southern regions have still a large extent of waste lands, downs, morasses, and heaths; and to these are added, in the south, abundance of snow-fields and naked rock; while in Middle Germany culture has almost overspread the face of the land, and there are no large tracts of waste. There is the same proportion in the distribution of forests. Again, in the north we see a monotonous continuity of wheat-fields, potato-grounds, meadow-lands, and vast heaths; and there is the same uniformity of culture over large surfaces in the southern table-lands and the Alpine pastures. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, there is a perpetual variety of crops within a short space: the diversity of land surface, and the corresponding variety in the species of plants, are an invitation to the splitting up of estates, and this again encourages to the utmost the motley character of the cultivation.

According to this threefold division, it appears that there are certain features common to North and South Germany in which they differ from Central Germany, and the nature of this difference Riehl indicates by distinguishing the former as *Centralized Land* and the latter as *Individualized Land*—a distinction which is well symbolized by the fact that North and South Germany possess the great lines of railway which are the medium for the traffic of the world, while Middle Germany is far richer in lines for local communication, and possesses the greatest length of railway within the smallest space. Disregarding superficialities, the East Frieslanders, the Schleswig-Holsteiners, the Mecklenburgers, and the Pomeranians are much more nearly allied to the old Bavarians, the Tyrolese, and the Styrians, than any of these are allied to the Saxons, the Thuringians, or the Rhinelanders. Both in North

and South Germany original races are still found in large masses, and popular dialects are spoken; you still find there thoroughly peasant districts, thorough villages, and also, at great intervals, thorough cities; you still find there a sense of rank. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, the original races are fused together or sprinkled hither and thither; the peculiarities of the popular dialects are worn down or confused; there is no very strict line of demarcation between the country and the town population, hundreds of small towns and large villages being hardly distinguishable in their characteristics; and the sense of rank, as part of the organic structure of society, is almost extinguished. Again, both in the north and south there is still a strong ecclesiastical spirit in the people, and the Pomeranian sees Antichrist in the Pope as clearly as the Tyrolese sees him in Doctor Luther; while in Middle Germany the confessions are mingled—they exist peaceably side by side in very narrow space, and tolerance or indifference has spread itself widely even in the popular mind. And the analogy, or rather the causal relation, between the physical geography of the three regions and the development of the population goes still further:—

“For,” observes Riehl, “the striking connection which has been pointed out between the local geological formations in Germany and the revolutionary disposition of the people, has more than a metaphorical significance. Where the primeval physical revolutions of the globe have been the wildest in their effects, and the most multifarious strata have been tossed together or thrown one upon the other, it is a very intelligible consequence that on a land surface thus broken up, the population should sooner develop itself into small communities, and that the more intense life generated in these smaller communities should become the most favorable nidus for the reception of modern culture, and with this a susceptibility for its revolutionary ideas; while a people settled in a region where its groups are spread over a large space will persist much more obstinately in the retention of its original character. The people of Middle Germany have none of that exclusive one-sidedness which determines the peculiar genius of great national groups, just as this one-sidedness or uniformity is wanting to the geological and geographical character of their land.”

This ethnographical outline Riehl fills up with special and typical descriptions, and then makes it the starting-point for a criticism of the actual political condition of Germany. The

volume is full of vivid pictures, as well as penetrating glances into the maladies and tendencies of modern society. It would be fascinating as literature, if it were not important for its facts and philosophy. But we can only commend it to our readers, and pass on to the volume entitled "Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft," from which we have drawn our sketch of the German peasantry. Here Riehl gives us a series of studies in that natural history of the people, which he regards as the proper basis of social policy. He holds that, in European society, there are *three natural ranks or estates*: the hereditary landed aristocracy, the citizens or commercial class, and the peasantry or agricultural class. By *natural ranks* he means ranks which have their roots deep in the historical structure of society, and are still, in the present, showing vitality above ground; he means those great social groups which are not only distinguished externally by their vocation, but essentially by their mental character, their habits, their mode of life,—by the principle they represent in the historical development of society. In his conception of the "Fourth Estate" he differs from the usual interpretation, according to which it is simply equivalent to the Proletariat, or those who are dependent on daily wages, whose only capital is their skill or bodily strength—factory operatives, artisans, agricultural laborers, to whom might be added, especially in Germany, the day-laborers with the quill, the literary proletariat. This, Riehl observes, is a valid basis of economical classification, but not of social classification. In his view, the Fourth Estate is a stratum produced by the perpetual abrasion of the other great social groups; it is the sign and result of the decomposition which is commencing in the organic constitution of society. Its elements are derived alike from the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the peasantry. It assembles under its banner the deserters of historical society, and forms them into a terrible army, which is only just awaking to the consciousness of its corporate power. The tendency of this Fourth Estate, by the very process of its formation, is to do away with the distinctive historical character of the other estates, and to resolve their peculiar rank and vocation into a uniform social relation founded on an abstract conception of society. According to

Riehl's classification, the day-laborers, whom the political economist designates as the Fourth Estate, belong partly to the peasantry or agricultural class, and partly to the citizens or commercial class.

Riehl considers, in the first place, the peasantry and aristocracy as the "Forces of social persistence," and, in the second, the bourgeoisie and the "fourth estate" as the "Forces of social movement."

The aristocracy, he observes, is the only one among these four groups which is denied by others besides Socialists to have any natural basis as a separate rank. It is admitted that there was once an aristocracy which had an intrinsic ground of existence; but now, it is alleged, this is an historical fossil, an antiquarian relic, venerable because gray with age. In what, it is asked, can consist the peculiar vocation of the aristocracy, since it has no longer the monopoly of the land, of the higher military functions, and of Government offices, and since the service of the Court has no longer any political importance? To this Riehl replies that in great revolutionary crises, the "men of progress" have more than once "abolished" the aristocracy. But remarkably enough, the aristocracy has always reappeared. This measure of abolition showed that the nobility were no longer regarded as a real class, for to abolish a real class would be an absurdity. It is quite possible to contemplate a voluntary breaking up of the peasant or citizen class in the socialistic sense, but no man in his senses would think of straightway "abolishing" citizens and peasants. The aristocracy, then, was regarded as a sort of cancer, or excrescence of society. Nevertheless, not only has it been found impossible to annihilate a hereditary nobility by decree; but also, the aristocracy of the eighteenth century outlived even the self-destructive acts of its own perversity. A life which was entirely without object, entirely destitute of functions, would not, says Riehl, be so persistent. He has an acute criticism of those who conduct a polemic against the idea of a hereditary aristocracy while they are proposing an "aristocracy of talent," which after all is based on the principle of inheritance. The Socialists are, therefore, only consistent in declaring against an aristocracy of talent. "But

when they have turned the world into a great Foundling Hospital, they will still be unable to eradicate the 'privileges of birth.'” We must not follow him in his criticism, however; nor can we afford to do more than mention hastily his interesting sketch of the mediæval aristocracy, and his admonition to the German aristocracy of the present day, that the vitality of their class is not to be sustained by romantic attempts to revive mediæval forms and sentiments, but only by the exercise of functions as real and salutary for actual society as those of the mediæval aristocracy were for the feudal age. “In modern society the divisions of rank indicate *division of labor*, according to that distribution of functions in the social organism which the historical constitution of society has determined. In this way the principle of differentiation and the principle of unity are identical.”

The elaborate study of the German bourgeoisie which forms the next division of the volume must be passed over; but we may pause a moment to note Riehl's definition of the social *Philister* (Philistine), an epithet for which we have no equivalent—not at all, however, for want of the object it represents. Most people who read a little German, know that the epithet *Philister* originated in the *Burschen-Leben*, or student-life in Germany, and that the antithesis of *Bursch* and *Philister* was equivalent to the antithesis of “gown” and “town”; but since the word has passed into ordinary language, it has assumed several shades of significance which have not yet been merged in a single absolute meaning; and one of the questions which an English visitor in Germany will probably take an opportunity of asking is, “What is the strict meaning of the word *Philister*?” Riehl's answer is, that the *Philister* is one who is indifferent to all social interests, all public life, as distinguished from selfish and private interests; he has no sympathy with political and social events except as they affect his own comfort and prosperity, as they offer him material for amusement or opportunity for gratifying his vanity. He has no social or political creed, but is always of the opinion which is most convenient for the moment. He is always in the majority, and is the main element of unreason and stupidity in the judgment of a “discerning public.” It seems

presumptuous to us to dispute Riehl's interpretation of a German word, but we must think that, in literature, the epithet *Philister* has usually a wider meaning than this—includes his definition and something more. We imagine the *Philister* is the personification of the spirit which judges everything from a lower point of view than the subject demands—which judges the affairs of the parish from the egotistic or purely personal point of view—which judges the affairs of the nation from the parochial point of view, and does not hesitate to measure the merits of the universe from the human point of view. At least, this must surely be the spirit to which Goethe alludes in a passage cited by Riehl himself, where he says that the Germans need not be ashamed of erecting a monument to him as well as to Blücher; for if Blücher had freed them from the French, he (Goethe) had freed them from the nets of the *Philister*:—

“Ihr mögt mir immer ungescheut
Gleich Blüchern Denkmal setzen!
Von Franzosen hat er euch befreit,
Ich von Philister-Netzen.”

Goethe could hardly claim to be the apostle of public spirit; but he is eminently the man who helps us to rise to a lofty point of observation, so that we may see things in their relative proportions.

The most interesting chapters in the description of the “Fourth Estate,” which concludes the volume, are those on the “Aristocratic Proletariat” and the “Intellectual Proletariat.” The Fourth Estate in Germany, says Riehl, has its centre of gravity not, as in England and France, in the day-laborers and factory operatives, and still less in the degenerate peasantry. In Germany, the *educated* proletariat is the leaven that sets the mass in fermentation; the dangerous classes there go about, not in blouses, but in frock-coats; they begin with the impoverished prince and end in the hungriest *littérateur*. The custom that all the sons of a nobleman shall inherit their father's title, necessarily goes on multiplying that class of aristocrats who are not only without function but without adequate provision, and who shrink from entering the ranks of the citizens by adopting some honest calling. The

younger son of a prince, says Riehl, is usually obliged to remain without any vocation; and however zealously he may study music, painting, literature, or science, he can never be a regular musician, painter, or man of science; his pursuit will be called a "passion," not a "calling," and to the end of his days he remains a *dilettante*. "But the ardent pursuit of a fixed practical calling can alone satisfy the active man." Direct legislation cannot remedy this evil. The inheritance of titles by younger sons is the universal custom, and custom is stronger than law. But if all Government preference for the "aristocratic proletariat" were withdrawn, the sensible men among them would prefer emigration, or the pursuit of some profession, to the hungry distinction of a title without rents.

The intellectual proletaires Riehl calls the "church militant" of the Fourth Estate in Germany. In no other country are they so numerous; in no other country is the trade in material and industrial capital so far exceeded by the wholesale and retail trade, the traffic and the usury, in the intellectual capital of the nation. *Germany yields more intellectual produce than it can use and pay for.*

"This over-production, which is not transient but permanent, nay, is constantly on the increase, evidences a diseased state of the national industry, a perverted application of industrial powers, and is a far more pungent satire on the national condition than all the poverty of operatives and peasants. . . . Other nations need not envy us the preponderance of the intellectual proletariat over the proletaires of manual labor. For man more easily becomes diseased from over-study than from the labor of the hands; and it is precisely in the intellectual proletariat that there are the most dangerous seeds of disease. This is the group in which the opposition between earnings and wants, between the ideal social position and the real, is the most hopelessly irreconcilable."

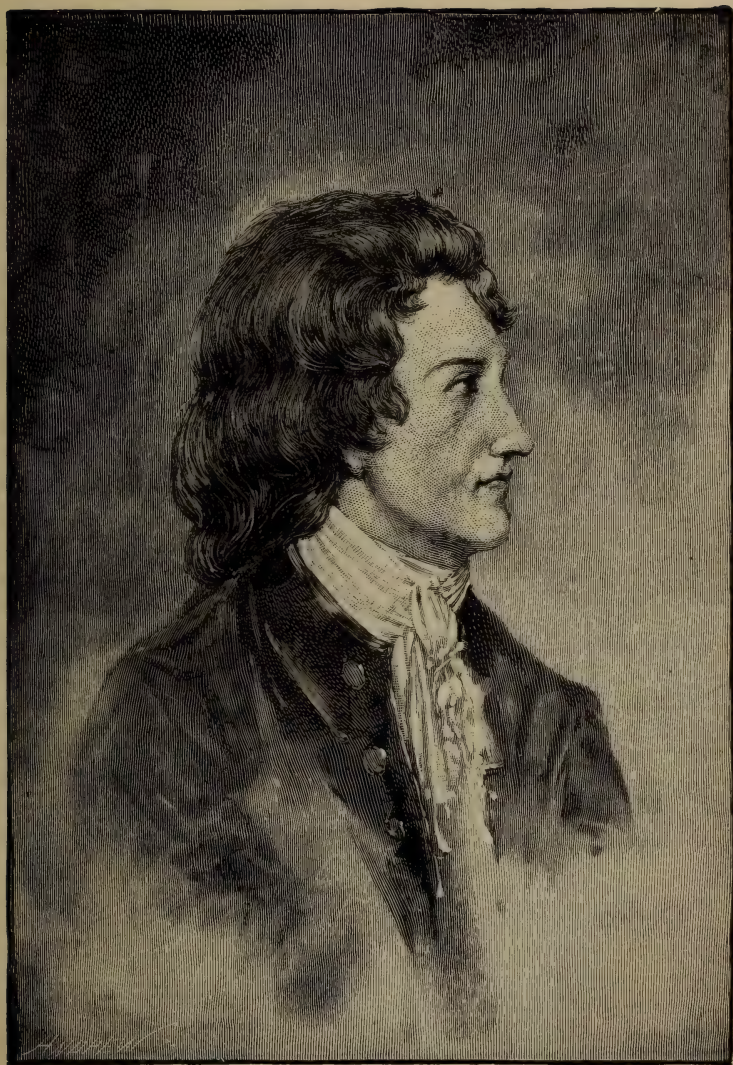
We must unwillingly leave our readers to make acquaintance for themselves with the graphic details with which Riehl follows up this general statement: but before quitting these admirable volumes, let us say, lest our inevitable omissions should have left room for a different conclusion, that Riehl's conservatism is not in the least tinged with the partisanship of a class, with a poetic fanaticism for the past, or with the prejudice of a mind incapable of discerning the grander evolution

of things to which all social forms are but temporarily subservient. It is the conservatism of a clear-eyed, practical, but withal large-minded man—a little caustic, perhaps, now and then in his epigrams on democratic doctrinaires who have their nostrum for all political and social diseases, and on communistic theories which he regards as “the despair of the individual in his own manhood, reduced to a system,” but nevertheless able and willing to do justice to the elements of fact and reason in every shade of opinion and every form of effort. He is as far as possible from the folly of supposing that the sun will go backward on the dial, because we put the hands of our clock backward; he only contends against the opposite folly of decreeing that it shall be mid-day, while in fact the sun is only just touching the mountain-tops, and all along the valley men are stumbling in the twilight.

THREE MONTHS IN WEIMAR.

IT was between three and four o'clock, on a fine morning in August, that, after a ten hours' journey from Frankfort, I awoke at the Weimar station. No tipsiness can be more dead to all appeals than that which comes from fitful draughts of sleep on a railway journey by night. To the disgust of your wakeful companions, you are totally insensible to the existence of your umbrella, and to the fact that your carpet-bag is stowed under your seat, or that you have borrowed books and tucked them behind the cushion. "What's the odds, so long as one can sleep?" is your philosophic formula, and it is not until you have begun to shiver on the platform in the early morning air that you become alive to property and its duties—*i.e.*, to the necessity of keeping a fast grip upon it. Such was my condition when I reached the station at Weimar. The ride to the town thoroughly roused me, all the more because the glimpses I caught from the carriage-window were in startling contrast with my preconceptions. The lines of houses looked rough and straggling, and were often interrupted by trees peeping out from the gardens behind. At last we stopped before the Erbprinze, an inn of long standing in the heart of the town, and were ushered along heavy-looking in-and-out corridors, such as are found only in German inns, into rooms which overlooked a garden just like one you may see at the back of a farmhouse in many an English village.

A walk in the morning in search of lodgings confirmed the impression that Weimar was more like a market-town than the precinct of a Court. "And this is the Athens of the North!" we said. Materially speaking, it is more like Sparta. The blending of rustic and civic life, the indications of a central government in the midst of very primitive-looking objects, has some distant analogy with the condition of old Lacedæmon. The shops are most of them such as you would see in



Portrait of Goethe.—Page 175.

Eliot's Essays.

the back streets of an English provincial town, and the commodities on sale are often chalked on the doorposts. A loud rumbling of vehicles may indeed be heard now and then; but the rumbling is loud, not because the vehicles are many, but because the springs are few. The inhabitants seemed to us to have more than the usual heaviness of *Germanity*; even their stare was slow, like that of herbivorous quadrupeds. We set out with the intention of exploring the town, and at every other turn we came into a street which took us *out* of the town, or else into one that led us back to the market from which we set out. One's first feeling was, How could Goethe live here in this dull, lifeless village? The reproaches cast on him for his worldliness and attachment to Court splendor seemed ludicrous enough, and it was inconceivable that the stately Jupiter, in a frock-coat, so familiar to us all through Rauch's statuette, could have habitually walked along these rude streets and among these slouching mortals. Not a picturesque bit of building was to be seen; there was no quaintness, nothing to remind one of historical associations, nothing but the most arid prosaism.

This was the impression produced by a first morning's walk in Weimar—an impression which very imperfectly represents what Weimar is, but which is worth recording, because it is true as a sort of back view. Our ideas were considerably modified when, in the evening, we found our way to the Belvedere *chaussée*, a splendid avenue of chestnut-trees, two miles in length, reaching from the town to the summer residence of Belvedere; when we saw the Schloss, and discovered the labyrinthine beauties of the park; indeed every day opened to us fresh charms in this quiet little valley and its environs. To any one who loves Nature in her gentle aspects, who delights in the checkered shade on a summer morning, and in a walk on the corn-clad upland at sunset, within sight of a little town nestled among the trees below, I say—come to Weimar. And if you are weary of English unrest, of that society of "eels in a jar," where each is trying to get his head above the other, the somewhat stupid well-being of the Weimarians will not be an unwelcome contrast, for a short time at least. If you care nothing about Goethe and Schiller and

Herder and Wieland, why, so much the worse for you—you will miss many interesting thoughts and associations; still, Weimar has a charm independent of these great names.

First among all its attractions is the Park, which would be remarkably beautiful even among English parks, and it has one advantage over all these—namely, that it is without a fence. It runs up to the houses, and far out into the corn-fields and meadows, as if it had a “sweet will” of its own, like a river or a lake, and had not been planned and planted by human will. Through it flows the Ilm,—not a clear stream, it must be confessed, but, like all water, as Novalis says, “an eye to the landscape.” Before we came to Weimar we had had dreams of boating on the Ilm, and we were not a little amused at the difference between this vision of our own and the reality. A few water-fowl are the only navigators of the river, and even they seem to confine themselves to one spot, as if they were there purely in the interest of the picturesque. The real extent of the park is small, but the walks are so ingeniously arranged, and the trees are so luxuriant and various, that it takes weeks to learn the turnings and windings by heart, so as no longer to have the sense of novelty. In the warm weather our great delight was the walk which follows the course of the Ilm, and is overarched by tall trees with patches of dark moss on their trunks, in rich contrast with the transparent green of the delicate leaves, through which the golden sunlight played, and checkered the walk before us. On one side of this walk the rocky ground rises to the height of twenty feet or more, and is clothed with mosses and rock-plants. On the other side there are, every now and then, openings,—breaks in the continuity of shade, which show you a piece of meadow-land, with fine groups of trees; and at every such opening a seat is placed under the rock, where you may sit and chat away the sunny hours, or listen to those delicate sounds which one might fancy came from tiny bells worn on the garment of Silence to make us aware of her invisible presence. It is along this walk that you come upon a truncated column, with a serpent twined round it, devouring cakes, placed on the column as offerings,—a bit of rude sculpture in stone. The inscription—*Genio loci*—enlightens the

learned as to the significance of this symbol, but the people of Weimar, unedified by classical allusions, have explained the sculpture by a story which is an excellent example of a modern myth. Once on a time, say they, a huge serpent infested the park, and evaded all attempts to exterminate him, until at last a cunning baker made some appetizing cakes which contained an effectual poison, and placed them in the serpent's reach, thus meriting a place with Hercules, Theseus, and other monster-slayers. Weimar, in gratitude, erected this column as a memorial of the baker's feat and its own deliverance. A little farther on is the Borkenhaus, where Carl August used to play the hermit for days together, and from which he used to telegraph to Goethe in his Gartenhaus. Sometimes we took our shady walk in the *Stern*, the oldest part of the park plantations, on the opposite side of the river, lingering on our way to watch the crystal brook which hurries on, like a foolish young maiden, to wed itself with the muddy Ilm. The Stern (Star), a large circular opening amongst the trees, with walks radiating from it, has been thought of as the place for the projected statues of Goethe and Schiller. In Rauch's model for these statues the poets are draped in togas, Goethe, who was considerably the shorter of the two, resting his hand on Schiller's shoulder; but it has been wisely determined to represent them in their "habit as they lived"; so Rauch's design is rejected. Against classical idealizing in portrait sculpture, Weimar has already a sufficient warning in the colossal statue of Goethe, executed after Bettina's design, which the readers of the "Correspondence with a Child" may see engraved as a frontispiece to the second volume. This statue is locked up in an odd structure, standing in the park, and looking like a compromise between a church and a summer-house (Weimar does *not* shine in its buildings!) How little real knowledge of Goethe must the mind have that could wish to see him represented as a naked Apollo, with a Psyche at his knee! The execution is as feeble as the sentiment is false; the Apollo-Goethe is a caricature, and the Psyche is simply vulgar. The statue was executed under Bettina's encouragement, in the hope that it would be bought by the King of Prussia; but a breach having taken place between her and her

Royal friend, a purchaser was sought in the Grand Duke of Weimar, who, after transporting it at enormous expense from Italy, wisely shut it up where it is seen only by the curious.

As autumn advanced and the sunshine became precious, we preferred the broad walk on the higher grounds of the park, where the masses of trees are finely disposed, leaving wide spaces of meadow which extend on one side to the Belvedere *allée* with its avenue of chestnut-trees, and on the other to the little cliffs which I have already described as forming a wall by the walk along the Ilm. Exquisitely beautiful were the graceful forms of the plane-trees, thrown in golden relief on a background of dark pines. Here we used to turn and turn again in the autumn afternoons,—at first bright and warm, then sombre with low-lying purple clouds, and chill with winds that sent the leaves raining from the branches. The eye here welcomes, as a contrast, the white façade of a building looking like a small Greek temple, placed on the edge of the cliff, and you at once conclude it to be a bit of pure ornament,—a device to set off the landscape; but you presently see a porter seated near the door of the basement story, beguiling the *ennui* of **hi**s sinecure by a book and a pipe, and you learn with surprise that this is another retreat for ducal dignity to unbend and philosophize in. Singularly ill-adapted to such a purpose it seems to beings not ducal. On the other side of the Ilm the park is bordered by the road leading to the little village of Ober Weimar,—another sunny walk which has the special attraction of taking one by Goethe's Gartenhaus, his first residence at Weimar. Inside, this Gartenhaus is a homely sort of cottage, such as many an English nobleman's gardener lives in; no furniture is left in it, and the family wish to sell it. Outside, its aspect became to us like that of a dear friend, whose irregular features and rusty clothes have a peculiar charm. It stands, with its bit of garden and orchard, on a pleasant slope, fronting the west; before it the park stretches one of its meadowy openings to the trees which fringe the Ilm, and between this meadow and the garden hedge lies the said road to Ober Weimar. A grove of weeping birches sometimes tempted us to turn out of this road up to the fields at the top of the slope, on which not only

the Gartenhaus but several other modest villas are placed. From this little height one sees to advantage the plantations of the park in their autumnal coloring; the town with its steep-roofed church, and castle clock-tower, painted a gay green; the bushy line of the Belvedere *chaussée*, and Belvedere itself peeping on an eminence from its nest of trees. Here, too, was the place for seeing a lovely sunset,—such a sunset as September sometimes gives us,—when the western horizon is like a rippled sea of gold, sending over the whole hemisphere golden vapors, which, as they near the east, are subdued to a deep rose-color.

The Schloss is rather a stately, ducal-looking building, forming three sides of a quadrangle. Strangers are admitted to see a suit of rooms called the Dichter-Zimmer (Poets' Rooms), dedicated to Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. The idea of these rooms is really a pretty one: in each of them there is a bust of the poet who is its presiding genius, and the walls of the Schiller and Goethe rooms are covered with frescos representing scenes from their works. The Wieland room is much smaller than the other two, and serves as an ante-chamber to them; it is also decorated more sparingly, but the arabesques on the walls are very tastefully designed, and satisfy one better than the ambitious compositions from Goethe and Schiller.

A more interesting place to visitors is the library, which occupies a large building not far from the Schloss. The principal *Saal*, surrounded by a broad gallery, is ornamented with some very excellent busts and some very bad portraits. Of the busts, the most remarkable is that of Gluck, by Houdon—a striking specimen of the *real* in art. The sculptor has given every scar made by the small-pox; he has left the nose as pug and insignificant, and the mouth as common, as Nature made them; but then he has done what, doubtless, Nature also did—he has spread over those coarsely cut features the irradiation of genius. A specimen of the opposite style in art is Trippel's bust of Goethe as the young Apollo, also fine in its way. It was taken when Goethe was in Italy; and in the "Italiänische Reise," mentioning the progress of the bust, he says that he sees little likeness to himself, but is not discon-

tented that he should go forth to the world as such a good-looking fellow—*hübscher Bursch*. This bust, however, is a frank idealization: when an artist tells us that the ideal of a Greek god divides his attention with his immediate subject, we are warned. But one gets rather irritated with idealization in portrait when, as in Dannecker's bust of Schiller, one has been misled into supposing that Schiller's brow was square and massive, while, in fact, it was receding. We say this partly on the evidence of his skull, a cast of which is kept in the library, so that we could place it in juxtaposition with the bust. The story of this skull is curious. When it was determined to disinter Schiller's remains, that they might repose in company with those of Carl August and Goethe, the question of identification was found to be a difficult one, for his bones were mingled with those of ten insignificant fellow-mortals. When, however, the eleven skulls were placed in juxtaposition, a large number of persons who had known Schiller, separately and successively fixed upon the same skull as his, and their evidence was clinched by the discovery that the teeth of this skull corresponded to the statement of Schiller's servant, that his master had lost no teeth, except one, which he specified. Accordingly it was decided that this was Schiller's skull, and the comparative anatomist, Loder, was sent for from Jena to select the bones which completed the skeleton.¹ The evidence certainly leaves room for a doubt; but the receding forehead of the skull agrees with the testimony of persons who knew Schiller, that he had, as Rauch said to us, a "miserable forehead"; it agrees, also, with a beautiful miniature of Schiller, taken when he was about twenty. This miniature is deeply interesting; it shows us a youth whose clearly cut features, with the mingled fire and melancholy of their expression, could hardly have been passed with indifference; it has the *langer Gänsehals* (long goose-neck) which he gives to his Karl Moor; but instead of the black, sparkling eyes, and the gloomy, overhanging, bushy eyebrows he chose

¹I tell this story from my recollection of Stahr's account in his "Weimar und Jena," an account which was confirmed to me by residents in Weimar; but as I have not the book by me, I cannot test the accuracy of my memory.

for his robber hero, it has the fine wavy, auburn locks, and the light-blue eyes which belong to our idea of pure German race. We may be satisfied that we know at least the *form* of Schiller's features, for in this particular his busts and portraits are in striking accordance; unlike the busts and portraits of Goethe, which are a proof, if any were wanted, how inevitably subjective art is, even when it professes to be purely imitative—how the most active perception gives us rather a reflex of what we think and feel, than the real sum of objects before us. The Goethe of Rauch or of Schwanthaler is widely different in form, as well as expression, from the Goethe of Stieler; and Winterberger, the actor, who knew Goethe intimately, told us that to him not one of all the likenesses, sculptured or painted, seemed to have more than a faint resemblance to their original. There is, indeed, one likeness, taken in his old age, and preserved in the library, which is startling from the conviction it produces of close resemblance, and Winterberger admitted it to be the best he had seen. It is a tiny miniature painted on a small cup, of Dresden china, and is so wonderfully executed, that a magnifying-glass exhibits the perfection of its texture as if it were a flower or a butterfly's wing. It is more like Stieler's portrait than any other; the massive neck, unbent though withered, rises out of his dressing-gown, and supports majestically a head, from which one might imagine (though, alas! it never is so in reality) that the discipline of seventy years had purged away all meaner elements than those of the sage and the poet—a head which might serve as a type of sublime old age. Amongst the collection of toys and trash, melancholy records of the late Grand Duke's eccentricity, which occupy the upper rooms of the library, there are some precious relics hanging together in a glass case, which almost betray one into sympathy with "holy coat" worship. They are—Luther's gown, the coat in which Gustavus Adolphus was shot, and Goethe's Court coat and *Schlafrock*. What a rush of thoughts from the mingled memories of the passionate reformer, the heroic warrior, and the wise singer!

The only one of its great men to whom Weimar has at present erected a statue in the open air is Herder. His statue,

erected in 1850, stands in what is called the Herder Platz, with its back to the church in which he preached; in the right hand is a roll bearing his favorite motto—*Licht, Liebe, Leben* (Light, Love, Life), and on the pedestal is the inscription—*Von Deutschen aller Länder* (from Germans of all lands). This statue, which is by Schaller of Munich, is very much admired; but, remembering the immortal description in the “*Dichtung und Wahrheit*,” of Herder’s appearance when Goethe saw him for the first time at Strasburg, I was disappointed with the parsonic appearance of the statue, as well as of the bust in the library. The part of the town which imprints itself on the memory, next to the Herder Platz, is the Markt, a cheerful square, made smart by a new Rath-haus. Twice a week it is crowded with stalls and country people; and it is the very pretty custom for the band to play in the balcony of the Rath-haus about twenty minutes every market-day to delight the ears of the peasantry. A head-dress worn by many of the old women, and here and there by a young one, is, I think, peculiar to Thuringia. Let the fair reader imagine half a dozen of her broadest French sashes dyed black, and attached as streamers to the back of a stiff black skull-cap, ornamented in front with a large bow, which stands out like a pair of donkey’s ears; let her further imagine, mingled with the streamers of ribbon, equally broad pendants of a thick woollen texture, something like the fringe of an urn-rug,—and she will have an idea of the head-dress in which I have seen a Thuringian damsel figure on a hot summer’s day. Two houses in the Markt are pointed out as those from which Tetzels published his indulgences and Luther thundered against them; but it is difficult to one’s imagination to conjure up scenes of theological controversy in Weimar, where, from princes down to pastry-cooks, rationalism is taken as a matter of course.

Passing along the Schiller-strasse, a broad pleasant street, one is thrilled by the inscription, *Hier wohnte Schiller*, over the door of a small house with casts in its bow-window. Mount up to the second story and you will see Schiller’s study very nearly as it was when he worked in it. It is a cheerful room with three windows, two toward the street and one looking

on a little garden which divides his house from the neighboring one. The writing-table, which he notes as an important purchase in one of his letters to Körner, and in one of the drawers of which he used to keep rotten apples for the sake of their scent, stands near the last-named window, so that its light would fall on his left hand. On another side of the room is his piano, with his guitar lying upon it; and above these hangs an ugly print of an Italian scene, which has a companion equally ugly on another wall. Strange feelings it awakened in me to run my fingers over the keys of the little piano and call forth its tones, now so queer and feeble, like those of an invalided old woman whose voice could once make a heart beat with fond passion or soothe its angry pulses into calm. The bedstead on which Schiller died has been removed into the study, from the small bedroom behind, which is now empty. A little table is placed close to the head of the bed, with his drinking-glass upon it, and on the wall above the bedstead there is a beautiful sketch of him lying dead. He used to occupy the whole of the second floor. It contains, besides the study and bedroom, an ante-chamber, now furnished with casts and prints on sale, in order to remunerate the custodiers of the house, and a *salon* tricked out, since his death, with a symbolical cornice, statues, and a carpet worked by the ladies of Weimar.

Goethe's house is much more important-looking, but, to English eyes, far from being the palatial residence which might be expected, from the descriptions of German writers. The entrance-hall is indeed rather imposing, with its statues in niches, and its broad staircase, but the rest of the house is not proportionately spacious and elegant. The only part of the house open to the public—and this only on a Friday—is the principal suite of rooms which contain his collection of casts, pictures, cameos, etc. This collection is utterly insignificant, except as having belonged to him; and one turns away from bad pictures and familiar casts, to linger over the manuscript of the wonderful "Römische Elegien," written by himself in the Italian character. It is to be regretted that a large sum offered for this house by the German Diet, was refused by the Goethe family, in the hope, it is said, of ob-

taining a still larger sum from that mythical English Cræsus always ready to turn fabulous sums into dead capital, who haunts the imagination of Continental people. One of the most fitting tributes a nation can pay to its great dead, is to make their habitation, like their works, a public possession, a shrine where affectionate reverence may be more vividly reminded that the being who has bequeathed to us immortal thoughts or immortal deeds, had to endure the daily struggle with the petty details, perhaps with the sordid cares of this working-day world; and it is a sad pity that Goethe's study, bedroom, and library, so fitted to call up that kind of sympathy, because they are preserved just as he left them, should be shut out from all but the specially privileged. We were happy enough to be amongst these,—to look through the mist of rising tears at the dull study with its two small windows, and without a single object chosen for the sake of luxury or beauty; at the dark little bedroom with the bed on which he died, and the arm-chair where he took his morning coffee as he read; at the library with its common deal shelves, and books containing his own paper marks. In the presence of this hardy simplicity, the contrast suggests itself of the study at Abbotsford with its elegant Gothic fittings, its delicious easy-chair, and its oratory of painted glass.

We were very much amused at the privacy with which people keep their shops at Weimar. Some of them have not so much as their names written up; and there is so much indifference of manner toward customers, that one might suppose every shopkeeper was a salaried functionary employed by Government. The distribution of commodities, too, is carried on according to a peculiar Weimarian logic: we bought our lemons at a ropemaker's, and should not have felt ourselves very unreasonable if we had asked for shoes at a stationer's. As to competition, I should think a clever tradesman or artificer is almost as free from it at Weimar as Æsculapius or Vulcan in the days of old Olympus. Here is an illustration. Our landlady's husband was called the "*süsser* Rabenhorst," by way of distinguishing him from a brother of his who was the reverse of sweet. This Rabenhorst, who was not sweet, but who nevertheless dealt in sweets, for he was a confectioner,

was so utter a rogue that any transaction with him was avoided almost as much as if he had been the Evil One himself, yet so clever a rogue that he always managed to keep on the windy side of the law. Nevertheless, he had so many dainties in the confectionery line—*so viel Süßigkeiten und Leckerbissen*—that people bent on giving a fine entertainment were at last constrained to say, “After all, I must go to Rabenhorst”; and so he got abundant custom, in spite of general detestation.

A very fair dinner is to be had at several *tables d’hôte* in Weimar for ten or twelve groschen (a shilling or fifteenpence). The Germans certainly excel us in their *Mehlspeise*, or farinaceous puddings, and in their mode of cooking vegetables; they are bolder and more imaginative in their combination of sauces, fruits, and vegetables with animal food, and they are faithful to at least one principle of dietetics—variety. The only thing at table we have any pretext for being supercilious about is the quality and dressing of animal food. The meat at a *table d’hôte* in Thuringia, and even Berlin, except in the very first hotels, bears about the same relation to ours as horse-flesh probably bears to German beef and mutton; and an Englishman with a bandage over his eyes would often be sorely puzzled to guess the kind of flesh he was eating. For example, the only flavor we could ever discern in hare, which is a very frequent dish, was that of the more or less disagreeable fat which predominated in the dressing; and roast meat seems to be considered an extravagance rarely admissible. A melancholy sight is a flock of Weimarian sheep, followed or led by their shepherd. They are as dingy as London sheep, and far more skinny; indeed an Englishman who dined with us said the sight of the sheep had set him against mutton. Still, the variety of dishes you get for ten groschen is something marvellous to those who have been accustomed to English charges, and among the six courses it is not a great evil to find a dish or two the reverse of appetizing. I suppose, however, that the living at *tables d’hôte* gives one no correct idea of the mode in which the people live at home. The basis of the national food seems to be raw ham and sausage, with a copious superstratum of *Blaukraut*, *Sauerkraut*, and black bread. Sausage seems to be to the German what pota-

toes were to the Irish—the *sine quâ non* of bodily sustenance. Goethe asks the Frau von Stein to send him *so eine Wurst* when he wants to have a makeshift dinner away from home; and in his letters to Kestner he is in enthusiastic about the delights of dining on *Blaukraut* and *Leberwurst* (blue cabbage and liver sausage). If *Kraut* and *Wurst* may be called the solid prose of Thuringian diet, fish and *Kuchen* (generally a heavy kind of fruit tart) are the poetry: the German appetite disports itself with these as the English appetite does with ices and whipped creams.

At the beginning of August, when we arrived in Weimar, almost every one was away—"at the Baths," of course—except the tradespeople. As birds nidify in the spring, so Germans wash themselves in the summer; their *Waschungstrieb* acts strongly only at a particular time of the year; during all the rest, apparently, a decanter and a sugar-basin or pie-dish are an ample toilet-service for them. We were quite contented, however, that it was not yet the Weimar "season," fashionably speaking, since it was the very best time for enjoying something far better than Weimar gayeties—the lovely park and environs. It was pleasant, too, to see the good bovine citizens enjoying life in their quiet fashion. Unlike our English people, they take pleasure into their calculations, and seem regularly to set aside part of their time for recreation. It is understood that something is to be done in life besides business and housewifery: the women take their children and their knitting to the *Erholung*, or walk with their husbands to Belvedere, or in some other direction where a cup of coffee is to be had. The *Erholung*, by the way, is a pretty garden, with shady walks, abundant seats, an orchestra, a ball-room, and a place for refreshments. The higher classes are subscribers and visitors here as well as the *bourgeoisie*; but there are several resorts of a similar kind frequented by the latter exclusively. The reader of Goethe will remember his little poem, "Die Lustigen von Weimar," which still indicates the round of amusements in this simple capital: the walk to Belvedere or Tiefurt; the excursion to Jena, or some other trip, not made expensive by distance; the round game at cards; the dance; the theatre; and so many other enjoyments to be

had by a people not bound to give dinner-parties and "keep up a position."

It is charming to see how real an amusement the theatre is to the Weimar people. The greater number of places are occupied by subscribers, and there is no fuss about toilet or escort. The ladies come alone, and slip quietly into their places without need of "protection"—a proof of civilization perhaps more than equivalent to our pre-eminence in patent locks and carriage springs—and after the performance is over, you may see the same ladies following their servants, with lanterns, through streets innocent of gas, in which an oil-lamp, suspended from a rope slung across from house to house, occasionally reveals to you the shafts of a cart or omnibus conveniently placed for you to run upon them.

A yearly autumn festival at Weimar is the *Vogelschiessen*, or Bird-shooting; but the reader must not let his imagination wander at this word into fields and brakes. The bird here concerned is of wood, and the shooters, instead of wandering over breezy down and common, are shut up, day after day, in a room clouded with tobacco-smoke, that they may take their turn at shooting with the rifle from the window of a closet about the size of a sentinel's box. However, this is a mighty enjoyment to the Thuringian yeomanry, and an occasion of profit to our friend Punch, and other itinerant performers; for while the *Vogelschiessen* lasts, a sort of fair is held in the field where the marksmen assemble.

Among the quieter every-day pleasures of the Weimarians, perhaps the most delightful is the stroll on a bright afternoon or evening to the Duke's summer residence of Belvedere, about two miles from Weimar. As I have said, a glorious avenue of chestnut-trees leads all the way from the town to the entrance of the grounds, which are open to all the world as much as to the Duke himself. Close to the palace and its subsidiary buildings there is an inn, for the accommodation of the good people who come to take dinner or any other meal here, by way of holiday-making. A sort of pavilion stands on a spot commanding a lovely view of Weimar and its valley, and here the Weimarians constantly come on summer and autumn evenings to smoke a cigar, or drink a cup of coffee. In one wing

of the little palace, which is made smart by wooden cupolas, with gilt pinnacles, there is a saloon, which I recommend to the imitation of tasteful people in their country houses. It has no decoration but that of natural foliage: ivy is trained at regular intervals up the pure white walls, and all round the edge of the ceiling, so as to form pilasters and a cornice; ivy again, trained on trellis-work, forms a blind to the window, which looks toward the entrance court; and beautiful ferns, arranged in tall baskets, are placed here and there against the walls. The furniture is of light cane-work. Another pretty thing here is the Natur-Theater—a theatre constructed with living trees, trimmed into walls and side scenes. We pleased ourselves for a little while with thinking that this was one of the places where Goethe acted in his own dramas, but we afterward learned that it was not made until his acting days were over. The inexhaustible charm of Belvedere, however, is the grounds, which are laid out with a taste worthy of a first-rate landscape-gardener. The tall and graceful limes, plane-trees, and weeping birches, the little basins of water here and there, with fountains playing in the middle of them, and with a fringe of broad-leaved plants, or other tasteful bordering round them, the gradual descent toward the river, and the hill clothed with firs and pines on the opposite side, forming a fine dark background for the various and light foliage of the trees that ornament the gardens—all this we went again and again to enjoy, from the time when everything was of a vivid green until the Virginian creepers which festooned the silver stems of the birches were bright scarlet, and the touch of autumn had turned all the green to gold. One of the spots to linger in is at a semicircular seat against an artificial rock, on which are placed large glass globes of different colors. It is wonderful to see with what minute perfection the scenery around is painted in these globes. Each is like a pre-Raphaelite picture, with every little detail of gravelly walk, mossy bank, and delicately leaved, interlacing boughs, presented in accurate miniature.

In the opposite direction to Belvedere lies Tiefurt, with its small park and tiny château, formerly the residence of the Duchess Amalia, the mother of Carl August, and the friend and patroness of Wieland, but now apparently serving as little

else than a receptacle for the late Duke Carl Friederich's rather childish collections. In the second story there is a suite of rooms, so small that the largest of them does not take up as much space as a good dining-table, and each of these doll-house rooms is crowded with prints, old china, and all sorts of knick-knacks and *rococo* wares. The park is a little paradise. The Ilm is seen here to the best advantage: it is clearer than at Weimar, and winds about gracefully between the banks, on one side steep, and curtained with turf and shrubs, or fine trees. It was here, at a point where the bank forms a promontory into the river, that Goethe and his Court friends got up the performance of an operetta, "Die Fischerin," by torchlight. On the way to Tiefurt lies the Webicht, a beautiful wood, through which runs excellent carriage-roads and grassy footpaths. It was a rich enjoyment to skirt this wood along the Jena road, and see the sky arching grandly down over the open fields on the other side of us, the evening red flushing the west over the town, and the stars coming out as if to relieve the sun in its watch; or to take the winding road through the wood, under its tall overarching trees, now bending their mossy trunks forward, now standing with the stately erectness of lofty pillars; or to saunter along the grassy footpaths where the sunlight streamed through the fairy-like foliage of the silvery barked birches.

Stout pedestrians who go to Weimar will do well to make a walking excursion, as we did, to Ettersburg, a more distant summer residence of the Grand Duke, interesting to us beforehand as the scene of private theatricals and *sprees* in the Goethe days. We set out on one of the brightest and hottest mornings that August ever bestowed, and it required some resolution to trudge along the shadeless *chaussée*, which formed the first two or three miles of our way. One compensating pleasure was the sight of the beautiful mountain-ash trees in full berry, which, alternately with cherry-trees, border the road for a considerable distance. At last we rested from our broiling walk on the borders of a glorious pine-wood, so extensive that the trees in the distance form a complete wall with their trunks, and so give one a twilight very welcome on a summer's noon. Under these pines you tread on a

carpet of the softest moss, so that you hear no sound of a foot-step, and all is as solemn and still as in the crypt of a cathedral. Presently we passed out of the pine-wood into one of limes, beeches, and other trees of transparent and light foliage, and from this again we emerged into the open space of the Eppersburg Park in front of the Schloss, which is finely placed on an eminence commanding a magnificent view of the far-reaching woods. Prince Pückler Muskau has been of service here by recommending openings to be made in the woods, in the taste of the English parks. The Schloss, which is a favorite residence of the Grand Duke, is a house of very moderate size, and no pretension of any kind. Its stuccoed walls, and doors long unacquainted with fresh paint, would look distressingly shabby to the owner of a villa at Richmond or Twickenham; but much beauty is procured here at slight expense, by the tasteful disposition of creepers on the balustrades, and pretty vases full of plants ranged along the steps, or suspended in the little piazza beneath them. A walk through a beech-wood took us to the Mooshütte, in front of which stands the famous beech from whence Goethe denounced Jacobi's "Woldemar." The bark is covered with initials cut by him and his friends.

People who only allow themselves to be idle under the pretext of hydropathizing, may find all the apparatus necessary to satisfy their conscience at Bercka, a village seated in a lovely valley about six miles from Weimar. Now and then a Weimar family takes lodgings here for the summer, retiring from the quiet of the capital to the deeper quiet of Bercka; but generally the place seems not much frequented. It would be difficult to imagine a more peace-inspiring scene than this little valley. The hanging woods—the soft coloring and graceful outline of the uplands—the village, with its roofs and spire of a reddish-violet hue, muffled in luxuriant trees—the white Kurhaus glittering on a grassy slope—the avenue of poplars contrasting its pretty primness with the wild bushy outline of the wood-covered hill, which rises abruptly from the smooth, green meadows—the clear winding stream, now sparkling in the sun, now hiding itself under soft gray willows,—all this makes an enchanting picture. The walk to Bercka and back

was a favorite expedition with us and a few Weimar friends, for the road thither is a pleasant one, leading at first through open cultivated fields, dotted here and there with villages, and then through wooded hills—the outskirts of the Thuringian Forest. We used not to despise the fine plums which hung in tempting abundance by the road-side; but we afterward found that we had been deceived in supposing ourselves free to pluck them, as if it were the golden age, and that we were liable to a penalty of ten groschen for our depredations.

But I must not allow myself to be exhaustive on pleasures which seem monotonous when told, though in enjoying them one is as far from wishing them to be more various as from wishing for any change in the sweet sameness of successive summer days. I will only advise the reader who has yet to make excursions in Thuringia to visit Jena, less for its traditions than for its fine scenery, which makes it, as Goethe says, a delicious place, in spite of its dull, ugly streets; and exhort him, above all, to brave the discomforts of a *Postwagen* for the sake of getting to Ilmenau. Here he will find the grandest pine-clad hills, with endless walks under their solemn shades; beech-woods where every tree is a picture; an air that he will breathe with as conscious a pleasure as if he were taking iced water on a hot day; baths *ad libitum*, with a *douche* lofty and tremendous enough to invigorate the giant Cormoran; and, more than all, one of the most interesting relics of Goethe, who had a great love for Ilmenau. This is the small wooden house, on the height called the Kickelhahn, where he often lived in his long retirements here, and where you may see written by his own hand, near the window-frame, those wonderful lines—perhaps the finest expression yet given to the sense of resignation inspired by the sublime calm of Nature:—

“Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.”

ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, BY FELIX HOLT.

FELLOW-WORKMEN,—I am not going to take up your time by complimenting you. It has been the fashion to compliment kings and other authorities when they have come into power, and to tell them that, under their wise and beneficent rule, happiness would certainly overflow the land. But the end has not always corresponded to that beginning. If it were true that we who work for wages had more of the wisdom and virtue necessary to the right use of power than has been shown by the aristocratic and mercantile classes, we should not glory much in that fact, or consider that it carried with it any near approach to infallibility.

In my opinion, there has been too much complimenting of that sort; and whenever a speaker, whether he is one of ourselves or not, wastes our time in boasting or flattery, I say, let us hiss him. If we have the beginning of wisdom, which is, to know a little truth about ourselves, we know that as a body we are neither very wise nor very virtuous. And to prove this, I will not point specially to our own habits and doings, but to the general state of the country. Any nation that had within it a majority of men—and we are the majority—possessed of much wisdom and virtue, would not tolerate the bad practices, the commercial lying and swindling, the poisonous adulteration of goods, the retail cheating, and the political bribery, which are carried on boldly in the midst of us. A majority has the power of creating a public opinion. We could groan and hiss before we had the franchise: if we had groaned and hissed in the right place, if we had discerned better between good and evil, if the multitude of us artisans, and factory hands, and miners, and laborers of all sorts, had been skilful, faithful, well-judging, industrious, sober—and I don't see how there can be wisdom and virtue anywhere without those qualities—we should have made an audience that

would have shamed the other classes out of their share in the national vices. We should have had better members of Parliament, better religious teachers, honester tradesmen, fewer foolish demagogues, less impudence in infamous and brutal men; and we should not have had among us the abomination of men calling themselves religious while living in splendor on ill-gotten gains. I say, it is not possible for any society in which there is a very large body of wise and virtuous men to be as vicious as our society is—to have as low a standard of right and wrong, to have so much belief in falsehood, or to have so degrading, barbarous a notion of what pleasure is, or of what justly raises a man above his fellows. Therefore, let us have done with this nonsense about our being much better than the rest of our countrymen, or the pretence that that was a reason why we ought to have such an extension of the franchise as has been given to us. The reason for our having the franchise, as I want presently to show, lies somewhere else than in our personal good qualities, and does not in the least lie in any high betting chance that a delegate is a better man than a duke, or that a Sheffield grinder is a better man than any one of the firm he works for.

However, we have got our franchise now. We have been sarcastically called in the House of Commons the future masters of the country; and if that sarcasm contains any truth, it seems to me that the first thing we had better think of is, our heavy responsibility; that is to say, the terrible risk we run of working mischief and missing good, as others have done before us. Suppose certain men, discontented with the irrigation of a country which depended for all its prosperity on the right direction being given to the waters of a great river, had got the management of the irrigation before they were quite sure how exactly it could be altered for the better, or whether they could command the necessary agency for such an alteration. Those men would have a difficult and dangerous business on their hands; and the more sense, feeling, and knowledge they had, the more they would be likely to tremble rather than to triumph. Our situation is not altogether unlike theirs. For general prosperity and well-being is a vast crop, that like the corn in Egypt can

be come at, not at all by hurried snatching, but only by a well-judged patient process; and whether our political power will be any good to us now we have got it, must depend entirely on the means and materials—the knowledge, ability, and honesty—we have at command. These three things are the only conditions on which we can get any lasting benefit, as every clever workman among us knows: he knows that for an article to be worth much there must be a good invention or plan to go upon, there must be well-prepared material, and there must be skilful and honest work in carrying out the plan. And by this test we may try those who want to be our leaders. Have they anything to offer us besides indignant talk? When they tell us we ought to have this, that, or the other thing, can they explain to us any reasonable, fair, safe way of getting it? Can they argue in favor of a particular change by showing us pretty closely how the change is likely to work? I don't want to decry a just indignation; on the contrary, I should like it to be more thorough and general. A wise man, more than two thousand years ago, when he was asked what would most tend to lessen injustice in the world, said, "That every bystander should feel as indignant at a wrong as if he himself were the sufferer." Let us cherish such indignation. But the long-growing evils of a great nation are a tangled business, asking for a good deal more than indignation in order to be got rid of. Indignation is a fine war-horse, but the war-horse must be ridden by a man: it must be ridden by rationality, skill, courage, armed with the right weapons, and taking definite aim.

We have reason to be discontented with many things, and, looking back either through the history of England to much earlier generations or to the legislation and administration of later times, we are justified in saying that many of the evils under which our country now suffers are the consequences of folly, ignorance, neglect, or self-seeking in those who, at different times, have wielded the powers of rank, office, and money. But the more bitterly we feel this, the more loudly we utter it, the stronger is the obligation we lay on ourselves to beware lest we also, by a too hasty wrestling of measures which seem to promise an immediate partial relief, make a

worse time of it for our own generation, and leave a bad inheritance to our children. The deepest curse of wrong-doing, whether of the foolish or wicked sort, is that its effects are difficult to be undone. I suppose there is hardly anything more to be shuddered at than that part of the history of disease which shows how, when a man injures his constitution by a life of vicious excess, his children and grandchildren inherit diseased bodies and minds, and how the effects of that unhappy inheritance continue to spread beyond our calculation. This is only one example of the law by which human lives are linked together: another example of what we complain of when we point to our pauperism, to the brutal ignorance of multitudes among our fellow-countrymen, to the weight of taxation laid on us by blamable wars, to the wasteful channels made for the public money, to the expense and trouble of getting justice, and call these the effects of bad rule. This is the law that we all bear the yoke of, the law of no man's making, and which no man can undo. Everybody now sees an example of it in the case of Ireland. We who are living now are sufferers by the wrong-doing of those who lived before us; we are sufferers by each other's wrong-doing; and the children who come after us are and will be sufferers from the same causes. Will any man say he doesn't care for that law—it is nothing to him—what he wants is to better himself? With what face then will he complain of any injury? If he says that in politics or in any sort of social action he will not care to know what are likely to be the consequences to others besides himself, he is defending the very worst doings that have brought about his discontent. He might as well say that there is no better rule needful for men than that each should tug and rive for what will please him, without caring how that tugging will act on the fine widespread network of society in which he is fast meshed. If any man taught that as a doctrine, we should know him for a fool. But there are men who act upon it: every scoundrel, for example, whether he is a rich religious scoundrel who lies and cheats on a large scale, and will perhaps come and ask you to send him to Parliament, or a poor pocket-picking scoundrel, who will steal your loose pence while you are listening round the

platform. None of us are so ignorant as not to know that a society, a nation, is held together by just the opposite doctrine and action—by the dependence of men on each other and the sense they have of a common interest in preventing injury. And we working men are, I think, of all classes the last that can afford to forget this; for if we did we should be much like sailors cutting away the timbers of our own ship to warm our grog with. For what else is the meaning of our Trades-unions? What else is the meaning of every flag we carry, every procession we make, every crowd we collect for the sake of making some protest on behalf of our body as receivers of wages, if not this: that it is our interest to stand by each other, and that this being the common interest, no one of us will try to make a good bargain for himself without considering what will be good for his fellows? And every member of a union believes that the wider he can spread his union, the stronger and surer will be the effect of it. So I think I shall be borne out in saying that a working man who can put two and two together, or take three from four and see what will be the remainder, can understand that a society, to be well off, must be made up chiefly of men who consider the general good as well as their own.

Well, but taking the world as it is—and this is one way we must take it when we want to find out how it can be improved—no society is made up of a single class: society stands before us like that wonderful piece of life, the human body, with all its various parts depending on one another, and with a terrible liability to get wrong because of that delicate dependence. We all know how many diseases the human body is apt to suffer from, and how difficult it is even for the doctors to find out exactly where the seat or beginning of the disorder is. That is because the body is made up of so many various parts, all related to each other, or likely all to feel the effect if any one of them goes wrong. It is somewhat the same with our old nations or societies. No society ever stood long in the world without getting to be composed of different classes. Now, it is all pretence to say that there is no such thing as Class Interest. It is clear that if any particular number of men get a particular benefit from any existing institution,

they are likely to band together, in order to keep up that benefit and increase it, until it is perceived to be unfair and injurious to another large number, who get knowledge and strength enough to set up a resistance. And this, again, has been part of the history of every great society since history began. But the simple reason for this being, that any large body of men is likely to have more of stupidity, narrowness, and greed than of far-sightedness and generosity, it is plain that the number who resist unfairness and injury are in danger of becoming injurious in their turn. And in this way a justifiable resistance has become a damaging convulsion, making everything worse instead of better. This has been seen so often that we ought to profit a little by the experience. So long as there is selfishness in men; so long as they have not found out for themselves institutions which express and carry into practice the truth, that the highest interest of mankind must at last be a common and not a divided interest; so long as the gradual operation of steady causes has not made that truth a part of every man's knowledge and feeling, just as we now not only know that it is good for our health to be cleanly, but feel that cleanliness is only another word for comfort, which is the under-side or lining of all pleasure; so long, I say, as men wink at their own knowingness, or hold their heads high, because they have got an advantage over their fellows; so long Class Interest will be in danger of making itself felt injuriously. No set of men will get any sort of power without being in danger of wanting more than their right share. But, on the other hand, it is just as certain that no set of men will get angry at having less than their right share, and set up a claim on that ground, without falling into just the same danger of exacting too much, and exacting it in wrong ways. It's human nature we have got to work with all round, and nothing else. That seems like saying something very commonplace—nay, obvious; as if one should say that where there are hands there are mouths. Yet, to hear a good deal of the speechifying and to see a good deal of the action that goes forward, one might suppose it was forgotten.

But I come back to this: that, in our old society, there are old institutions, and among them the various distinctions and

inherited advantages of classes, which have shaped themselves along with all the wonderful slow-growing system of things made up of our laws, our commerce, and our stores of all sorts, whether in material objects, such as buildings and machinery, or in knowledge, such as scientific thought and professional skill. Just as in that case I spoke of before, the irrigation of a country, which must absolutely have its water distributed or it will bear no crop; there are the old channels, the old banks, and the old pumps, which must be used as they are until new and better have been prepared, or the structure of the old has been gradually altered. But it would be fool's work to batter down a pump only because a better might be made, when you had no machinery ready for a new one: it would be wicked work, if villages lost their crops by it. Now the only safe way by which society can be steadily improved and our worst evils reduced, is not by any attempt to do away directly with the actually existing class distinctions and advantages, as if everybody could have the same sort of work, or lead the same sort of life (which none of my hearers are stupid enough to suppose), but by the turning of Class Interests into Class Functions or duties. What I mean is, that each class should be urged by the surrounding conditions to perform its particular work under the strong pressure of responsibility to the nation at large; that our public affairs should be got into a state in which there should be no impunity for foolish or faithless conduct. In this way, the public judgment would sift out incapability and dishonesty from posts of high charge, and even personal ambition would necessarily become of a worthier sort, since the desires of the most selfish men must be a good deal shaped by the opinions of those around them; and for one person to put on a cap and bells, or to go about dishonest or paltry ways of getting rich that he may spend a vast sum of money in having more finery than his neighbors, he must be pretty sure of a crowd who will applaud him. Now changes can only be good in proportion as they help to bring about this sort of result: in proportion as they put knowledge in the place of ignorance, and fellow-feeling in the place of selfishness. In the course of that substitution class distinctions must inevitably change their character, and represent the varying

Duties of men, not their varying Interests. But this end will not come by impatience. "Day will not break the sooner because we get up before the twilight." Still less will it come by mere undoing, or change merely as change. And moreover, if we believed that it would be unconditionally hastened by our getting the franchise, we should be what I call superstitious men, believing in magic, or the production of a result by hocus-pocus. Our getting the franchise will greatly hasten that good end in proportion only as every one of us has the knowledge, the foresight, the conscience, that will make him well-judging and scrupulous in the use of it. The nature of things in this world has been determined for us beforehand, and in such a way that no ship can be expected to sail well on a difficult voyage, and reach the right port, unless it is well manned: the nature of the winds and the waves, of the timbers, the sails, and the cordage, will not accommodate itself to drunken, mutinous sailors.

You will not suspect me of wanting to preach any cant to you, or of joining in the pretence that everything is in a fine way, and need not be made better. What I am striving to keep in our minds is the care, the precaution, with which we should go about making things better, so that the public order may not be destroyed, so that no fatal shock may be given to this society of ours, this living body in which our lives are bound up. After the Reform Bill of 1832 I was in an election riot, which showed me clearly, on a small scale, what public disorder must always be; and I have never forgotten that the riot was brought about chiefly by the agency of dishonest men who professed to be on the people's side. Now, the danger hanging over change is great, just in proportion as it tends to produce such disorder by giving any large number of ignorant men, whose notions of what is good are of a low and brutal sort, the belief that they have got power into their hands, and may do pretty much as they like. If any one can look round us and say that he sees no signs of any such danger now, and that our national condition is running along like a clear broadening stream, safe not to get choked with mud, I call him a cheerful man: perhaps he does his own gardening, and seldom takes exercise far away from home. To us

who have no gardens, and often walk abroad, it is plain that we can never get into a bit of a crowd but we must rub clothes with a set of Roughts, who have the worst vices of the worst rich—who are gamblers, sots, libertines, knaves, or else mere sensual simpletons and victims. They are the ugly crop that has sprung up while the stewards have been sleeping; they are the multiplying brood begotten by parents who have been left without all teaching save that of a too craving body, without all well-being save the fading delusions of drugged beer and gin. They are the hideous margin of society, at one edge drawing toward it the undesigning ignorant poor, at the other darkening imperceptibly into the lowest criminal class. Here is one of the evils which cannot be got rid of quickly, and against which any of us who have got sense, decency, and instruction have need to watch. That these degraded fellow-men could really get the mastery in a persistent disobedience to the laws and in a struggle to subvert order, I do not believe; but wretched calamities would come from the very beginning of such a struggle, and the continuance of it would be a civil war, in which the inspiration on both sides might soon cease to be even a false notion of good, and might become the direct savage impulse of ferocity. We have all to see to it that we do not help to rouse what I may call the savage beast in the breasts of our generation—that we do not help to poison the nation's blood, and make richer provision for bestiality to come. We know well enough that oppressors have sinned in this way—that oppression has notoriously made men mad; and we are determined to resist oppression. But let us, if possible, show that we can keep sane in our resistance, and shape our means more and more reasonably toward the least harmful, and therefore the speediest, attainment of our end. Let us, I say, show that our spirits are too strong to be driven mad, but can keep that sober determination which alone gives mastery over the adaptation of means. And a first guaranty of this sanity will be to act as if we understood that the fundamental duty of a Government is to preserve order, to enforce obedience of the laws. It has been held hitherto that a man can be depended on as a guardian of order only when he has much money and comfort to lose. But a better state of things

would be, that men who had little money and not much comfort should still be guardians of order, because they had sense to see that disorder would do no good, and had a heart of justice, pity, and fortitude, to keep them from making more misery only because they felt some misery themselves. There are thousands of artisans who have already shown this fine spirit, and have endured much with patient heroism. If such a spirit spread, and penetrated us all, we should soon become the masters of the country in the best sense and to the best ends. For, the public order being preserved, there can be no government in future that will not be determined by our insistence on our fair and practicable demands. It is only by disorder that our demands will be choked, that we shall find ourselves lost amongst a brutal rabble, with all the intelligence of the country opposed to us, and see government in the shape of guns that will sweep us down in the ignoble martyrdom of fools.

It has been a too common notion that to insist much on the preservation of order is the part of a selfish aristocracy and a selfish commercial class, because among these, in the nature of things, have been found the opponents of change. I am a Radical; and, what is more, I am not a Radical with a title or a French cook or even an entrance into fine society. I expect great changes, and I desire them. But I don't expect them to come in a hurry, by mere inconsiderate sweeping. A Hercules with a big besom is a fine thing for a filthy stable, but not for weeding a seed-bed, where his besom would soon make a barren floor.

That is old-fashioned talk, some one may say. We know all that.

Yes, when things are put in an extreme way, most people think they know them; but, after all, they are comparatively few who see the small degrees by which those extremes are arrived at, or have the resolution and self-control to resist the little impulses by which they creep on surely toward a fatal end. Does anybody set out meaning to ruin himself, or to drink himself to death, or to waste his life so that he becomes a despicable old man, a superannuated nuisance, like a fly in winter? Yet there are plenty, of whose lot this is the piti-

able story. Well now, supposing us all to have the best intentions, we working men, as a body, run some risk of bringing evil on the nation in that unconscious manner—half-hurrying, half-pushed in a jostling march toward an end we are not thinking of. For just as there are many things which we know better and feel much more strongly than the richer, softer-handed classes can know or feel them; so there are many things—many precious benefits—which we, by the very fact of our privations, our lack of leisure and instruction, are not so likely to be aware of and take into our account. Those precious benefits form a chief part of what I may call the common estate of society: a wealth over and above buildings, machinery, produce, shipping, and so on, though closely connected with these; a wealth of a more delicate kind, that we may more unconsciously bring into danger, doing harm and not knowing that we do it. I mean that treasure of knowledge, science, poetry, refinement of thought, feeling, and manners, great memories, and the interpretation of great records, which is carried on from the minds of one generation to the minds of another. This is something distinct from the indulgences of luxury and the pursuit of vain finery; and one of the hardships in the lot of working men is that they have been for the most part shut out from sharing in this treasure. It can make a man's life very great, very full of delight, though he has no smart furniture and no horses: it also yields a great deal of discovery that corrects error, and of invention that lessens bodily pain, and must at last make life easier for all.

Now the security of this treasure demands, not only the preservation of order, but a certain patience on our part with many institutions and facts of various kinds, especially touching the accumulation of wealth, which, from the light we stand in, we are more likely to discern the evil than the good of. It is constantly the task of practical wisdom not to say, "This is good, and I will have it," but to say, "This is the less of two unavoidable evils, and I will bear it." And this treasure of knowledge, which consists in the fine activity, the exalted vision of many minds, is bound up at present with conditions which have much evil in them. Just as in the case of material wealth and its distribution we are obliged to take the self-

ishness and weakness of human nature into account, and, however we insist that men might act better, are forced, unless we are fanatical simpletons, to consider how they are likely to act; so in this matter of the wealth that is carried in men's minds, we have to reflect that the too absolute predominance of a class whose wants have been of a common sort, who are chiefly struggling to get better and more food, clothing, shelter, and bodily recreation, may lead to hasty measures for the sake of having things more fairly shared, which, even if they did not fail of their object, would at last debase the life of the nation. Do anything which will throw the classes who hold the treasures of knowledge—nay, I may say, the treasure of refined needs—into the background, cause them to withdraw from public affairs, stop too suddenly any of the sources by which their leisure and ease are furnished, rob them of the chances by which they may be influential and pre-eminent, and you do something as short-sighted as the acts of France and Spain when in jealousy and wrath, not altogether unprovoked, they drove from among them races and classes that held the traditions of handicraft and agriculture. You injure your own inheritance and the inheritance of your children. You may truly say that this which I call the common estate of society has been anything but common to you; but the same may be said, by many of us, of the sunlight and the air, of the sky and the fields, of parks and holiday games. Nevertheless, that these blessings exist makes life worthier to us, and urges us the more to energetic, likely means of getting our share in them; and I say, let us watch carefully, lest we do anything to lessen this treasure which is held in the minds of men, while we exert ourselves first of all, and to the very utmost, that we and our children may share in all its benefits. Yes; exert ourselves to the utmost, to break the yoke of ignorance. If we demand more leisure, more ease in our lives, let us show that we don't deserve the reproach of wanting to shirk that industry which, in some form or other, every man, whether rich or poor, shall feel himself as much bound to as he is bound to decency. Let us show that we want to have some time and strength left to us, that we may use it, not for brutal indulgence, but for the rational exercise of the faculties

which make us men. Without this no political measures can benefit us. No political institution will alter the nature of Ignorance, or hinder it from producing vice and misery. Let Ignorance start how it will, it must run the same round of low appetites, poverty, slavery, and superstition. Some of us know this well—nay, I will say, feel it; for knowledge of this kind cuts deep; and to us it is one of the most painful facts belonging to our condition that there are numbers of our fellow-workmen who are so far from feeling in the same way, that they never use the imperfect opportunities already offered them for giving their children some schooling, but turn their little ones of tender age into bread-winners, often at cruel tasks, exposed to the horrible infection of childish vice. Of course, the causes of these hideous things go a long way back. Parents' misery has made parents' wickedness. But we, who are still blessed with the hearts of fathers and the consciences of men—we who have some knowledge of the curse entailed on broods of creatures in human shape, whose enfeebled bodies and dull perverted minds are mere centres of uneasiness, in whom even appetite is feeble, and joy impossible,—I say we are bound to use all the means at our command to help putting a stop to this horror. Here, it seems to me, is a way in which we may use extended co-operation among us to the most momentous of all purposes, and make conditions of enrolment that would strengthen all educational measures. It is true enough that there is a low sense of parental duties in the nation at large, and that numbers who have no excuse in bodily hardship seem to think it a light thing to beget children,—to bring human beings, with all their tremendous possibilities, into this difficult world,—and then take little heed how they are disciplined and furnished for the perilous journey they are sent on without any asking of their own. This is a sin shared in more or less by all classes; but there are sins which, like taxation, fall the heaviest on the poorest, and none have such galling reasons as we working men to try and rouse to the utmost the feeling of responsibility in fathers and mothers. We have been urged into co-operation by the pressure of common demands. In war men need each other more; and where a given point has to be defended, fighters inevitably find them-

selves shoulder to shoulder. So fellowship grows; so grow the rules of fellowship, which gradually shape themselves to thoroughness as the idea of a common good becomes more complete. We feel a right to say, If you will be one of us, you must make such and such a contribution, you must renounce such and such a separate advantage, you must set your face against such and such an infringement. If we have any false ideas about our common good, our rules will be wrong, and we shall be co-operating to damage each other. But now, here is a part of our good, without which everything else we strive for will be worthless,—I mean the rescue of our children. Let us demand from the members of our Unions that they fulfil their duty as parents in this definite matter, which rules can reach. Let us demand that they send their children to school, so as not to go on recklessly breeding a moral pestilence among us, just as strictly as we demand that they pay their contributions to a common fund, understood to be for a common benefit. While we watch our public men, let us watch one another as to this duty, which is also public, and more momentous even than obedience to sanitary regulations. While we resolutely declare against the wickedness in high places, let us set ourselves also against the wickedness in low places; not quarrelling which came first, or which is the worse of the two,—not trying to settle the miserable precedence of plague or famine, but insisting unflinchingly on remedies once ascertained, and summoning those who hold the treasure of knowledge to remember that they hold it in trust, and that with them lies the task of searching for new remedies, and finding the right methods of applying them.

To find right remedies and right methods! Here is the great function of knowledge: here the life of one man may make a fresh era straight away, in which a sort of suffering that has existed shall exist no more. For the thousands of years, down to the middle of the sixteenth century since Christ, that human limbs had been hacked and amputated, nobody knew how to stop the bleeding except by searing the ends of the vessels with red-hot iron. But then came a man named Ambrose Paré, and said, "Tie up the arteries!" That was a fine word to utter. It contained the statement of a

method—a plan by which a particular evil was forever assuaged. Let us try to discern the men whose words carry that sort of kernel, and choose such men to be our guides and representatives—not choose platform swaggerers, who bring us nothing but the ocean to make our broth with.

To get the chief power into the hands of the wisest, which means to get our life regulated according to the truest principles mankind is in possession of, is a problem as old as the very notion of wisdom. The solution comes slowly, because men collectively can only be made to embrace principles, and to act on them, by the slow stupendous teaching of the world's events. Men will go on planting potatoes, and nothing else but potatoes, till a potato disease comes and forces them to find out the advantage of a varied crop. Selfishness, stupidity, sloth, persist in trying to adapt the world to their desires, till a time comes when the world manifests itself as too decidedly inconvenient to them. Wisdom stands outside of man and urges itself upon him, like the marks of the changing seasons, before it finds a home within him, directs his actions, and from the precious effects of obedience begets a corresponding love.

But while still outside of us, wisdom often looks terrible, and wears strange forms, wrapped in the changing conditions of a struggling world. It wears now the form of wants and just demands in a great multitude of British men: wants and demands urged into existence by the forces of a maturing world. And it is in virtue of this—in virtue of this presence of wisdom on our side as a mighty fact, physical and moral, which must enter into and shape the thoughts and actions of mankind—that we working men have obtained the suffrage. Not because we are an excellent multitude, but because we are a needy multitude.

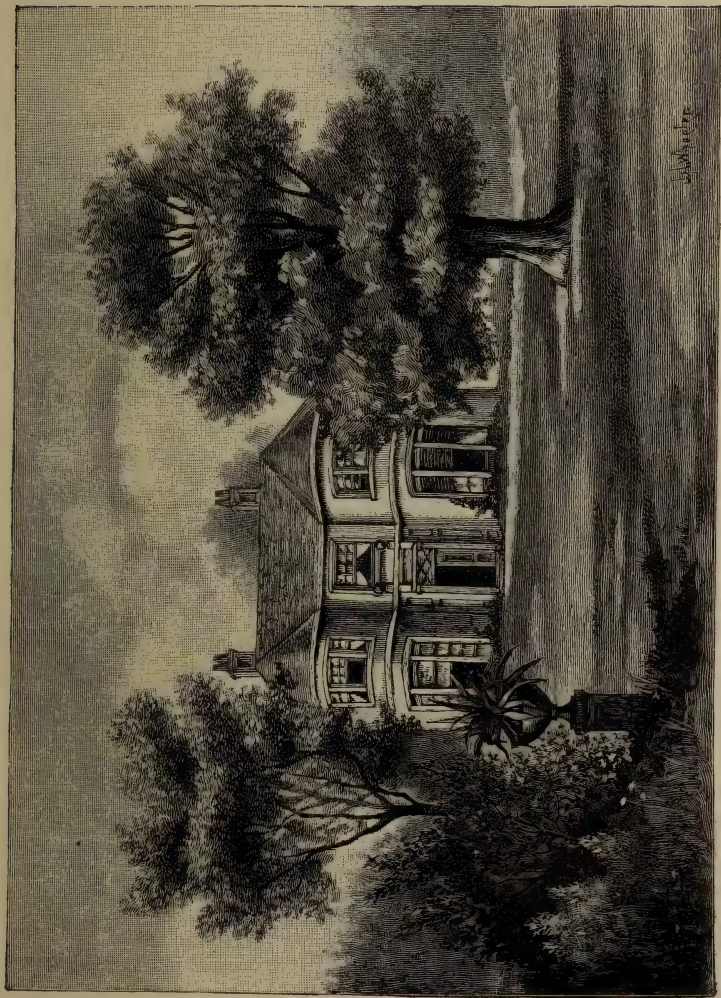
But now, for our own part, we have seriously to consider this outside wisdom which lies in the supreme unalterable nature of things, and watch to give it a home within us and obey it. If the claims of the unendowed multitude of working men hold within them principles which must shape the future, it is not less true that the endowed classes, in their inheritance from the past, hold the precious material without which no

worthy, noble future can be moulded. Many of the highest uses of life are in their keeping; and if privilege has often been abused, it has also been the nurse of excellence. Here again we have to submit ourselves to the great law of inheritance. If we quarrel with the way in which the labors and earnings of the past have been preserved and handed down, we are just as bigoted, just as narrow, just as wanting in that religion which keeps an open ear and an obedient mind to the teachings of fact, as we accuse those of being who quarrel with the new truths and new needs which are disclosed in the present. The deeper insight we get into the causes of human trouble, and the ways by which men are made better and happier, the less we shall be inclined to the unprofitable spirit and practice of reproaching classes as such in a wholesale fashion. Not all the evils of our condition are such as we can justly blame others for; and, I repeat, many of them are such as no change of institutions can quickly remedy. To discern between the evils that energy can remove and the evils that patience must bear, makes the difference between manliness and childishness, between good sense and folly. And more than that, without such discernment, seeing that we have grave duties toward our own body and the country at large, we can hardly escape acts of fatal rashness and injustice.

I am addressing a mixed assembly of workmen, and some of you may be as well or better fitted than I am to take up this office. But they will not think it amiss in me that I have tried to bring together the considerations most likely to be of service to us in preparing ourselves for the use of our new opportunities. I have avoided touching on special questions. The best help toward judging well on these is to approach them in the right temper, without vain expectation, and with a resolution which is mixed with temperance.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

To lay down in the shape of practical moral rules courses of conduct only to be made real by the rarest states of motive and disposition, tends not to elevate but to de-
Authorship. grade the general standard, by turning that rare attainment from an object of admiration into an impossible prescription, against which the average nature first rebels and then flings out ridicule. It is for art to present images of a lovelier order than the actual, gently winning the affections, and so determining the taste. But in any rational criticism of the time which is meant to guide a practical reform, it is idle to insist that action ought to be this or that, without considering how far the outward conditions of such change are present, even supposing the inward disposition toward it. Practically, we must be satisfied to aim at something short of perfection—and at something very much further off it in one case than in another. While the fundamental conceptions of morality seem as stationary through ages as the laws of life, so that a moral manual written eighteen centuries ago still admonishes us that we are low in our attainments, it is quite otherwise with the degree to which moral conceptions have penetrated the various forms of social activity, and made what may be called the special conscience of each calling, art, or industry. While on some points of social duty public opinion has reached a tolerably high standard, on others a public opinion is not yet born; and there are even some functions and practices with regard to which men far above the line in honorableness of nature feel hardly any scrupulosity, though their consequent behavior is easily shown to be as injurious as bribery, or any other slowly poisonous procedure which degrades the social vitality.



Rosehill (a favorite resting place of George Eliot).—Page 208,

Among those callings which have not yet acquired anything near a full-grown conscience in the public mind is Authorship. Yet the changes brought about by the spread of instruction and the consequent struggles of an uneasy ambition, are, or at least might well be, forcing on many minds the need of some regulating principle with regard to the publication of intellectual products, which would override the rule of the market: a principle, that is, which should be derived from a fixing of the author's vocation according to those characteristics in which it differs from the other bread-winning professions. Let this be done, if possible, without any cant, which would carry the subject into Utopia away from existing needs. The guidance wanted is a clear notion of what should justify men and women in assuming public authorship, and of the way in which they should be determined by what is usually called success. But the forms of authorship must be distinguished; journalism, for example, carrying a necessity for that continuous production which in other kinds of writing is precisely the evil to be fought against, and judicious careful compilation, which is a great public service, holding in its modest diligence a guaranty against those deductions of vanity and idleness which draw many a young gentleman into reviewing, instead of the sorting and copying which his small talents could not rise to with any vigor and completeness.

A manufacturer goes on producing calicoes as long and as fast as he can find a market for them; and in obeying this indication of demand he gives his factory its utmost usefulness to the world in general and to himself in particular. Another manufacturer buys a new invention of some light kind likely to attract the public fancy, is successful in finding a multitude who will give their testers for the transiently desirable commodity, and before the fashion is out, pockets a considerable sum the commodity was colored with a green which had arsenic in it that damaged the factory workers and the purchasers. What then? These, he contends (or does not know or care to contend), are superficial effects, which it is folly to dwell upon while we have epidemic diseases and bad government.

The first manufacturer we will suppose blameless. Is an

author simply on a par with him, as to the rules of production?

The author's capital is his brain-power—power of invention, power of writing. The manufacturer's capital, in fortunate cases, is being continually reproduced and increased. Here is the first grand difference between the capital which is turned into calico and the brain capital which is turned into literature. The calico scarcely varies in appropriateness of quality, no consumer is in danger of getting too much of it, and neglecting his boots, hats, and flannel-shirts in consequence. That there should be large quantities of the same sort in the calico manufacture is an advantage: the sameness is desirable, and nobody is likely to roll his person in so many folds of calico as to become a mere bale of cotton goods, and nullify his senses of hearing and touch, while his morbid passion for Manchester shirtings makes him still cry "More!" The wise manufacturer gets richer and richer, and the consumers he supplies have their real wants satisfied and no more.

Let it be taken as admitted that all legitimate social activity must be beneficial to others besides the agent. To write prose or verse as a private exercise and satisfaction is not social activity; nobody is culpable for this any more than for learning other people's verse by heart if he does not neglect his proper business in consequence. If the exercise made him sillier or secretly more self-satisfied, that, to be sure, would be a roundabout way of injuring society; for though a certain mixture of silliness may lighten existence, we have at present more than enough.

But man or woman who publishes writings inevitably assumes the office of teacher or influencer of the public mind. Let him protest as he will that he only seeks to amuse, and has no pretension to do more than while away an hour of leisure or weariness—"the idle singer of an empty day"—he can no more escape influencing the moral taste, and with it the action of the intelligence, than a setter of fashions in furniture and dress can fill the shops with his designs and leave the garniture of persons and houses unaffected by his industry.

For a man who has a certain gift of writing to say, "I

will make the most of it while the public likes my wares—as long as the market is open and I am able to supply it at a money profit—such profit being the sign of liking”—he should have a belief that his wares have nothing akin to the arsenic green in them, and also that his continuous supply is secure from a degradation in quality which the habit of consumption encouraged in the buyers may hinder them from marking their sense of by rejection; so that they complain, but pay, and read while they complain. Unless he has that belief, he is on a level with the manufacturer who gets rich by fancy-wares colored with arsenic green. He really cares for nothing but his income. He carries on authorship on the principle of the gin-palace.

And bad literature of the sort called amusing is spiritual gin.

A writer capable of being popular can only escape this social culpability by first of all getting a profound sense that literature is good-for-nothing, if it is not admirably good: he must detest bad literature too heartily to be indifferent about producing it if only other people don't detest it. And if he has this sign of the divine afflatus within him, he must make up his mind that he must not pursue authorship as a vocation with a trading determination to get rich by it. It is in the highest sense lawful for him to get as good a price as he honorably can for the best work he is capable of; but not for him to force or hurry his production, or even do over again what has already been done, either by himself or others, so as to render his work no real contribution, for the sake of bringing up his income to the fancy pitch. An author who would keep a pure and noble conscience, and with that a developing instead of degenerating intellect and taste, must cast out of his aims the aim to be rich. And therefore he must keep his expenditure low—he must make for himself no dire necessity to earn sums in order to pay bills.

In opposition to this, it is common to cite Walter Scott's case, and cry, "Would the world have got as much innocent (and therefore salutary) pleasure out of Scott, if he had not brought himself under the pressure of money-need?" I think it would—and more; but since it is impossible to prove what

would have been, I confine myself to replying that Scott was not justified in bringing himself into a position where severe consequences to others depended on his retaining or not retaining his mental competence. Still less is Scott to be taken as an example to be followed in this matter, even if it were admitted that money-need served to press at once the best and the most work out of him; any more than a great navigator who has brought his ship to port in spite of having taken a wrong and perilous route, is to be followed as to his route by navigators who are not yet ascertained to be great.

But after the restraints and rules which must guide the acknowledged author, whose power of making a real contribution is ascertained, comes the consideration, how or on what principle are we to find a check for that troublesome disposition to authorship arising from the spread of what is called Education, which turns a growing rush of vanity and ambition into this current? The well-taught, an increasing number, are almost all able to write essays on given themes, which demand new periodicals to save them from lying in cold obstruction. The ill-taught—also an increasing number—read many books, seem to themselves able to write others surprisingly like what they read, and probably superior, since the variations are such as please their own fancy, and such as they would have recommended to their favorite authors: these ill-taught persons are perhaps idle and want to give themselves “an object”; or they are short of money, and feel disinclined to get it by a commoner kind of work; or they find a facility in putting sentences together which gives them more than a suspicion that they have genius, which, if not very cordially believed in by private confidants, will be recognized by an impartial public; or finally, they observe that writing is sometimes well paid, and sometimes a ground of fame or distinction, and without any use of punctilious logic, they conclude to become writers themselves.

As to these ill-taught persons, whatever medicines of a spiritual sort can be found good against mental emptiness and inflation—such medicines are needful for *them*. The contempt of the world for their productions only comes after their disease has wrought its worst effects. But what is to be said

to the well-taught, who have such an alarming equality in their power of writing "like a scholar and a gentleman"? Perhaps they, too, can only be cured by the medicine of higher ideals in social duty, and by a fuller representation to themselves of the processes by which the general culture is furthered or impeded.

In endeavoring to estimate a remarkable writer who aimed at more than temporary influence, we have first to consider what was his individual contribution to the spiritual wealth of mankind? Had he a new conception? Did he animate long-known but neglected truths with new vigor, and cast fresh light on their relation to other admitted truths? Did he impregnate any ideas with a fresh store of emotion, and in this way enlarge the area of moral sentiment? Did he by a wise emphasis here, and a wise disregard there, give a more useful or beautiful proportion to aims or motives? And even where his thinking was most mixed with the sort of mistake which is obvious to the majority, as well as that which can only be discerned by the instructed, or made manifest by the progress of things, has it that salt of a noble enthusiasm which should rebuke our critical discrimination if its correctness is inspired with a less admirable habit of feeling?

Judgments
on Authors.

This is not the common or easy course to take in estimating a modern writer. It requires considerable knowledge of what he has himself done, as well as of what others had done before him, or what they were doing contemporaneously; it requires deliberate reflection as to the degree in which our own prejudices may hinder us from appreciating the intellectual or moral bearing of what on a first view offends us. An easier course is to notice some salient mistakes, and take them as decisive of the writer's incompetence; or to find out that something apparently much the same as what he has said in some connection not clearly ascertained, had been said by somebody else, though without great effect, until this new effect of discrediting the other's originality had shown itself as an adequate final cause: or to pronounce from the point of view

of individual taste that this writer for whom regard is claimed is repulsive, wearisome, not to be borne except by those dull persons who are of a different opinion.

Elder writers who have passed into classics were doubtless treated in this easy way when they were still under the misfortune of being recent—nay, are still dismissed with the same rapidity of judgment by daring ignorance. But people who think that they have a reputation to lose in the matter of knowledge, have looked into cyclopædias and histories of philosophy or literature, and possessed themselves of the duly balanced epithets concerning the immortals. They are not left to their own unguided rashness, or their own unguided pusillanimity. And it is this sheeplike flock who have no direct impressions, no spontaneous delight, no genuine objection or self-confessed neutrality in relation to the writers become classic—it is these who are incapable of passing a genuine judgment on the living. Necessarily. The susceptibility they have kept active is a susceptibility to their own reputation for passing the right judgment, not the susceptibility to qualities in the object of judgment. Who learns to discriminate shades of color by considering what is expected of him? The habit of expressing borrowed judgments stupefies the sensibilities, which are the only foundation of genuine judgments, just as the constant reading and retailing of results from other men's observations through the microscope, without ever looking through the lens one's self, is an instruction in some truths and some prejudices, but is no instruction in observant susceptibility; on the contrary, it breeds a habit of inward seeing according to verbal statement, which dulls the power of outward seeing according to visual evidence.

On this subject, as on so many others, it is difficult to strike the balance between the educational needs of passivity or receptivity, and independent selection. We should learn nothing without the tendency to implicit acceptance; but there must clearly be a limit to such mental submission, else we should come to a stand-still. The human mind would be no better than a dried specimen, representing an unchangeable type. When the assimilation of new matter ceases, decay must begin. In a reasoned self-restraining deference there is

as much energy as in rebellion; but among the less capable, one must admit that the superior energy is on the side of the rebels. And certainly a man who dares to say that he finds an eminent classic feeble here, extravagant there, and in general overrated, may chance to give an opinion which has some genuine discrimination in it concerning a new work or a living thinker—an opinion such as can hardly ever be got from the reputed judge who is a correct echo of the most approved phrases concerning those who have been already canonized.

What is the best way of telling a story? Since the standard must be the interest of the audience, there must be several or many good ways rather than one best.

For we get interested in the stories life presents to us through divers orders and modes of presentation. Very commonly our first awakening to a desire of knowing a man's past or future comes from our seeing him as a stranger in some unusual or pathetic or humorous situation, or manifesting some remarkable characteristics. We make inquiries in consequence, or we become observant and attentive whenever opportunities of knowing more may happen to present themselves without our search. You have seen a refined face among the prisoners picking tow in jail; you afterward see the same unforgettable face in a pulpit: he must be of dull fibre who would not care to know more about a life which showed such contrasts, though he might gather his knowledge in a fragmentary and unchronological way.

Again, we have heard much, or at least something not quite common, about a man whom we have never seen, and hence we look round with curiosity when we are told that he is present; whatever he says or does before us is charged with a meaning due to our previous hearsay knowledge about him, gathered either from dialogue of which he was expressly and emphatically the subject, or from incidental remark, or from general report either in or out of print.

These indirect ways of arriving at knowledge are always the most stirring even in relation to impersonal subjects. To see

a chemical experiment gives an attractiveness to a definition of chemistry, and fills it with a significance which it would never have had without the pleasant shock of an unusual sequence such as the transformation of a solid into gas, and *vice versa*. To see a word for the first time either as substantive or adjective in a connection where we care about knowing its complete meaning, is the way to vivify its meaning in our recollection. Curiosity becomes the more eager from the incompleteness of the first information. Moreover, it is in this way that memory works in its incidental revival of events: some salient experience appears in inward vision, and in consequence the antecedent facts are retraced from what is regarded as the beginning of the episode in which that experience made a more or less strikingly memorable part. "Ah! I remember addressing the mob from the hustings at Westminster—you wouldn't have thought that I could ever have been in such a position. Well, how I came there was in this way——"; and then follows a retrospective narration.

The modes of telling a story founded on these processes of outward and inward life derive their effectiveness from the superior mastery of images and pictures in grasping the attention—or, one might say with more fundamental accuracy, from the fact that our earliest, strongest impressions, our most intimate convictions, are simply images added to more or less of sensation. These are the primitive instruments of thought. Hence it is not surprising that early poetry took this way—telling a daring deed, a glorious achievement, without caring for what went before. The desire for orderly narration is a later, more reflective birth. The presence of the Jack in the box affects every child: it is the more reflective lad, the miniature philosopher, who wants to know how he got there.

The only stories life presents to us in an orderly way are those of our autobiography, or the career of our companions from our childhood upward, or perhaps of our own children. But it is a great art to make a connected strictly relevant narrative of such careers as we can recount from the beginning. In these cases the sequence of associations is almost sure to overmaster the sense of proportion. Such narratives *ab ovo* are summer's-day stories for happy loungers; not the cup of self-

forgetting excitement to the busy who can snatch an hour of entertainment.

But the simple opening of a story with a date and necessary account of places and people, passing on quietly toward the more rousing elements of narrative and dramatic presentation, without need of retrospect, has its advantages which have to be measured by the nature of the story. Spirited narrative, without more than a touch of dialogue here and there, may be made eminently interesting, and is suited to the novelette. Examples of its charm are seen in the short tales in which the French have a mastery never reached by the English, who usually demand coarser flavors than are given by that delightful gayety which is well described by La Fontaine ' as not anything that provokes fits of laughter, but a certain charm, an agreeable mode of handling which lends attractiveness to all subjects even the most serious. And it is this sort of gayety which plays around the best French novelettes. But the opening chapters of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are as fine as anything that can be done in this way.

Why should a story not be told in the most irregular fashion that an author's idiosyncrasy may prompt, provided that he gives us what we can enjoy? The objections to Sterne's wild way of telling "Tristram Shandy" lie more solidly in the quality of the interrupting matter than in the fact of interruption. The dear public would do well to reflect that they are often bored from the want of flexibility in their own minds. They are like the toppers of "one liquor."

The exercise of a veracious imagination in historical picturing seems to be capable of a development that might help the judgment greatly with regard to present and future events. By veracious imagination, Historic
Imagination. I mean the working out in detail of the various steps by which political or a social change was reached, using all extant evidence and supplying deficiencies by careful ana-

¹"Je n'appelle pas gayeté ce qui excite le rire, mais un certain charme, un air agréable qu'on peut donner à toutes sortes de sujets, mesme les plus sérieux."—Preface to Fables.

logical creation. How triumphant opinions originally spread—how institutions arose—what were the conditions of great inventions, discoveries, or theoretic conceptions—what circumstances affecting individual lots are attendant on the decay of long-established systems,—all these grand elements of history require the illumination of special imaginative treatment. But effective truth in this application of art requires freedom from the vulgar coercion of conventional plot, which is become hardly of higher influence on imaginative representation than a detailed “order” for a picture sent by a rich grocer to an eminent painter—allotting a certain portion of the canvas to a rural scene, another to a fashionable group, with a request for a murder in the middle distance, and a little comedy to relieve it. A slight approximation to the veracious glimpses of history artistically presented, which I am indicating, but applied only to an incident of contemporary life, is “Un paquet de lettres” by Gustave Droz. For want of such real, minute vision of how changes come about in the past, we fall into ridiculously inconsistent estimates of actual movements, condemning in the present what we belaud in the past, and pronouncing impossible processes that have been repeated again and again in the historical preparation of the very system under which we live. A false kind of idealization dulls our perception of the meaning in words when they relate to past events which have had a glorious issue: for lack of comparison no warning image rises to check scorn of the very phrases which in other associations are consecrated.

Utopian pictures help the reception of ideas as to constructive results, but hardly so much as a vivid presentation of how results have been actually brought about, especially in religious and social change. And there is the pathos, the heroism often accompanying the decay and final struggle of old systems, which has not had its share of tragic commemoration. What really took place in and around Constantine before, upon, and immediately after his declared conversion? Could a momentary flash be thrown on Eusebius in his sayings and doings as an ordinary man in bishop’s garments? Or on Julian and Libanius? There has been abundant writing on such great turning-points, but not such as serves to instruct

the imagination in true comparison. I want something different from the abstract treatment which belongs to grave history from a doctrinal point of view, and something different from the schemed picturesqueness of ordinary historical fiction. I want brief, severely conscientious reproductions, in their concrete incidents, of pregnant movements in the past.

The supremacy given in European cultures to the literatures of Greece and Rome has had an effect almost equal to that of a common religion in binding the Western nations together. It is foolish to be forever complaining of the consequent uniformity, as if there were an endless power of originality in the human mind. Great and precious origination must always be comparatively rare, and can only exist on condition of a wide massive uniformity. When a multitude of men have learned to use the same language in speech and writing, then and then only can the greatest masters of language arise. For in what does their mastery consist? They use words which are already a familiar medium of understanding and sympathy in such a way as greatly to enlarge the understanding and sympathy. Originality of this order changes the wild grasses into world-feeding grain. Idiosyncrasies are pepper and spices of questionable aroma.

Value in
Originality.

“Is the time we live in prosaic?”—“That depends: it must certainly be prosaic to one whose mind takes a prosaic stand in contemplating it.”—“But it is precisely the most poetic minds that most groan over the vulgarity of the present, its degenerate sensibility to beauty, eagerness for materialistic explanation, noisy triviality.”—“Perhaps they would have had the same complaint to make about the age of Elizabeth, if, living then, they had fixed their attention on its more sordid elements, or had been subject to the grating influence of its every-day meannesses, and had sought refuge from them in

To the
Prosaic all
Things are
Prosaic.

the contemplation of whatever suited their taste in a former age."

We get our knowledge of perfect Love by glimpses and in fragments chiefly—the rarest only among us knowing what it is to worship and caress, reverence and cherish, divide our bread and mingle our thoughts at one and the same time, under inspiration of the same object. Finest aromas will so often leave the fruits to which they are native and cling elsewhere, leaving the fruit empty of all but its coarser structure!

In the times of national mixture when modern Europe was, as one may say, a-brewing, it was open to a man who did not like to be judged by the Roman law, to choose which of certain other codes he would be tried by. So, in our own times, they who openly adopt a higher rule than their neighbors, do thereby make active choice as to the laws and precedents by which they shall be approved or condemned, and thus it may happen that we see a man morally pilloried for a very customary deed, and yet having no right to complain, inasmuch as in his foregoing deliberative course of life he had referred himself to the tribunal of those higher conceptions, before which such a deed is without question condemnable.

Tolerance first comes through equality of struggle, as in the case of Arianism and Catholicism in the early times—Valens, Eastern and Arian, Valentinian, Western and Catholic, alike publishing edicts of tolerance; or it comes from a common need of relief from an oppressive predominance, as when James II. published his Act of Tolerance toward non-Anglicans, being forced into liberality toward the Dissenters by the need to get it for the Catholics. Community of interest is the root of justice; community of suffering, the root of pity; community of joy, the root of love.

"Dear Religious Love."

We Make
our own
Precedents.

Birth of
Tolerance.

Enveloped in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

Sympathetic people are often incommunicative about themselves: they give back reflected images which hide their own depths.

The pond said to the ocean, "Why do you rage so? The wind is not so very violent—nay, it is already fallen. Look at me. I rose into no foaming waves, and am already smooth again."

Many feel themselves very confidently on safe ground when they say: It must be good for man to know the Truth. But it is clearly not good for a particular man to know some particular truth, as irremediable treachery in one whom he cherishes—better that he should die without knowing it.

*Felix qui
non potuit.*

Of scientific truth, is it not conceivable that some facts as to the tendency of things affecting the final destination of the race might be more hurtful when they had entered into the human consciousness than they would have been if they had remained purely external in their activity?

There is no such thing as an impotent or neutral deity, if the deity be really believed in, and contemplated either in prayer or meditation. Every object of thought reacts on the mind that conceives it, still more on that which habitually contemplates it. In this we may be said to solicit help from a generalization or abstraction. Wordsworth had this truth in his consciousness when he wrote (in the Prelude):—

*Divine Grace
a Real Emanation.*

"Nor general truths, which are themselves a sort
Of elements and agents, Under-powers
Subordinate helpers of the living mind"—

not indeed precisely in the same relation, but with a meaning which involves that wider moral influence.

One can hardly insist too much, in the present stage of thinking, on the efficacy of feeling in stimulating to ardent co-operation, quite apart from the conviction that such co-operation is needed for the achievement of the end in view. Just as hatred will vent itself in private curses no longer believed to have any potency, and joy, in private singing far out among the woods and fields, so sympathetic feeling can only be satisfied by joining in the action which expresses it, though the added "Bravo!" the added push, the added penny, is no more than a grain of dust on a rolling mass. When students take the horses out of a political hero's carriage, and draw him home by the force of their own muscle, the struggle in each is simply to draw or push, without consideration whether his place would not be as well filled by somebody else, or whether his one arm be really needful to the effect. It is under the same inspiration that abundant help rushes toward the scene of a fire, rescuing imperilled lives, and laboring with generous rivalry in carrying buckets. So the old blind King John of Bohemia at the battle of Crécy begged his vassals to lead him into the fight that he might strike a good blow, though his own stroke, possibly fatal to himself, could not turn by a hair's-breadth the imperious course of victory.

The question, "Of what use is it for me to work toward an end confessedly good?" comes from that sapless kind of reasoning which is falsely taken for a sign of supreme mental activity, but is really due to languor, or incapability of that mental grasp which makes objects strongly present, and to a lack of sympathetic emotion. In the "Spanish Gypsy" Fedalma says,—

"The grandest death! to die in vain—for Love
Greater than sways the forces of the world,"¹—

referring to the image of the disciples throwing themselves, consciously in vain, on the Roman spears. I really believe and mean this,—not as a rule of general action, but as a pos-

¹ V. what Demosthenes says (De Coronâ) about Athens pursuing the same course, though she had known from the beginning that her heroic resistance would be in vain.

sible grand instance of determining energy in human sympathy, which even in particular cases, where it has only a magnificent futility, is more adorable, or as we say divine, than un pitying force, or than a prudent calculation of results. Perhaps it is an implicit joy in the resources of our human nature which has stimulated admiration for acts of self-sacrifice which are vain as to their immediate end. Marcus Curtius was probably not imagined as concluding to himself that he and his horse would so fill up the gap as to make a smooth *terra firma*. The impulse and act made the heroism, not the correctness of adaptation. No doubt the passionate inspiration which prompts and sustains a course of self-sacrificing labor in the light of soberly estimated results gathers the highest title to our veneration, and makes the supreme heroism. But the generous leap of impulse is needed too to swell the flood of sympathy in us beholders, that we may not fall completely under the mastery of calculation, which in its turn may fail of ends for want of energy got from ardor. We have need to keep the sluices open for possible influxes of the rarer sort.

THE END.



"Fedalma entered, cast away the cloud
Of serge and linen, and, outbeaming bright,
Advanced a pace towards Silva."—*Frontis.*

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

POETICAL WORKS.

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“ This deep mountain gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-plumèd plains
Of fair Granada.”—Page 5.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

THE SPANISH GYPSY

This Work was originally written in the winter of 1864-65; after a visit to Spain in 1867 it was rewritten and amplified. The reader conversant with Spanish poetry will see that in two of the Lyrics an attempt has been made to imitate the trochaic measure and assonance of the Spanish Ballad.

May 1868.

BOOK I.

'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep:
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
And on the untravelled Ocean's restless tides.
This river, shadowed by the battlements
And gleaming silvery toward the northern sky,
Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalus
And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,
By Córdoba and Seville to the bay
Fronting Algarva and the wandering flood
Of Guadiana. This deep mountain gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-pluméd plains
Of fair Granáda: one far-stretching arm
Points to Elvira, one to eastward heights
Of Alpujarras where the new-bathed Day
With oriflamme uplifted o'er the peaks
Saddens the breasts of northward-looking snows
That loved the night, and soared with soaring stars;
Flashing the signals of his nearing swiftness

From Almería's purple-shadowed bay
 On to the far-off rocks that gaze and glow—
 On to Alhambra, strong and ruddy heart
 Of glorious Morisma, gasping now,
 A maiméd giant in his agony.
 This town that dips its feet within the stream,
 And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele
 Spreading her ample robe adown the rocks,
 Is rich Bedmár: 'twas Moorish long ago,
 But now the Cross is sparkling on the Mosque,
 And bells make Catholic the trembling air.
 The fortress gleams in Spanish sunshine now
 ('Tis south a mile before the rays are Moorish)—
 Hereditary jewel, agraffe bright
 On all the many-titled privileges
 Of young Duke Silva. No Castilian knight
 That serves Queen Isabel has higher charge;
 For near this frontier sits the Moorish king,
 Not Bobadil the waverer, who usurps
 A throne he trembles in, and fawning licks
 The feet of conquerors, but that fierce lion
 Grisly El Zagal, who has made his lair
 In Guadix' fort, and rushing thence with strength,
 Half his own fierceness, half the untainted heart
 Of mountain bands that fight for holiday,
 Wastes the fair lands that lie by Alcalá,
 Wreathing his horse's neck with Christian heads.

To keep the Christian frontier—such high trust
 Is young Duke Silva's; and the time is great.
 (What times are little? To the sentinel
 That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.)
 The fifteenth century since the Man Divine
 Taught and was hated in Capernaum
 Is near its end—is falling as a husk
 Away from all the fruit its years have riped.
 The Moslem faith, now flickering like a torch
 In a night struggle on this shore of Spain,
 Glares, a broad column of advancing flame,

Along the Danube and the Illyrian shore
Far into Italy, where eager monks,
Who watch in dreams and dream the while they watch,
See Christ grow paler in the baleful light,
Crying again the cry of the forsaken.
But faith, the stronger for extremity,
Becomes prophetic, hears the far-off tread
Of western chivalry, sees downward sweep
The archangel Michael with the gleaming sword,
And listens for the shriek of hurrying fiends
Chased from their revels in God's sanctuary.
So trusts the monk, and lifts appealing eyes
To the high dome, the Church's firmament,
Where the blue light-pierced curtain, rolled away,
Reveals the throne and Him who sits thereon.
So trust the men whose best hope for the world
Is ever that the world is near its end:
Impatient of the stars that keep their course
And make no pathway for the coming Judge.

But other futures stir the world's great heart.
The West now enters on the heritage
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors,
The seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps
That lay deep buried with the memories
Of old renown.

No more, as once in sunny Avignon,
The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page,
And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song;
For now the old epic voices ring again
And vibrate with the beat and melody
Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days.
The martyred sage, the Attic orator,
Immortally incarnate, like the gods,
In spiritual bodies, wingéd words
Holding a universe impalpable,
Find a new audience. For evermore,
With grander resurrection than was feigned
Of Attila's fierce Huns, the soul of Greece

Conquers the bulk of Persia. The maimed form
 Of calmly-joyous beauty, marble-limbed,
 Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its lips,
 Looks mild reproach from out its open grave
 At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreathed god
 Fronts the pierced Image with the crown of thorns
 The soul of man is widening toward the past:
 No longer hanging at the breast of life
 Feeding in blindness to his parentage—
 Quenching all wonder with Omnipotence,
 Praising a name with indolent piety—
 He spells the record of his long descent,
 More largely conscious of the life that was.
 And from the height that shows where morning shone
 On far-off summits pale and gloomy now,
 The horizon widens round him, and the west
 Looks vast with untracked waves whereon his gaze
 Follows the flight of the swift-vanished bird
 That like the sunken sun is mirrored still
 Upon the yearning soul within the eye.
 And so in Córdoba through patient nights
 Columbus watches, or he sails in dreams
 Between the setting stars and finds new day;
 Then wakes again to the old weary days,
 Girds on the cord and frock of pale Saint Francis,
 And like him zealous pleads with foolish men.
 "I ask but for a million maravedis:
 Give me three caravels to find a world,
 New shores, new realms, new soldiers for the Cross.
Son cosas grandes!" Thus he pleads in vain;
 Yet faints not utterly, but pleads anew,
 Thinking, "God means it, and has chosen me."
 For this man is the pulse of all mankind
 Feeding an embryo future, offspring strange
 Of the fond Present, that with mother-prayers
 And mother-fancies looks for championship
 Of all her loved beliefs and old-world ways
 From that young Time she bears within her womb.
 The sacred places shall be purged again,

The Turk converted, and the Holy Church,
Like the mild Virgin with the outspread robe,
Shall fold all tongues and nations lovingly.

But since God works by armies, who shall be
The modern Cyrus? Is it France most Christian,
Who with his lilies and brocaded knights,
French oaths, French vices, and the newest style
Of out-puffed sleeve, shall pass from west to east,
A winnowing fan to purify the seed
For fair millennial harvests soon to come?
Or is not Spain the land of chosen warriors?—
Crusaders consecrated from the womb,
Carrying the sword-cross stamped upon their souls
By the long yearnings of a nation's life,
Through all the seven patient centuries
Since first Pelayo and his resolute band
Trusted the God within their Gothic hearts
At Covadunga, and defied Mahound;
Beginning so the Holy War of Spain
That now is panting with the eagerness
Of labor near its end. The silver cross
Glitters o'er Malaga and streams dread light
On Moslem galleys, turning all their stores
From threats to gifts. What Spanish knight is he
Who, living now, holds it not shame to live
Apart from that hereditary battle
Which needs his sword? Castilian gentlemen
Choose not their task—they choose to do it well.

The time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king,
Wearing great honors as some delicate robe
Brocaded o'er with names 'twere sin to tarnish.
Born de la Cerda, Calatravan knight,
Count of Segura, fourth Duke of Bedmár,
Offshoot from that high stock of old Castile
Whose topmost branch is proud Medina Celi—
Such titles with their blazonry are his

Who keeps this fortress, its sworn governor,
 Lord of the valley, master of the town,
 Commanding whom he will, himself commanded
 By Christ his Lord who sees him from the Cross
 And from bright heaven where the Mother pleads;—
 By good Saint James upon the milk-white steed,
 Who leaves his bliss to fight for chosen Spain;—
 By the dead gaze of all his ancestors;—
 And by the mystery of his Spanish blood
 Charged with the awe and glories of the past.

See now with soldiers in his front and rear
 He winds at evening through the narrow streets
 That toward the Castle gate climb devious:
 His charger, of fine Andalusian stock,
 An Indian beauty, black but delicate,
 Is conscious of the herald trumpet note,
 The gathering glances, and familiar ways
 That lead fast homeward: she forgets fatigue,
 And at the light touch of the master's spur
 Thrills with the zeal to bear him royally,
 Arches her neck and clambers up the stones
 As if disdainful of the difficult steep.
 Night-black the charger, black the rider's plume,
 But all between is bright with morning hues—
 Seems ivory and gold and deep blue gems,
 And starry flashing steel and pale vermilion,
 All set in jasper: on his surcoat white
 Glitter the sword-belt and the jewelled hilt,
 Red on the back and breast the holy cross,
 And 'twixt the helmet and the soft-spun white
 Thick tawny wavelets like the lion's mane
 Turn backward from his brow, pale, wide, erect,
 Shadowing blue eyes—blue as the rain-washed sky
 That braced the early stem of Gothic kings
 He claims for ancestry. A goodly knight,
 A noble caballero, broad of chest
 And long of limb. So much the August sun,
 Now in the west but shooting half its beams

Past a dark rocky profile toward the plain,
 At windings of the path across the slope
 Makes suddenly luminous for all who see:
 For women smiling from the terraced roofs;
 For boys that prone on trucks with head up-propped
 Lazy and curious, stare irreverent;
 For men who make obeisance with degrees
 Of good-will shading toward servility,
 Where good-will ends and secret fear begins
 And curses, too, low-muttered through the teeth,
 Explanatory to the God of Shem.

Five, grouped within a whitened tavern court
 Of Moorish fashion, where the trellised vines
 Purpling above their heads made odorous shade,
 Note through the open door the passers-by,
 Getting some rills of novelty to speed
 The lagging stream of talk and help the wine.
 'Tis Christian to drink wine: whoso denies
 His flesh at bidding save of Holy Church,
 Let him beware and take to Christian sins
 Lest he be taxed with Moslem sanctity.

The souls are five, the talkers only three.
 (No time, most tainted by wrong faith and rule,
 But holds some listeners and dumb animals.)
 MINE HOST is one: he with the well-arched nose,
 Soft-eyed, fat-handed, loving men for nought
 But his own humor, patting old and young
 Upon the back, and mentioning the cost
 With confidential blandness, as a tax
 That he collected much against his will.
 From Spaniards who were all his bosom friends:
 Warranted Christian—else how keep an inn,
 Which calling asks true faith? though like his wine
 Of cheaper sort, a trifle over-new.
 His father was a convert, chose the chrism
 As men choose physic, kept his chimney warm
 With smokiest wood upon a Saturday,

Counted his gains and grudges on a chaplet,
 And crossed himself asleep for fear of spies;
 Trusting the God of Israel would see
 'Twas Christian tyranny that made him base.
 Our host his son was born ten years too soon,
 Had heard his mother call him Ephraim,
 Knew holy things from common, thought it sin
 To feast on days when Israel's children mourned,
 So had to be converted with his sire,
 To doff the awe he learned as Ephraim,
 And suit his manners to a Christian name.
 But infant awe, that unborn moving thing,
 Dies with what nourished it, can never rise
 From the dead womb and walk and seek new pasture.
 Thus baptism seemed to him a merry game
 Not tried before, all sacraments a mode
 Of doing homage for one's property,
 And all religions a queer human whim
 Or else a vice, according to degrees:
 As, 'tis a whim to like your chestnuts hot,
 Burn your own mouth and draw your face awry,
 A vice to pelt frogs with them—animals
 Content to take life coolly. And Lorenzo
 Would have all lives made easy, even lives
 Of spiders and inquisitors, yet still
 Wishing so well to flies and Moors and Jews
 He rather wished the others easy death;
 For loving all men clearly was deferred
 Till all men loved each other. Such mine Host,
 With chiselled smile caressing Seneca,
 The solemn mastiff leaning on his knee.
 His right-hand guest is solemn as the dog,
 Square-faced and massive: **BLASCO** is his name,
 A prosperous silversmith from Aragon;
 In speech not silvery, rather tuned as notes
 From a deep vessel made of plenteous iron,
 Or some great bell of slow but certain swing
 That, if you only wait, will tell the hour
 As well as flippant clocks that strike in haste

And set off chiming a superfluous tune—
 Like JUAN there, the spare man with the lute,
 Who makes you dizzy with his rapid tongue,
 Whirring athwart your mind with comment swift
 On speech you would have finished by and by,
 Shooting your bird for you while you are loading,
 Cheapening your wisdom as a pattern known,
 Woven by any shuttle on demand.
 Can never sit quite still, too: sees a wasp
 And kills it with a movement like a flash;
 Whistles low notes or seems to thrum his lute
 As a mere hyphen 'twixt two syllables
 Of any steadier man; walks up and down
 And snuffs the orange flowers and shoots a pea
 To hit a streak of light let through the awning.
 Has a queer face: eyes large as plums, a nose
 Small, round, uneven, like a bit of wax
 Melted and cooled by chance. Thin-fingered, lithe,
 And as a squirrel noiseless, startling men
 Only by quickness. In his speech and look
 A touch of graceful wildness, as of things
 Not trained or tamed for uses of the world;
 Most like the Fauns that roamed in days of old
 About the listening whispering woods, and shared
 The subtler sense of sylvan ears and eyes
 Undulled by scheming thought, yet joined the rout
 Of men and women on the festal days,
 And played the syrinx too, and knew love's pains,
 Turning their anguish into melody.
 For Juan was a minstrel still, in times
 When minstrelsy was held a thing outworn.
 Spirits seem buried and their epitaph
 Is writ in Latin by severest pens,
 Yet still they flit above the trodden grave
 And find new bodies, animating them
 In quaint and ghostly way with antique souls.
 So Juan was a troubadour revived,
 Freshening life's dusty road with babbling rills
 Of wit and song, living 'mid harnessed men

With limbs ungalled by armor, ready so
To soothe them weary, and to cheer them sad.
Guest at the board, companion in the camp,
A crystal mirror to the life around,
Flashing the comment keen of simple fact
Defined in words; lending brief lyric voice
To grief and sadness; hardly taking note
Of difference betwixt his own and others';
But rather singing as a listener
To the deep moans, the cries, the wild strong joys
Of universal Nature, old yet young.
Such Juan, the third talker, shimmering bright
As butterfly or bird with quickest life.
The silent ROLDAN has his brightness too,
But only in his spangles and rosettes.
His parti-colored vest and crimson hose
Are dulled with old Valencian dust, his eyes
With straining fifty years at gilded balls
To catch them dancing, or with brazen looks
At men and women as he made his jests
Some thousand times and watched to count the pence
His wife was gathering. His olive face
Has an old writing in it, characters
Stamped deep by grins that had no merriment,
The soul's rude mark proclaiming all its blank;
As on some faces that have long grown old
In lifting tapers up to forms obscene
On ancient walls and chuckling with false zest
To please my lord, who gives the larger fee
For that hard industry in apishness.
Roldan would gladly never laugh again;
Pensioned, he would be grave as any ox,
And having beans and crumbs and oil secured
Would borrow no man's jokes for evermore.
'Tis harder now because his wife is gone,
Who had quick feet, and danced to ravishment
Of every ring jewelled with Spanish eyes,
But died and left this boy, lame from his birth,
And sad and obstinate, though when he will

He sings God-taught such marrow-thrilling strains
As seem the very voice of dying Spring,
A flute-like wail that mourns the blossoms gone,
And sinks, and is not, like their fragrant breath,
With fine transition on the trembling air.
He sits as if imprisoned by some fear,
Motionless, with wide eyes that seem not made
For hungry glancing of a twelve-year'd boy
To mark the living thing that he could tease,
But for the gaze of some primeval sadness
Dark twin with light in the creative ray.
This little PABLO has his spangles too,
And large rosettes to hide his poor left foot
Rounded like any hoof (his mother thought
God willed it so to punish all her sins).

I said the souls were five—besides the dog.
But there was still a sixth, with wrinkled face,
Grave and disgusted with all merriment
Not less than Roldan. It is ANNIBAL,
The experienced monkey who performs the tricks,
Jumps through the hoops, and carries round the hat.
Once full of sallies and impromptu feats,
Now cautious not to light on aught that's new,
Lest he be whipped to do it o'er again
From A to Z, and make the gentry laugh:
A misanthropic monkey, gray and grim,
Bearing a lot that has no remedy
For want of concert in the monkey tribe.

We see the company, above their heads
The braided matting, golden as ripe corn,
Stretched in a curving strip close by the grapes,
Elsewhere rolled back to greet the cooler sky;
A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,
And fly away again with undipped beak.
On the stone floor the juggler's heaped-up goods,

Carpet and hoops, viol and tambourine,
 Where Annibal sits perched with brows severe,
 A serious ape whom none take seriously,
 Obligated in this fool's world to earn his nuts
 By hard buffoonery. We see them all,
 And hear their talk—the talk of Spanish men,
 With Southern intonation, vowels turned
 Caressingly between the consonants,
 Persuasive, willing, with such intervals
 As music borrows from the wooing birds,
 That plead with subtly curving, sweet descent—
 And yet can quarrel, as these Spaniards can.

JUAN (near the doorway).

You hear the trumpet? There's old Ramon's blast.
 No bray but his can shake the air so well.
 He takes his trumpeting as solemnly
 As angel charged to wake the dead; thinks war
 Was made for trumpeters, and their great art
 Made solely for themselves who understand it.
 His features all have shaped themselves to blowing,
 And when his trumpet's bagged or left at home
 He seems a chattel in a broker's booth,
 A spoutless watering-can, a promise to pay
 No sum particular. O fine old Ramon!
 The blasts get louder and the clattering hoofs;
 They crack the ear as well as heaven's thunder
 For owls that listen blinking. There's the banner.

Host (joining him : the others follow to the door).

The Duke has finished reconnoitring, then?
 We shall hear news. They say he means a sally—
 Would strike El Zagal's Moors as they push home
 Like ants with booty heavier than themselves;
 Then, joined by other nobles with their bands,
 Lay siege to Guadix. Juan, you're a bird
 That nest within the Castle. What say you?

JUAN.

Nought, I say nought. 'Tis but a toilsome game
 To bet upon that feather Policy,
 And guess where after twice a hundred puffs
 'Twill catch another feather crossing it:
 Guess how the Pope will blow and how the king;
 What force my lady's fan has; how a cough
 Seizing the Padre's throat may raise a gust,
 And how the queen may sigh the feather down.
 Such catching at imaginary threads,
 Such spinning twisted air, is not for me.
 If I should want a game, I'll rather bet
 On racing snails, two large, slow, lingering snails—
 No spurring, equal weights—a chance sublime,
 Nothing to guess at, pure uncertainty.
 Here comes the Duke. They give but feeble shouts.
 And some look sour.

HOST.

That spoils a fair occasion.
 Civility brings no conclusions with it,
 And cheerful *Vivas* make the moments glide
 Instead of grating like a rusty wheel.

JUAN.

O they are dullards, kick because they're stung,
 And bruise a friend to show they hate a wasp.

HOST.

Best treat your wasp with delicate regard;
 When the right moment comes say, "By your leave,"
 Use your heel—so! and make an end of him.
 That's if we talked of wasps; but our young Duke—
 Spain holds not a more gallant gentleman.
 Live, live Duke Silva! 'Tis a rare smile he has,
 But seldom seen.

JUAN.

A true hidalgo's smile,
 That gives much favor, but beseeches none.
 His smile is sweetened by his gravity :
 It comes like dawn upon Sierra snows,
 Seeming more generous for the coldness gone ;
 Breaks from the calm—a sudden opening flower
 On dark deep waters : now a chalice shut,
 A mystic shrine, the next a full-rayed star,
 Thrilling, pulse-quickenning as a living word.
 I'll make a song of that.

HOST.

Prithee, not now.
 You'll fall to staring like a wooden saint,
 And wag your head as it were set on wires.
 Here's fresh sherbét. Sit, be good company.
 (*To BLASCO*) You are a stranger, sir, and cannot know
 How our Duke's nature suits his princely frame.

BLASCO.

Nay, but I marked his spurs—chased cunningly !
 A duke should know good gold and silver plate ;
 Then he will know the quality of mine.
 I've ware for tables and for altars too,
 Our Lady in all sizes, crosses, bells :
 He'll need such weapons full as much as swords
 If he would capture any Moorish town.
 For, let me tell you, when a mosque is cleansed . . .

JUAN.

The demons fly so thick from sound of bells
 And smell of incense, you may see the air
 Streaked with them as with smoke. Why, they are
 spirits :
 You may well think how crowded they must be
 To make a sort of haze.

BLASCO.

I knew not that.

Still, they're of smoky nature, demons are;
 And since you say so—well, it proves the more
 The need of bells and censers. Ay, your Duke
 Sat well: a true hidalgo. I can judge—
 Of harness specially. I saw the camp,
 The royal camp at Velez Malaga.
 'Twas like the court of heaven—such liveries!
 And torches carried by the score at night
 Before the nobles. Sirs, I made a dish
 To set an emerald in would fit a crown,
 For Don Alonzo, lord of Aguilar.
 Your Duke's no whit behind him in his mien
 Or harness either. But you seem to say
 The people love him not.

HOST.

They've nought against him.

But certain winds will make men's temper bad.
 When the Solano blows hot venom'd breath,
 It acts upon men's knives: steel takes to stabbing
 Which else, with cooler winds, were honest steel,
 Cutting but garlick. There's a wind just now
 Blows right from Seville—

BLASCO.

Ay, you mean the wind . . .
 Yes, yes, a wind that's rather hot . . .

HOST.

With fagots.

JUAN.

A wind that suits not with our townsmen's blood.
 Abram, 'tis said, objected to be scorched,
 And, as the learned Arabs vouch, he gave
 The antipathy in full to Ishmaël.
 'Tis true, these patriarchs had their oddities.

BLASCO.

Their oddities? I'm of their mind, I know.
 Though, as to Abraham and Ishmaël,
 I'm an old Christian, and owe nought to **them**
 Or any Jew among them. But I know
 We made a stir in Saragossa—we:
 The men of Aragon ring hard—true metal.
 Sirs, I'm no friend to heresy, but then
 A Christian's money is not safe. As how?
 A lapsing Jew or any heretic
 May owe me twenty ounces: suddenly
 He's prisoned, suffers penalties—'tis well:
 If men will not believe, 'tis good to make them,
 But let the penalties fall on them alone.
 The Jew is stripped, his goods are confiscate;
 Now, where, I pray you, go my twenty ounces?
 God knows, and perhaps the King may, but not I.
 And more, my son may lose his young wife's dower
 Because 'twas promised since her father's soul
 Fell to wrong thinking. How was I to know?
 I could but use my sense and cross myself.
 Christian is Christian—I give in—but still
 Taxing is taxing, though you call it holy.
 We Saragossans liked not this new tax
 They call the—nonsense, I'm from Aragon!
 I speak too bluntly. But, for Holy Church,
 No man believes more.

HOST.

Nay, sir, never fear!
 Good Master Roldan here is no delator.

ROLDAN (*starting from a reverie*).

You speak to me, sirs? I perform to-night—
 The Praça Santiago. Twenty tricks,
 All different. I dance, too. And the boy
 Sings like a bird. I crave your patronage.

BLASCO.

Faith, you shall have it, sir. In travelling
I take a little freedom, and am gay.
You marked not what I said just now?

ROLDAN.

I? no.

I pray your pardon. I've a twinging knee,
That makes it hard to listen. You were saying?

BLASCO.

Nay, it was nought. (*Aside to Host*) Is it his deepness?

HOST.

No.

He's deep in nothing but his poverty.

BLASCO.

But 'twas his poverty that made me think . . .

HOST.

His piety might wish to keep the feasts
As well as fasts. No fear; he hears not.

BLASCO.

Good.

I speak my mind about the penalties,
But, look you, I'm against assassination.
You know my meaning—Master Arbués,
The grand Inquisitor in Aragon.
I knew nought—paid no copper toward the deed.
But I was there, at prayers, within the church.
How could I help it? Why, the saints were there,
And looked straight on above the altars. I . . .

JUAN.

Looked carefully another way.

BLASCO.

Why, at my beads.

'Twas after midnight, and the canons all
 Were chanting matins. I was not in church
 To gape and stare. I saw the martyr kneel:
 I never liked the look of him alive—
 He was no martyr then. I thought he made
 An ugly shadow as he crept athwart
 The bands of light, then passed within the gloom
 By the broad pillar. 'Twas in our great Seo,
 At Saragossa. The pillars tower so large
 You cross yourself to see them, lest white Death
 Should hide behind their back. And so it was.
 I looked away again and told my beads
 Unthinkingly; but still a man has ears;
 And right across the chanting came a sound
 As if a tree had crashed above the roar
 Of some great torrent. So it seemed to me;
 For when you listen long and shut your eyes
 Small sounds get thunderous. He had a shell
 Like any lobster: a good iron suit
 From top to toe beneath the innocent serge.
 That made the tell-tale sound. But then came shrieks.
 The chanting stopped and turned to rushing feet,
 And in the midst lay Master Arbués,
 Felled like an ox. 'Twas wicked butchery.
 Some honest men had hoped it would have scared
 The Inquisition out of Aragon.
 'Twas money thrown away—I would say, crime—
 Clean thrown away.

Host.

That was a pity now.
 Next to a missing thrust, what irks me most
 Is a neat well-aimed stroke that kills your man,
 Yet ends in mischief—as in Aragon.
 It was a lesson to our people here.
 Else there's a monk within our city walls,

A holy, high-born, stern Dominican,
They might have made the great mistake to kill.

BLASCO.

What! is he? . . .

HOST.

Yes; a Master Arbués
Of finer quality. The Prior here
And uncle to our Duke.

BLASCO.

He will want plate:
A holy pillar or a crucifix.
But, did you say, he was like Arbués?

JUAN.

As a black eagle with gold beak and claws
Is like a raven. Even in his cowl,
Covered from head to foot, the Prior is known
From all the black herd round. When he uncovers
And stands white-frocked, with ivory face, his eyes
Black-gleaming, black his coronal of hair
Like shredded jasper, he seems less a man
With struggling aims, than pure incarnate Will,
Fit to subdue rebellious nations, nay,
That human flesh he breathes in, charged with passion
Which quivers in his nostril and his lip,
But disciplined by long in-dwelling will
To silent labor in the yoke of law.
A truce to thy comparisons, Lorenzo!
Thine is no subtle nose for difference;
'Tis dulled by feigning and civility.

HOST.

Pooh, thou'rt a poet, crazed with finding words
May stick to things and seem like qualities.
No pebble is a pebble in thy hands:

'Tis a moon out of work, a barren egg,
 Or twenty things that no man sees but thee.
 Our Father Isidor's—a living saint,
 And that is heresy, some townsmen think:
 Saints should be dead, according to the Church.
 My mind is this: the Father is so holy
 'Twere sin to wish his soul detained from bliss.
 Easy translation to the realms above,
 The shortest journey to the seventh heaven,
 Is what I'd never grudge him.

BLASCO.

Piously said.

Look you, I'm dutiful, obey the Church
 When there's no help for it: I mean to say,
 When Pope and Bishop and all customers
 Order alike. But there be bishops now,
 And were aforetime, who have held it wrong,
 This hurry to convert the Jews. As how?
 Your Jew pays tribute to the bishop, say.
 That's good, and must please God, to see the Church
 Maintained in ways that ease the Christian's purse.
 Convert the Jew, and where's the tribute, pray?
 He lapses, too: 'tis slippery work, conversion:
 And then the holy taxing carries off
 His money at one sweep. No tribute more!
 He's penitent or burnt, and there's an end.
 Now guess which pleases God . . .

JUAN.

Whether he likes

A well-burnt Jew or well-fed bishop best.

[While Juan put this problem theologic
 Entered, with resonant step, another guest—
 A soldier: all his keenness in his sword,
 His eloquence in scars upon his cheek,
 His virtue in much slaying of the Moor:

With brow well-creased in horizontal folds
 To save the space, as having nought to do:
 Lips prone to whistle whisperingly—no tune,
 But trotting rhythm: meditative eyes,
 Most often fixed upon his legs and spurs:
 Styled Captain Lopez.]

LOPEZ.

At your service, sirs.

JUAN.

Ha, Lopez? Why, thou hast a face full-charged
 As any herald's. What news of the wars?

LOPEZ.

Such news as is most bitter on my tongue.

JUAN.

Then spit it forth.

HOST.

Sit, Captain: here's a cup,
 Fresh-filled. What news?

LOPEZ.

'Tis bad. We make no sally:
 We sit still here and wait whate'er the Moor
 Shall please to do.

HOST.

Some townsmen will be glad.

LOPEZ.

Glad, will they be? But I'm not glad, not I,
 Nor any Spanish soldier of clean blood.
 But the Duke's wisdom is to wait a siege
 Instead of laying one. Therefore—meantime—
 He will be married straightway.

HOST.

Ha, ha, ha!

Thy speech is like an hourglass; turn it down
The other way, 'twill stand as well, and say
The Duke will wed, therefore he waits a siege.
But what say Don Diego and the Prior?
The holy uncle and the fiery Don?

LOPEZ.

O there be sayings running all abroad
As thick as nuts o'erturned. No man need lack.
Some say, 'twas letters changed the Duke's intent:
From Malaga, says Blas. From Rome, says Quintin.
From spies at Guadix, says Sebastian.
Some say, 'tis all a pretext—say, the Duke
Is but a lapdog hanging on a skirt,
Turning his eyeballs upward like a monk:
'Twas Don Diego said that—so says Blas;
Last week, he said . . .

JUAN.

O do without the "said"!

Open thy mouth and pause in lieu of it.
I had as lief be pelted with a pea
Irregularly in the self-same spot
As hear such iteration without rule,
Such torture of uncertain certainty.

LOPEZ.

Santiago! Juan, thou art hard to please.
I speak not for my own delighting, I.
I can be silent, I.

BLASCO.

Nay, sir, speak on!
I like your matter well. I deal in plate.
This wedding touches me. Who is the bride?

LOPEZ.

One that some say the Duke does ill to wed.
 One that his mother reared—God rest her soul!—
 Duchess Diana—she who died last year.
 A bird picked up away from any nest.
 Her name—the Duchess gave it—is Fedalma.
 No harm in that. But the Duke stoops, they say,
 In wedding her. And that's the simple truth.

JUAN.

Thy simple truth is but a false opinion:
 The simple truth of asses who believe
 Their thistle is the very best of food.
 Fie, Lopez, thou a Spaniard with a sword
 Dreamest a Spanish noble ever stoops
 By doing honor to the maid he loves!
 He stoops alone when he dishonors her.

LOPEZ.

Nay, I said nought against her.

JUAN.

Better not.

Else I would challenge thee to fight with wits,
 And spear thee through and through ere thou couldst draw
 The bluntest word. Yes, yes, consult thy spurs:
 Spurs are a sign of knighthood, and should tell thee
 That knightly love is blent with reverence
 As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue.
 Don Silva's heart beats to a loyal tune:
 He wills no highest-born Castilian dame,
 Betrothed to highest noble, should be held
 More sacred than Fedalma. He enshrines
 Her virgin image for the general awe
 And for his own—will guard her from the world,
 Nay, his profaner self, lest he should lose
 The place of his religion. He does well.
 Nought can come closer to the poet's strain.

HOST.

Or farther from his practice, Juan, eh?
If thou'rt a sample?

JUAN.

Wrong there, my Lorenzo
Touching Fedalma the poor poet plays
A finer part even than the noble Duke.

LOPEZ.

By making ditties, singing with round mouth
Limest a crowing cock? Thou meanest that?

JUAN.

Lopez, take physic, thou art getting ill,
Growing descriptive; 'tis unnatural.
I mean, Don Silva's love expects reward,
Kneels with a heaven to come; but the poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven save in his worship. He adores
The sweetest woman for her sweetness' sake,
Joys in the love that was not born for him,
Because 'tis lovingness, as beggars joy,
Warming their naked limbs on wayside walls,
To hear a tale of princes and their glory.
There's a poor poet (poor, I mean, in coin)
Worships Fedalma with so true a love
That if her silken robe were changed for rags,
And she were driven out to stony wilds
Barefoot, a scornéd wanderer, he would kiss
Her ragged garment's edge, and only ask
For leave to be her slave. Digest that, friend,
Or let it lie upon thee as a weight
To check light thinking of Fedalma.

LOPEZ.

I?

I think no harm of her; I thank the saints
I wear a sword and peddle not in thinking.

'Tis Father Marcos says she'll not confess
 And loves not holy water; says her blood
 Is infidel; says the Duke's wedding her
 Is union of light with darkness.

JUAN.

Tush!

[Now Juan—who by snatches touched his lute
 With soft arpeggio, like a whispered dream
 Of sleeping music, while he spoke of love—
 In jesting anger at the soldier's talk
 Thrummed loud and fast, then faster and more loud,
 Till, as he answered "Tush!" he struck a chord
 Sudden as whip-crack close by Lopez' ear.
 Mine host and Blasco smiled, the mastiff barked,
 Roldan looked up and Annibal looked down,
 Cautiously neutral in so new a case;
 The boy raised longing, listening eyes that seemed
 An exiled spirit's waiting in strained hope
 Of voices coming from the distant land.
 But Lopez bore the assault like any rock:
That was not what he drew his sword at—he!
 He spoke with neck erect.]

LOPEZ.

If that's a hint

The company should ask thee for a song,
 Sing, then!

HOST.

Ay, Juan, sing, and jar no more.
 Something brand new. Thou'rt wont to make my ear
 A test of novelties. Hast thou aught fresh?

JUAN.

As fresh as rain-drops. Here's a Canción
 Springs like a tiny mushroom delicate
 Out of the priest's foul scandal of Fedalma,

[He preluded with querying intervals,
 Rising, then falling just a semitone,
 In minor cadence—sound with poised wing
 Hovering and quivering toward the needed fall.
 Then in a voice that shook the willing air
 With masculine vibration sang this song.

*Should I long that dark were fair?
 Say, O song!
 Lacks my love aught, that I should long?*

*Dark the night, with breath all flow'rs,
 And tender broken voice that fills
 With ravishment the listening hours:
 Whisperings, wooings,
 Liquid ripples and soft ring-dove cooings
 In low-toned rhythm that love's aching stills.
 Dark the night,
 Yet is she bright,
 For in her dark she brings the mystic star,
 Trembling yet strong, as is the voice of love,
 From some unknown afar.
 O radiant Dark! O darkly-fostered ray!
 Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.*

While Juan sang all round the tavern court
 Gathered a constellation of black eyes.
 Fat Lola leaned upon the balcony
 With arms that might have pillowed Hercules
 (Who built, 'tis known, the mightiest Spanish towns);
 Thin Alda's face, sad as a wasted passion,
 Leaned o'er the nodding baby's; 'twixt the rails
 The little Pepe showed his two black beads,
 His flat-ringed hair and small Semitic nose,
 Complete and tiny as a new-born minnow;
 Patting his head and holding in her arms
 The baby senior, stood Lorenzo's wife
 All negligent, her kerchief discomposed
 By little clutches, woman's coquetry

Quite turned to mother's cares and sweet content.
 These on the balcony, while at the door
 Gazed the lank boys and lazy-shouldered men.
 'Tis likely too the rats and insects peeped,
 Being southern Spanish ready for a lounge.
 The singer smiled, as doubtless Orpheus smiled,
 To see the animals both great and small,
 The mountainous elephant and scampering mouse,
 Held by the ears in decent audience;
 Then, when mine host desired the strain once more,
 He fell to preluding with rhythmic change
 Of notes recurrent, soft as pattering drops
 That fall from off the eaves in faëry dance
 When clouds are breaking; till at measured pause
 He struck with strength, in rare responsive chords.]

HOST.

Come, then, a gayer ballad, if thou wilt:
 I quarrel not with change. What say you, Captain?

LOPEZ.

All's one to me. I note no change of tune,
 Not I, save in the ring of horses' hoofs,
 Or in the drums and trumpets when they call
 To action or retreat. I ne'er could see
 The good of singing.

BLASCO.

Why, it passes time—
 Saves you from getting over-wise: that's good.
 For, look you, fools are merry here below,
 Yet they will go to heaven all the same,
 Having the sacraments; and, look you, heaven
 Is a long holiday, and solid men,
 Used to much business, might be ill at ease
 Not liking play. And so, in travelling,
 I shape myself betimes to idleness
 And take fools' pleasures . . .

HOST.

Hark, the song begins!

JUAN (*sings*).

*Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness,
Lithe as panther forest-roaming,
Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
On a stream of ether floating—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Form all curves like softness drifted,
Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,
Far-off music slowly wingéd,
Gently rising, gently sinking—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
Cloud high-born in noonday spotless,
Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
Gem of earth and sky begotten—
Bright, O bright Fedalma!*

*Beauty has no mortal father,
Holy light her form engendered
Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
Presage sweet and joy remembered—
Child of Light, Fedalma!*

BLASCO.

Faith, a good song, sung to a stirring tune.
I like the words returning in a round;
It gives a sort of sense. Another such!

ROLDAN (*rising*).

Sirs, you will hear my boy. 'Tis very hard
When gentles sing for nought to all the town.

How can a poor man live? And now 'tis time
I go to the Plaça—who will give me pence
When he can hear hidalgos and give nought?

JUAN.

True, friend. Be pacified. I'll sing no more.
Go thou, and we will follow. Never fear.
My voice is common as the ivy-leaves,
Plucked in all seasons—bears no price; thy boy's
Is like the almond blossoms. Ah, he's lame!

HOST.

Load him not heavily. Here, Pedro! help.
Go with them to the Plaça, take the hoops.
The sights will pay thee.

BLASCO.

I'll be there anon,
And set the fashion with a good white coin.
But let us see as well as hear.

HOST.

Ay, prithee.

Some tricks, a dance.

BLASCO.

Yes, 'tis more rational.

ROLDAN (*turning round with the bundle and monkey on his shoulders*).

You shall see all, sirs. There's no man in Spain
Knows his art better. I've a twinging knee
Oft hinders dancing, and the boy is lame.
But no man's monkey has more tricks than mine.

[At this high praise the gloomy Annibal,
Mournful professor of high drollery,

Seemed to look gloomier, and the little troop
 Went slowly out, escorted from the door
 By all the idlers. From the balcony
 Slowly subsided the black radiance
 Of agate eyes, and broke in chattering sounds,
 Coaxings and trampings, and the small hoarse squeak
 Of Pepe's reed. And our group talked again.]

HOST.

I'll get this juggler, if he quits him well,
 An audience here as choice as can be lured.
 For me, when a poor devil does his best,
 'Tis my delight to soothe his soul with praise.
 What though the best be bad? remains the good
 Of throwing food to a lean hungry dog.
 I'd give up the best jugglery in life
 To see a miserable juggler pleased.
 But that's my humor. Crowds are malcontent
 And cruel as the Holy Shall we go?
 All of us now together?

LOPEZ.

Well, not I.

I may be there anon, but first I go
 To the lower prison. There is strict command
 That all our gypsy prisoners shall to-night
 Be lodged within the fort. They've forged enough
 Of balls and bullets—used up all the metal.
 At morn to-morrow they must carry stones
 Up the south tower. 'Tis a fine stalwart band,
 Fit for the hardest tasks. Some say, the queen
 Would have the Gypsies banished with the Jews.
 Some say, 'twere better harness them for work.
 They'd feed on any filth and save the Spaniard.
 Some say—but I must go. 'Twill soon be time
 To head the escort. We shall meet again.

BLASCO.

Go, sir, with God (*exit Lopez*). A very proper man,
 And soldierly. But, for this banishment
 Some men are hot on, it ill pleases me.
 The Jews, now (sirs, if any Christian here
 Had Jews for ancestors, I blame him not;
 We cannot all be Goths of Aragon)—
 Jews are not fit for heaven, but on earth
 They are most useful. 'Tis the same with mules,
 Horses, or oxen, or with any pig
 Except Saint Anthony's. They are useful here
 (The Jews I mean) though they may go to hell.
 And, look you, useful sins—why, Providence
 Sends Jews to do 'em, saving Christian souls.
 The very Gypsies, curbed and harnessed well,
 Would make draught cattle, feed on vermin too,
 Cost less than grazing brutes, and turn bad food
 To handsome carcasses; sweat at the forge
 For little wages, and well drilled and flogged
 Might work like slaves, some Spaniards looking on.
 I deal in plate, and am no priest to say
 What God may mean, save when he means plain sense;
 But when he sent the Gypsies wandering
 In punishment because they sheltered not
 Our Lady and Saint Joseph (and no doubt
 Stole the small ass they fled with into Egypt),
 Why send them here? 'Tis plain he saw the use
 They'd be to Spaniards. Shall we banish them,
 And tell God we know better? 'Tis a sin.
 They talk of vermin; but, sirs, vermin large
 Were made to eat the small, or else to eat
 The noxious rubbish, and picked Gypsy men
 Might serve in war to climb, be killed, and fall
 To make an easy ladder. Once I saw
 A Gypsy sorcerer, at a spring and grasp
 Kill one who came to seize him; talk of strength!
 Nay, swiftness too, for while we crossed ourselves
 He vanished like—say, like . . .

JUAN.

A swift black snake,
Or like a living arrow fledged with will.

BLASCO.

Why, did you see him, pray?

JUAN.

Not then, but now,
As painters see the many in the one.
We have a Gypsy in Bedmár whose frame
Nature compacted with such fine selection,
'Twould yield a dozen types: all Spanish knights,
From him who slew Rolando at the pass
Up to the mighty Cid; all deities,
Thronging Olympus in fine attitudes;
Or all hell's heroes whom the poet saw
Tremble like lions, writhe like demigods.

HOST.

Pause not yet, Juan—more hyperbole!
Shoot upward still and flare in meteors
Before thou sink to earth in dull brown fact.

BLASCO.

Nay, give me fact, high shooting suits not me.
I never stare to look for soaring larks.
What is this Gypsy?

HOST.

Chieftain of a band,
The Moor's allies, whom full a month ago
Our Duke surprised and brought as captives home.
He needed smiths, and doubtless the brave Moor
Has missed some useful scouts and archers too.

Juan's fantastic pleasure is to watch
 These Gypsies forging, and to hold discourse
 With this great chief, whom he transforms at will
 To sage or warrior, and like the sun
 Plays daily at fallacious alchemy,
 Turns sand to gold, and dewy spider-webs
 To myriad rainbows. Still the sand is sand,
 And still in sober shade you see the web.
 'Tis so, I'll wager, with his Gypsy chief—
 A piece of stalwart cunning, nothing more.

JUAN.

No! My invention has been all too poor
 To frame this Zarca as I saw him first.
 'Twas when they stripped him. In his chieftain's gear,
 Amidst his men he seemed a royal barb
 Followed by wild-maned Andalusian colts.
 He had a necklace of a strange device
 In finest gold of unknown workmanship,
 But delicate as Moorish, fit to kiss
 Fedalma's neck, and play in shadows there.
 He wore fine mail, a rich-wrought sword and belt,
 And on his surcoat black a broidered torch,
 A pine-branch flaming, grasped by two dark hands.
 But when they stripped him of his ornaments
 It was the baubles lost their grace, not he.
 His eyes, his mouth, his nostril, all inspired
 With scorn that mastered utterance of scorn,
 With power to check all rage until it turned
 To ordered force, unleashed on chosen prey—
 It seemed the soul within him made his limbs
 And made them grand. The baubles were well gone.
 He stood the more a king, when bared to man.

BLASCO.

Maybe. But nakedness is bad for trade,
 And is not decent. Well-wrought metal, sir,
 Is not a bauble. Had you seen the camp,

The royal camp at Velez Malaga,
 Ponce de Leon and the other dukes,
 The king himself and all his thousand knights
 For bodyguard, 'twould not have left you breath
 To praise a Gypsy thus. A man's a man;
 But when you see a king, you see the work
 Of many thousand men. King Ferdinand
 Bears a fine presence, and hath proper limbs;
 But what though he were shrunken as a relic?
 You'd see the gold and gems that cased him o'er,
 And all the pages round him in brocade,
 And all the lords, themselves a sort of kings,
 Doing him reverence. That strikes an awe
 Into a common man—especially
 A judge of plate.

Host.

Faith, very wisely said.
 Purge thy speech, Juan. It is over-full
 Of this same Gypsy. Praise the Catholic King.
 And come now, let us see the juggler's skill.

The Plaza Santiago.

'Tis daylight still, but now the golden cross
 Uplifted by the angel on the dome
 Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined
 Against the northern blue; from turrets high
 The flitting splendor sinks with folded wing
 Dark-hid till morning, and the battlements
 Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
 By summers generous and winters bland.
 Now in the east the distance casts its veil
 And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
 The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
 Of shadow-broken gray; the rounded hills
 Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs.
 Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
 Of cactus green and blue broad-sworded aloes

The cypress soaring black above the lines
 Of white court-walls; the jointed sugar-canes
 Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
 In the warm quiet:—all thought-teaching form
 Utters itself in firm unshimmering hues.
 For the great rock has screened the westering sun
 That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
 Among the branches; and within Bedmár
 Has come the time of sweet serenity
 When color grows unglittering, and the soul
 Of visible things shows silent happiness,
 As that of lovers trusting though apart.
 The ripe-cheeked fruits, the crimson-petalled flowers:
 The wingéd life that pausing seems a gem
 Cunningly carven on the dark green leaf;
 The face of man with hues supremely blent
 To difference fine as of a voice 'mid sounds:—
 Each lovely light-dipped thing seems to emerge
 Flushed gravely from baptismal sacrament.
 All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
 Lies still, yet conscious with clear open eyes
 And gentle breath and mild suffuséd joy.
 'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
 Repeated on a string with graver tones—
 Tones such as linger in a long farewell.

The Plaça widens in the passive air—
 The Plaça Santiago, where the church,
 A mosque converted, shows an eyeless face
 Red-checked, faded, doing penance still—
 Bearing with Moorish arch the imaged saint,
 Apostle, baron, Spanish warrior,
 Whose charger's hoofs trample the turbaned dead,
 Whose banner with the Cross, the bloody sword
 Flashes athwart the Moslem's glazing eye,
 And mocks his trust in Allah who forsakes.
 Up to the church the Plaça gently slopes,
 In shape most like the pious palmer's shell,
 Girdled with low white houses; high above

Tower the strong fortress and sharp-angled wall
 And well-flanked castle gate. From o'er the roofs,
 And from the shadowed pátios cool, there spreads
 The breath of flowers and aromatic leaves
 Soothing the sense with bliss indefinite—
 A baseless hope, a glad presentiment,
 That curves the lip more softly, fills the eye
 With more indulgent beam. And so it soothes,
 So gently sways the pulses of the crowd
 Who make a zone about the central spot
 Chosen by Roldan for his theatre.
 Maids with arched eyebrows, delicate-pencilled, dark,
 Fold their round arms below the kerchief full;
 Men shoulder little girls; and grandames gray,
 But muscular still, hold babies on their arms;
 While mothers keep the stout-legged boys in front
 Against their skirts, as old Greek pictures show
 The Glorious Mother with the Boy divine.
 Youths keep the places for themselves, and roll
 Large lazy eyes, and call recumbent dogs
 (For reasons deep below the reach of thought).
 The old men cough with purpose, wish to hint
 Wisdom within that cheapens jugglery,
 Maintain a neutral air, and knit their brows
 In observation. None are quarrelsome,
 Noisy, or very merry; for their blood
 Moves slowly into fervor—they rejoice
 Like those dark birds that sweep with heavy wing,
 Cheering their mates with melancholy cries.

But now the gilded balls begin to play
 In rhythmic numbers, ruled by practice fine
 Of eye and muscle: all the juggler's form
 Consents harmonious in swift-gliding change,
 Easily forward stretched or backward bent
 With lightest step and movement circular
 Round a fixed point: 'tis not the old Roldan now,
 The dull, hard, weary, miserable man,
 The soul all parched to languid appetite

And memory of desire: 'tis wondrous force
That moves in combination multiform
Toward conscious ends: 'tis Roldan glorious,
Holding all eyes like any meteor,
King of the moment save when Annibal
Divides the scene and plays the comic part,
Gazing with blinking glances up and down,
Dancing and throwing nought and catching it,
With mimicry as merry as the tasks
Of penance-working shades in Tartarus.

Pablo stands passive, and a space apart,
Holding a viol, waiting for command.
Music must not be wasted, but must rise
As needed climax; and the audience
Is growing with late comers. Juan now,
And the familiar Host, with Blasco broad,
Find way made gladly to the inmost round
Studded with heads. Lorenzo knits the crowd
Into one family by showing all
Good-will and recognition. Juan casts
His large and rapid-measuring glance around;
But—with faint quivering, transient as a breath
Shaking a flame—his eyes make sudden pause
Where by the jutting angle of a street
Castle-ward leading stands a female form,
A kerchief pale square-drooping o'er the brow,
About her shoulders dim brown serge—in garb
Most like a peasant woman from the vale,
Who might have lingered after marketing
To see the show. What thrill mysterious,
Ray-borne from orb to orb of conscious eyes,
The swift observing sweep of Juan's glance
Arrests an instant, then with prompting fresh
Diverts it lastingly? He turns at once
To watch the gilded balls, and nod and smile
At little round Pepíta, blondest maid
In all Bedmár—Pepíta, fair yet flecked,
Saucy of lip and nose, of hair as red

As breasts of robins stepping on the snow—
 Who stands in front with little tapping feet,
 And baby-dimpled hands that hide enclosed
 Those sleeping crickets, the dark castanets.
 But soon the gilded balls have ceased to play
 And Annibal is leaping through the hoops,
 That turn to twelve, meeting him as he flies
 In the swift circle. Shuddering he leaps,
 But with each spring flies swift and swifter still
 To loud and louder shouts, while the great hoops
 Are changed to smaller. Now the crowd is fired.
 The motion swift, the living victim urged,
 The imminent failure and repeated 'scape
 Hurry all pulses and intoxicate
 With subtle wine of passion many-mixt.
 'Tis all about a monkey leaping hard
 Till near to gasping; but it serves as well
 As the great circus or arena dire,
 Where these are lacking. Roldan cautiously
 Slackens the leaps and lays the hoops to rest,
 And Annibal retires with reeling brain
 And backward stagger—pity, he could not smile!

Now Roldan spreads his carpet, now he shows
 Strange metamorphoses: the pebble black
 Changes to whitest egg within his hand;
 A staring rabbit, with retreating ears,
 Is swallowed by the air and vanishes;
 He tells men's thoughts about the shaken dice,
 Their secret choosing; makes the white beans pass
 With causeless act sublime from cup to cup
 Turned empty on the ground—diablerie
 That pales the girls and puzzles all the boys:
 These tricks are samples, hinting to the town
 Roldan's great mastery. He tumbles next,
 And Annibal is called to mock each feat
 With arduous comicality and save
 By rule romantic the great public mind
 (And Roldan's body) from too sericus strain.

But with the tumbling, lest the feats should fail,
 And so need veiling in a haze of sound,
 Pablo awakes the viol and the bow—
 The masculine bow that draws the woman's heart
 From out the strings and makes them cry, yearn, plead,
 Tremble, exult, with mystic union
 Of joy acute and tender suffering.
 To play the viol and discreetly mix
 Alternate with the bow's keen biting tones
 The throb responsive to the finger's touch
 Was rarest skill that Pablo half had caught
 From an old blind and wandering Catalan;
 The other half was rather heritage
 From treasure stored by generations past
 In winding chambers of receptive sense.

The wingéd sounds exalt the thick-pressed crowd
 With a new pulse in common, blending all
 The gazing life into one larger soul
 With dimly widened consciousness: as waves
 In heightened movement tell of waves far off.
 And the light changes; westward stationed clouds,
 The sun's ranged outposts, luminous message spread,
 Rousing quiescent things to doff their shade
 And show themselves as added audience.
 Now Pablo, letting fall the eager bow,
 Solicits softer murmurs from the strings,
 And now above them pours a wondrous voice
 (Such as Greek reapers heard in Sicily)
 With wounding rapture in it, like love's arrows;
 And clear upon clear air as colored gems
 Dropped in a crystal cup of water pure,
 Fall words of sadness, simple, lyrical:

Spring comes hither,
Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
Sweet spring goes.
Ojalà, would she carry me!

*Summer soars —
Wide-winged day
White light pours,
Flies away.
Ojalà, would he carry me!*

*Soft winds blow,
Westward born,
Onward go
Toward the morn.
Ojalà, would they carry me!*

*Sweet birds sing
O'er the graves,
Then take wing
O'er the waves.
Ojalà, would they carry me!*

When the voice paused and left the viol's note
To plead forsaken, 'twas as when a cloud
Hiding the sun makes all the leaves and flowers
Shiver. But when with measured change the strings
Had taught regret new longing, clear again,
Welcome as hope recovered, flowed the voice.

*Warm whispering through the slender olive leaves
Came to me a gentle sound,
Whispering of a secret found
In the clear sunshine 'mid the golden sheaves.
Said it was sleeping for me in the morn,
Called it gladness, called it joy,
Drew me on—"Come hither, boy"—
To where the blue wings rested on the corn.
I thought the gentle sound had whispered true—
Thought the little heaven mine,
Leaned to clutch the thing divine,
And saw the blue wings melt within the blue.*

The long notes linger on the trembling air,
With subtle penetration enter all



"A figure litho, all white and saffron robed,
Flashed right across the circle."—Page 45.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

The myriad corridors of the passionate soul,
 Message-like spread, and answering action rouse.
 Not angular jigs that warm the chilly limbs
 In hoary northern mists, but action curved
 To soft andante strains pitched plaintively.
 Vibrations sympathetic stir all limbs:
 Old men live backward in their dancing **prime**,
 And move in memory; small legs and arms
 With pleasant agitation purposeless
 Go up and down like pretty fruits in gales.
 All long in common for the expressive act
 Yet wait for it; as in the olden time
 Men waited for the bard to tell their thought.
 "The dance! the dance!" is shouted all around.
 Now Pablo lifts the bow, Pepíta now,
 Ready as bird that sees the sprinkled corn,
 When Juan nods and smiles, puts forth her foot
 And lifts her arm to wake the castanets.
 Juan advances, too, from out the ring
 And bends to quit his lute; for now the scene
 Is empty; Roldan, weary, gathers pence,
 Followed by Annibal with purse and stick.
 The carpet lies a colored isle untrod,
 Inviting feet: "The dance, the dance," resounds,
 The bow entreats with slow melodic strain,
 And all the air with expectation yearns.

Sudden, with gliding motion like a flame
 That through dim vapor makes a path of glory,
 A figure lithe, all white and saffron-robed,
 Flashed right across the circle, and now stood
 With ripened arms uplift and regal head,
 Like some tall flower whose dark and intense heart
 Lies half within a tulip-tinted cup.

Juan stood fixed and pale; Pepíta stepped
 Backward within the ring: the voices fell
 From shouts insistent to more passive tones
 Half meaning welcome, half astonishment.
 "Lady Fedalma!—will she dance for us?"

But she, sole swayed by impulse passionate,
 Feeling all life was music and all eyes
 The warming quickening light that music makes,
 Moved as, in dance religious, Miriam,
 When on the Red Sea shore she raised her voice
 And led the chorus of the people's joy;
 Or as the Trojan maids that reverent sang
 Watching the sorrow-crownéd Hecuba:
 Moved in slow curves voluminous, gradual,
 Feeling and action flowing into one,
 In Eden's natural taintless marriage-bond;
 Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
 With young delight that wonders at itself
 And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
 Knowing not comment—soilless, beautiful.
 The spirit in her gravely glowing face
 With sweet community informs her limbs,
 Filling their fine gradation with the breath
 Of virgin majesty; as full-vowelled words
 Are new impregnate with the master's thought.
 Even the chance-strayed delicate tendrils black,
 That backward 'scape from out her wreathing hair—
 Even the pliant folds that cling transverse
 When with obliquely soaring bend altern
 She seems a goddess quitting earth again—
 Gather expression—a soft undertone
 And resonance exquisite from the grand chord
 Of her harmoniously bodied soul.

At first a reverential silence guards
 The eager senses of the gazing crowd:
 They hold their breath, and live by seeing her.
 But soon the admiring tension finds relief—
 Sighs of delight, applausive murmurs low,
 And stirrings gentle as of earéd corn
 Or seed-bent grasses, when the ocean's breath
 Spreads landward. Even Juan is impelled
 By the swift-travelling movement: fear and doubt
 Give way before the hurrying energy;

He takes his lute and strikes in fellowship,
 Filling more full the rill of melody
 Raised ever and anon to clearest flood
 By Pablo's voice, that dies away too soon,
 Like the sweet blackbird's fragmentary chant,
 Yet wakes again, with varying rise and fall,
 In songs that seem emergent memories
 Prompting brief utterance—little *cancións*
 And *villancicos*, Andalusia-born.

PABLO (*sings*).

*It was in the prime
 Of the sweet Spring-time.
 In the linnet's throat
 Trembled the love-note,
 And the love-stirred air
 Thrilled the blossoms there.
 Little shadows danced
 Each a tiny elf,
 Happy in large light
 And the thinnest self.*

*It was but a minute
 In a far-off Spring,
 But each gentle thing,
 Sweetly-wooing linnet,
 Soft-thrilled hawthorn tree,
 Happy shadowy elf
 With the thinnest self,
 Live still on in me.
 O the sweet, sweet prime
 Of the past Spring-time!*

And still the light is changing: high above
 Float soft pink clouds; others with deeper flush
 Stretch like flamingos bending toward the south.
 Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
 A meaning more intense upon the air—
 The inspiration of the dying day.

And Juan now, when Pablo's notes subside,
Soothes the regretful ear, and breaks the pause
With masculine voice in deep antiphony.

JUAN (*sings*).

*Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.*

*Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending;*

*All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting:
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.*

*Wings half open, like a flow'r
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.*

*Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.*

The exquisite hour, the ardor of the crowd,
The strains more plenteous, and the gathering night
Of action passionate where no effort is,
But self's poor gates open to rushing power
That blends the inward ebb and outward vast—
All gathering influences culminate
And urge Fedalma. Earth and heaven seem one,
Like a glad trembling on the outer edge
Of unknown rapture. Swifter now she moves,
Filling the measure with a double beat

And widening circle; now she seems to glow
 With more declaréd presence, glorified.
 Circling, she lightly bends and lifts on high
 The multitudinous-sounding tambourine,
 And makes it ring and boom, then lifts it higher,
 Stretching her left arm beauteous; now the crowd
 Exultant shouts, forgetting poverty
 In the rich moment of possessing her.

But sudden, at one point, the exultant throng
 Is pushed and hustled, and then thrust apart:
 Something approaches—something cuts the ring
 Of jubilant idlers—startling as a streak
 From alien wounds across the blooming flesh
 Of careless sporting childhood. 'Tis the band
 Of Gypsy prisoners. Soldiers lead the van
 And make sparse flanking guard, aloof surveyed
 By gallant Lopez, stringent in command.
 The Gypsies chained in couples, all save one,
 Walk in dark file with grand bare legs and arms
 And savage melancholy in their eyes
 That star-like gleam from out black clouds of hair;
 Now they are full in sight, and now they stretch
 Right to the centre of the open space.
 Fedalma now, with gentle wheeling sweep
 Returning, like the loveliest of the Hours
 Strayed from her sisters, truant lingering,
 Faces again the centre, swings again
 The uplifted tambourine. . . .

When lo! with sound

Stupendous throbbing, solemn as a voice
 Sent by the invisible choir of all the dead,
 Tolls the great passing bell that calls to prayer
 For souls departed: at the mighty beat
 It seems the light sinks awe-struck—'tis the note
 Of the sun's burial; speech and action pause;
 Religious silence and the holy sign
 Of everlasting memories (the sign
 Of death that turned to more diffusive life)

Pass o'er the Praça. Little children gaze
 With lips apart, and feel the unknown god;
 And the most men and women pray. Not all.
 The soldiers pray; the Gypsies stand unmoved
 As pagan statues with proud level gaze.
 But he who wears a solitary chain
 Heading the file, has turned to face Fedalma.
 She motionless, with arm uplifted, guards
 The tambourine aloft (lest, sudden-lowered,
 Its trivial jingle mar the duteous pause),
 Reveres the general prayer, but prays not, stands
 With level glance meeting that Gypsy's eyes,
 That seem to her the sadness of the world
 Rebuking her, the great bell's hidden thought
 Now first unveiled—the sorrows unredeemed
 Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering.
 Why does he look at her? why she at him?
 As if the meeting light between their eyes
 Made permanent union? His deep-knit brow,
 Inflated nostril, scornful lip compressed,
 Seem a dark hieroglyph of coming fate
 Written before her. Father Isidor
 Had terrible eyes and was her enemy;
 She knew it and defied him; all her soul
 Rounded and hardened in its separateness
 When they encountered. But this prisoner—
 This Gypsy, passing, gazing casually—
 Was he her enemy too? She stood all quelled,
 The impetuous joy that hurried in her veins
 Seemed backward rushing turned to chillest awe,
 Uneasy wonder, and a vague self-doubt.
 The minute brief stretched measureless, dream-filled
 By a dilated new-fraught consciousness.

Now it was gone; the pious murmur ceased,
 The Gypsies all moved onward at command
 And careless noises blent confusedly.
 But the ring closed again, and many ears
 Waited for Pablo's music, many eyes

Turned toward the carpet: it lay bare and dim,
Twilight was there—the bright Fedalma gone.

*A handsome room in the Castle. On the table a rich
jewel-casket.*

Silva had doffed his mail and with it all
The heavier harness of his warlike cares.
He had not seen Fedalma; miser-like
He hoarded through the hour a costlier joy
By longing oft-repressed. Now it was earned;
And with observance wonted he would send
To ask admission. Spanish gentlemen
Who wooed fair dames of noble ancestry
Did homage with rich tunics and slashed sleeves
And outward-surgings linen's costly snow;
With brodered scarf transverse, and rosary
Handsomely wrought to fit high-blooded prayer;
So hinting in how deep respect they held
That self they threw before their lady's feet.
And Silva—that Fedalma's rate should stand
No jot below the highest, that her love
Might seem to all the royal gift it was—
Turned every trifle in his mien and garb
To scrupulous language, uttering to the world
That since she loved him he went carefully,
Bearing a thing so precious in his hand.
A man of high-wrought strain, fastidious
In his acceptance, dreading all delight
That speedy dies and turns to carrion.
His senses much exacting, deep instilled
With keen imagination's airy needs;—
Like strong-limbed monsters studded o'er with eyes,
Their hunger checked by overwhelming vision,
Or that fierce lion in symbolic dream
Snatched from the ground by wings and new-endowed
With a man's thought-propelled relenting heart.
Silva was both the lion and the man;
First hesitating shrank, then fiercely sprang,

Or having sprung, turned pallid at his deed
And loosed the prize, paying his blood for nought.
A nature half-transformed, with qualities
That oft bewrayed each other, elements
Not blent but struggling, breeding strange effects,
Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes.
Haughty and generous, grave and passionate;
With tidal moments of devoutest awe,
Sinking anon to farthest ebb of doubt;
Deliberating ever, till the sting
Of a recurrent ardor made him rush
Right against reasons that himself had drilled
And marshalled painfully. A spirit framed
Too proudly special for obedience,
Too subtly pondering for mastery:
Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,
Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity,
Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness
And perilous heightening of the sentient soul.
But look less curiously: life itself
May not express us all, may leave the worst
And the best too, like tunes in mechanism
Never awaked. In various catalogues
Objects stand variously. Silva stands
As a young Spaniard, handsome, noble, brave,
With titles many, high in pedigree;
Or, as a nature quiveringly poised
In reach of storms, whose qualities may turn
To murdered virtues that still walk as ghosts
Within the shuddering soul and shriek remorse;
Or, as a lover In the screening time
Of purple blossoms, when the petals crowd
And softly crush like cherub cheeks in heaven,
Who thinks of greenly withered fruit and worms?
O the warm southern spring is beauteous!
And in love's spring all good seems possible:
No threats, all promise, brooklets ripple full
And bathe the rushes, vicious crawling things
Are pretty eggs, the sun shines graciously

And parches not, the silent rain beats warm
 As childhood's kisses, days are young and grow.
 And earth seems in its sweet beginning time
 Fresh made for two who live in Paradise.
 Silva is in love's spring, its freshness breathed
 Within his soul along the dusty ways
 While marching homeward; 'tis around him now
 As in a garden fenced in for delight,—
 And he may seek delight. Smiling he lifts
 A whistle from his belt, but lets it fall
 Ere it has reached his lips, jarred by the sound
 Of ushers' knocking, and a voice that craves
 Admission for the Prior of San Domingo.

PRIOR (*entering*).

You look perturbed, my son. I thrust myself
 Between you and some beckoning intent
 That wears a face more smiling than my own.

DON SILVA.

Father, enough that you are here. I wait,
 As always, your commands—nay, should have sought
 An early audience.

PRIOR.

To give, I trust,
 Good reasons for your change of policy?

DON SILVA.

Strong reasons, father.

PRIOR.

Ay, but are they good?
 I have known reasons strong, but strongly evil.

DON SILVA.

'Tis possible. I but deliver mine
 To your strict judgment. Late despatches sent
 With urgency by the Count of Bavien,

No hint on my part prompting, with besides
 The testified concurrence of the king
 And our Grand Master, have made peremptory
 The course which else had been but rational.
 Without the forces furnished by allies
 The siege of Guadix would be madness. **More,**
 El Zagal has his eyes upon Bedmár:
 Let him attempt it: in three weeks from hence
 The Master and the Lord of Aguilar
 Will bring their forces. We shall catch the Moors,
 The last gleaned clusters of their bravest men,
 As in a trap. You have my reasons, father.

PRIOR.

And they sound well. But free-tongued rumor adds
 A pregnant supplement—in substance this:
 That inclination snatches arguments
 To make indulgence seem judicious choice;
 That you, commanding in God's Holy War,
 Lift prayers to Satan to retard the fight
 And give you time for feasting—wait a siege,
 Call daring enterprise impossible,
 Because you'd marry. You, a Spanish duke,
 Christ's general, would marry like a clown,
 Who, selling fodder dearer for the war,
 Is all the merrier; nay, like the brutes,
 Who know no awe to check their appetite,
 Coupling 'mid heaps of slain, while still in front
 The battle rages.

DON SILVA.

Rumor on your lips
 Is eloquent, father.

PRIOR.

Is she true?

DON SILVA.

Perhaps.

I seek to justify my public acts

And not my private joy. Before the world
 Enough if I am faithful in command,
 Betray not by my deeds, swerve from no task
 My knightly vows constrain me to: herein
 I ask all men to test me.

PRIOR.

Knighly vows?
 Is it by their constraint that you must marry?

DON SILVA.

Marriage is not a breach of them. I use
 A sanctioned liberty your pardon, father,
 I need not teach you what the Church decrees.
 But facts may weaken texts, and so dry up
 The fount of eloquence. The Church relaxed
 Our Order's rule before I took the vows.

PRIOR.

Ignoble liberty! you snatch your rule
 From what God tolerates, not what he loves?—
 Inquire what lowest offering may suffice,
 Cheapen it meanly to an obolus,
 Buy, and then count the coin left in your purse
 For your debauch?—Measure obedience
 By scantest powers of brethren whose frail flesh
 Our Holy Church indulges?—Ask great Law,
 The rightful Sovereign of the human soul,
 For what it pardons, not what it commands?
 O fallen knighthood, penitent of high vows,
 Asking a charter to degrade itself!
 Such poor apology of rules relaxed
 Blunts not suspicion of that doubleness
 Your enemies tax you with.

DON SILVA.

Oh, for the rest,
 Conscience is harder than our enemies,

Knows more, accuses with more nicety,
 Nor needs to question Rumor if we fall
 Below the perfect model of our thought.
 I fear no outward arbiter,—You smile?

PRIOR.

Ay, at the contrast 'twixt your portraiture
 And the true image of your conscience, shown
 As now I see it in your acts. I see
 A drunken sentinel who gives alarm
 At his own shadow, but when scalers snatch
 His weapon from his hand smiles idiot-like
 At games he's dreaming of.

DON SILVA.

A parable!

The husk is rough—holds something bitter, doubtless.

PRIOR.

Oh, the husk gapes with meaning over-ripe.
 You boast a conscience that controls your deeds,
 Watches your knightly armor, guards your rank
 From stain of treachery—you, helpless slave,
 Whose will lies nerveless in the clutch of lust—
 Of blind mad passion—passion itself most helpless,
 Storm-driven, like the monsters of the sea.
 O famous conscience!

DON SILVA.

Pause there! Leave unsaid
 Aught that will match that text. More were too much,
 Even from holy lips. I own no love
 But such as guards my honor, since it guards
 Hers whom I love! I suffer no foul words
 To stain the gift I lay before her feet;
 And, being hers, my honor is more safe.

PRIOR.

Verse-makers' talk! fit for a world of rhymes,
 Where facts are feigned to tickle idle ears,
 Where good and evil play at tournament
 And end in amity—a world of lies—
 A carnival of words where every year
 Stale falsehoods serve fresh men. Your honor **safe?**
 What honor has a man with double bonds?
 Honor is shifting as the shadows are
 To souls that turn their passions into laws.
 A Christian knight who weds an infidel

DON SILVA (*fiercely*).

An infidel!

PRIOR.

May one day spurn the Cross,
 And call that honor!—one day find his sword
 Stained with his brother's blood, and call that honor!
 Apostates' honor?—harlot's chastity!
 Renegades' faithfulness?—Iscaiot's!

DON SILVA.

Strong words and burning; but they scorch not me.
 Fedalma is a daughter of the Church—
 Has been baptized and nurtured in the **faith**.

PRIOR.

Ay, as a thousand Jewesses, who yet
 Are brides of Satan in a robe of flames.

DON SILVA.

Fedalma is no Jewess, bears no **marks**
 That tell of Hebrew blood.

PRIOR.

She bears the marks
 Of races unbaptized, that never bowed
 Before the holy signs, were never moved
 By stirrings of the sacramental gifts.

DON SILVA (*scornfully*).

Holy accusers practise palmistry,
 And, other witness lacking, read the skin.

PRIOR.

I read a record deeper than the skin.
 What! Shall the trick of nostrils and of lips
 Descend through generations, and the soul
 That moves within our frame like God in worlds—
 Convulsing, urging, melting, withering—
 Imprint no record, leave no documents,
 Of her great history? Shall men bequeath
 The fancies of their palate to their sons,
 And shall the shudder of restraining awe,
 The slow-wept tears of contrite memory,
 Faith's prayerful labor, and the food divine
 Of fasts ecstatic—shall these pass away
 Like wind upon the waters, tracklessly?
 Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain,
 And god-enshrining symbols leave no trace
 Of tremors reverent?—That maiden's blood
 Is as unchristian as the leopard's.

DON SILVA.

Say,
 Unchristian as the Blessed Virgin's blood
 Before the angel spoke the word, "All hail!"

PRIOR (*smiling bitterly*).

Said I not truly? See, your passion weaves
 Already blasphemies!

DON SILVA.

'Tis you provoke them.

PRIOR.

I strive, as still the Holy Spirit strives,
To move the will perverse. But, failing this,
God commands other means to save our blood,
To save Castilian glory—nay, to save
The name of Christ from blot of traitorous deeds.

DON SILVA.

Of traitorous deeds! Age, kindred, and your cowl,
Give an ignoble license to your tongue.
As for your threats, fulfil them at your peril.
'Tis you, not I, will gibbet our great name
To rot in infamy. If I am strong
In patience now, trust me, I can be strong
Then in defiance.

PRIOR.

Miserable man!

Your strength will turn to anguish, like the strength
Of fallen angels. Can you change your blood?
You are a Christian, with the Christian awe
In every vein. A Spanish noble, born
To serve your people and your people's faith.
Strong, are you? Turn your back upon the Cross—
Its shadow is before you. Leave your place:
Quit the great ranks of knighthood: you will walk
For ever with a tortured double self,
A self that will be hungry while you feast,
Will blush with shame while you are glorified,
Will feel the ache and chill of desolation,
Even in the very bosom of your love.
Mate yourself with this woman, fit for what?
To make the sport of Moorish palaces,
A lewd Herodias . . .

DON SILVA.

Stop! no other man,
 Priest though he were, had had his throat left free
 For passage of those words. I would have clutched
 His serpent's neck, and flung him out to hell!
 A monk must needs defile the name of love:
 He knows it but as tempting devils paint it.
 You think to scare my love from its resolve
 With arbitrary consequences, strained
 By rancorous effort from the thinnest notes
 Of possibility?—cite hideous lists
 Of sins irrelevant, to frighten me
 With bugbears' names, as women fright a child?
 Poor pallid wisdom, taught by inference
 From blood-drained life, where phantom terrors rule,
 And all achievement is to leave undone!
 Paint the day dark, make sunshine cold to me,
 Abolish the earth's fairness, prove it all
 A fiction of my eyes—then, after that,
 Profane Fedalma.

PRIOR.

O there is no need:
 She has profaned herself. Go, raving man,
 And see her dancing now. Go, see your bride
 Flaunting her beauties grossly in the gaze
 Of vulgar idlers—eking out the show
 Made in the Praça by a mountebank.
 I hinder you no farther.

DON SILVA.

It is false!

PRIOR.

Go, prove it false, then.

[Father Isidor
 Drew on his cowl and turned away. The face

That flashed anathemas, in swift eclipse
 Seemed Silva's vanished confidence. In haste
 He rushed unsignalled through the corridor
 To where the Duchess once, Fedalma now,
 Had residence retired from din of arms—
 Knocked, opened, found all empty—said
 With muffled voice, "Fedalma!"—called more loud,
 More oft on Iñez, the old trusted nurse—
 Then searched the terrace-garden, calling still,
 But heard no answering sound, and saw no face
 Save painted faces staring all unmoved
 By agitated tones. He hurried back,
 Giving half-conscious orders as he went
 To page and usher, that they straight should seek
 Lady Fedalma; then with stinging shame
 Wished himself silent; reached again the room
 Where still the Father's menace seemed to hang
 Thickening the air; snatched cloak and pluméd hat,
 And grasped, not knowing why, his poniard's hilt;
 Then checked himself and said:—]

If he spoke truth!

To know were wound enough—to see the truth
 Were fire upon the wound. It must be false!
 His hatred saw amiss, or snatched mistake
 In other men's report. I am a fool!
 But where can she be gone? gone secretly?
 And in my absence? Oh, she meant no wrong!
 I am a fool!—But where can she be gone?
 With only Iñez? Oh, she meant no wrong!
 I swear she never meant it. There's no wrong
 But she would make it momentary right
 By innocence in doing it. . . .

And yet,

What is our certainty? Why, knowing all
 That is not secret. Mighty confidence!
 One pulse of Time makes the base hollow—sends
 The towering certainty we built so high
 Toppling in fragments meaningless. What is—

What will be—must be—pooh! they wait the key
 Of that which is not yet; all other keys
 Are made of our conjectures, take their sense
 From humors fooled by hope, or by despair.
 Know what is good? O God, we know not yet
 If bliss itself is not young misery
 With fangs swift growing. . . .

But some outward harm
 May even now be hurting, grieving her.
 Oh! I must search—face shame—if shame be there.
 Here, Perez! hasten to Don Alvar—tell him
 Lady Fedalma must be sought—is lost—
 Has met, I fear, some mischance. He must send
 Toward divers points. I go myself to seek
 First in the town. . . .

[As Perez oped the door,
 Then moved aside for passage of the Duke,
 Fedalma entered, cast away the cloud
 Of serge and linen, and outbeaming bright,
 Advanced a pace toward Silva—but then paused,
 For he had started and retreated; she,
 Quick and responsive as the subtle air
 To change in him, divined that she must wait
 Until they were alone: they stood and looked.
 Within the Duke was struggling confluence
 Of feelings manifold—pride, anger, dread,
 Meeting in stormy rush with sense secure
 That she was present, with the new-stilled thirst
 Of gazing love, with trust inevitable
 As in beneficent virtues of the light
 And all earth's sweetness, that Fedalma's soul
 Was free from blemishing purpose. Yet proud wrath
 Leaped in dark flood above the purer stream
 That strove to drown it: Anger seeks its prey—
 Something to tear with sharp-edged tooth and claw,
 Likes not to go off hungry, leaving Love
 To feast on milk and honeycomb at will.
 Silva's heart said, he must be happy soon,

She being there; but to be happy—first
 He must be angry, having cause. Yet love
 Shot like a stifled cry of tenderness
 All through the harshness he would fain have given
 To the dear word,]

DON SILVA.

Fedalma!

FEDALMA.

O my lord!
 You are come back, and I was wandering!

DON SILVA (*coldly, but with suppressed agitation*).
 You meant I should be ignorant.

FEDALMA.

Oh no,
 I should have told you after—not before,
 Lest you should hinder me.

DON SILVA.

Then my known wish
 Can make no hindrance?

FEDALMA (*archly*).

That depends
 On what the wish may be. You wished me once
 Not to uncage the birds. I meant to obey:
 But in a moment something—something stronger,
 Forced me to let them out. It did no harm.
 They all came back again—the silly birds!
 I told you, after.

DON SILVA (*with haughty coldness*). .

Will you tell me now
What was the prompting stronger than my wish
That made you wander?

FEDALMA (*advancing a step toward him, with a sudden look of anxiety*).

Are you angry?

DON SILVA (*smiling bitterly*).

Angry?

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.

FEDALMA (*still more anxiously*).

You—deep-wounded?

DON SILVA.

Yes!

Have I not made your place and dignity
The very heart of my ambition? You—
No enemy could do it—you alone
Can strike it mortally.

FEDALMA.

Nay, Silva, nay.
Has some one told you false? I only went
To see the world with Iñez—see the town,
The people, everything. It was no harm.
I did not mean to dance: it happened so
At last . . .

DON SILVA.

O God, it's true then!—true that you,
A maiden nurtured as rare flowers are,

The very air of heaven sifted fine,
 Lest any mote should mar your purity,
 Have flung yourself out on the dusty way
 For common eyes to see your beauty soiled!
 You own it true—you danced upon the Plaça?

FEDALMA (*proudly*).

Yes, it was true. I was not wrong to dance.
 The air was filled with music, with a song
 That seemed the voice of the sweet eventide—
 The glowing light entering through eye and ear—
 That seemed our love—mine, yours—they are but one—
 Trembling through all my limbs, as fervent words
 Tremble within my soul and must be spoken.
 And all the people felt a common joy
 And shouted for the dance. A brightness soft
 As of the angels moving down to see
 Illumined the broad space. The joy, the life
 Around, within me, were one heaven: I longed
 To blend them visibly: I longed to dance
 Before the people—be as mounting flame
 To all that burned within them! Nay, I danced;
 There was no longing: I but did the deed
 Being moved to do it.

(*As FEDALMA speaks, she and DON SILVA are gradually drawn nearer to each other.*)

Oh! I seemed new-waked
 To life in unison with a multitude—
 Feeling my soul upborne by all their souls,
 Floating within their gladness! Soon I lost
 All sense of separateness: Fedalma died
 As a star dies, and melts into the light.
 I was not, but joy was, and love and triumph.
 Nay, my dear lord, I never could do aught
 But I must feel you present. And once done,
 Why, you must love it better than your wish.

I pray you, say so—say, it was not wrong!

(While FEDALMA has been making this last appeal, they have gradually come close together, and at last embrace.)

DON SILVA (*holding her hands*).

Dangerous rebel! if the world without
Were pure as that within . . . but 'tis a book
Wherein you only read the poesy
And miss all wicked meanings. Hence the need
For trust—obedience—call it what you will—
Toward him whose life will be your guard—toward me
Who now am soon to be your husband.

FEDALMA.

Yes!

That very thing that when I am your wife
I shall be something different,—shall be
I know not what, a Duchess with new thoughts—
For nobles never think like common men,
Nor wives like maidens (Oh, you wot not yet
How much I note, with all my ignorance)—
That very thing has made me more resolve
To have my will before I am your wife.
How can the Duchess ever satisfy
Fedalma's unwed eyes? and so to-day
I scolded Iñez till she cried and went.

DON SILVA.

It was a guilty weakness: she knows well
That since you pleaded to be left more free
From tedious tendance and control of dames
Whose rank matched better with your destiny,
Her charge—my trust—was weightier.

FEDALMA.

Nay, my lord,

You must not blame her, dear old nurse. She cried.

Why, you would have consented too, at last.
 I said such things! I was resolved to go,
 And see the streets, the shops, the men at work,
 The women, little children—everything,
 Just as it is when nobody looks on.
 And I have done it! We were out four hours.
 I feel so wise.

DON SILVA.

Had you but seen the town,
 You innocent naughtiness, not shown yourself—
 Shown yourself dancing—you bewilder me!—
 Frustrate my judgment with strange negatives
 That seem like poverty, and yet are wealth
 In precious womanliness, beyond the dower
 Of other women: wealth in virgin gold,
 Outweighing all their petty currency.
 You daring modesty! You shrink no more
 From gazing men than from the gazing flowers
 That, dreaming sunshine, open as you pass.

FEDALMA.

No, I should like the world to look at me
 With eyes of love that make a second day.
 I think your eyes would keep the life in me
 Though I had nought to feed on else. Their blue
 Is better than the heavens—holds more love
 For me, Fedalma—is a little heaven
 For this one little world that looks up now.

DON SILVA.

O precious little world! you make the heaven
 As the earth makes the sky. But, dear, all eyes,
 Though looking even on you, have not a glance
 That cherishes . . .

FEDALMA.

Ah no, I meant to tell you—
 Tell how my dancing ended with a pang.

There came a man, one among many more,
 But *he* came first, with iron on his limbs.
 And when the bell tolled, and the people prayed,
 And I stood pausing—then he looked at me.
 O Silva, such a man! I thought he rose
 From the dark place of long-imprisoned souls,
 To say that Christ had never come to them.
 It was a look to shame a seraph's joy,
 And make him sad in heaven. It found me there—
 Seemed to have travelled far to find me there
 And grasp me—claim this festal life of mine
 As heritage of sorrow, chill my blood
 With the cold iron of some unknown bonds.
 The gladness hurrying full within my veins
 Was sudden frozen, and I danced no more.
 But seeing you let loose the stream of joy,
 Mingling the present with the sweetest past.
 Yet, Silva, still I see him. Who is he?
 Who are those prisoners with him? Are they Moors?

DON SILVA.

No, they are Gypsies, strong and cunning knaves,
 A double gain to us by the Moors' loss:
 The man you mean—their chief—is an ally
 The infidel will miss. His look might chase
 A herd of monks, and make them fly more swift
 Than from St. Jerome's lion. Such vague fear,
 Such bird-like tremors when that savage glance
 Turned full upon you in your height of joy
 Was natural, was not worth emphasis.
 Forget it, dear. This hour is worth whole days
 When we are sundered. Danger urges us
 To quick resolve.

FEDALMA.

What danger? what resolve?
 I never felt chill shadow in my heart
 Until this sunset.

DON SILVA.

A dark enmity
 Plots how to sever us. And our defence
 Is speedy marriage, secretly achieved,
 Then publicly declared. Beseech you, dear,
 Grant me this confidence; do my will in this,
 Trusting the reasons why I overset
 All my own airy building raised so high
 Of bridal honors, marking when you step
 From off your maiden throne to come to me
 And bear the yoke of love. There is great need.
 I hastened home, carrying this prayer to you
 Within my heart. The bishop is my friend,
 Furthers our marriage, holds in enmity—
 Some whom we love not and who love not us.
 By this night's moon our priest will be despatched
 From Jaën. I shall march an escort strong
 To meet him. Ere a second sun from this
 Has risen—you consenting—we may wed.

FEDALMA.

None knowing that we wed?

DON SILVA.

Beforehand none
 Save Iñez and Don Alvar. But the vows
 Once safely binding us, my household all
 Shall know you as their Duchess. No man then
 Can aim a blow at you but through my breast,
 And what stains you must stain our ancient name;
 If any hate you I will take his hate,
 And wear it as a glove upon my helm;
 Nay, God himself will never have the power
 To strike you solely and leave me unhurt,
 He having made us one. Now put the seal
 Of your dear lips on that.

FEDALMA.

A solemn kiss?—
 Such as I gave you when yōu came that day
 From Córdoba, when first we said we loved?
 When you had left the ladies of the Court
 For thirst to see me; and you told me so,
 And then I seemed to know why I had lived.
 I never knew before. A kiss like that?

DON SILVA.

Yes, yes, you face divine! When was our kiss
 Like any other?

FEDALMA.

Nay, I cannot tell
 What other kisses are. But that one kiss
 Remains upon my lips. The angels, spirits,
 Creatures with finer sense, may see it there.
 And now another kiss that will not die,
 Saying, To-morrow I shall be your wife!

*(They kiss, and pause a moment, looking earnestly in
 each other's eyes. Then FEDALMA, breaking away
 from DON SILVA, stands at a little distance from
 him with a look of roguish delight.)*

Now I am glad I saw the town to-day
 Before I am a Duchess—glad I gave
 This poor Fedalma all her wish. For once,
 Long years ago, I cried when Iñez said,
 “You are no more a little girl”; I grieved
 To part forever from that little girl
 And all her happy world so near the ground.
 It must be sad to outlive aught we love.
 So I shall grieve a little for these days
 Of poor unwed Fedalma. Oh, they are sweet,
 And none will come just like them. Perhaps the wind
 Wails so in winter for the summers dead,

And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
 For what has been and is not. Are they, Silva?

*(She comes nearer to him again, and lays her hand
 on his arm, looking up at him with melancholy.)*

DON SILVA.

Why, dearest, you began in merriment,
 And end as sadly as a widowed bird.
 Some touch mysterious has new-tuned your soul
 To melancholy sequence. You soared high
 In that wild flight of rapture when you danced,
 And now you droop. 'Tis arbitrary grief,
 Surfeit of happiness, that mourns for loss
 Of unwed love, which does but die like seed
 For fuller harvest of our tenderness.
 We in our wedded life shall know no loss.
 We shall new-date our years. What went before
 Will be the time of promise, shadows, dreams;
 But this, full revelation of great love.
 For rivers blent take in a broader heaven,
 And we shall blend our souls. Away with grief!
 When this dear head shall wear the double crown
 Of wife and Duchess—spiritually crowned
 With sworn espousal before God and man—
 Visibly crowned with jewels that bespeak
 The chosen sharer of my heritage—
 My love will gather perfectness, as thoughts
 That nourish us to magnanimity
 Grow perfect with more perfect utterance,
 Gathering full-shapen strength. And then these gems,
*(DON SILVA draws FEDALMA toward the jewel-casket
 on the table, and opens it.)*
 Helping the utterance of my soul's full choice,
 Will be the words made richer by just use,
 And have new meaning in their lustrousness.
 You know these jewels; they are precious signs
 Of long-transmitted honor, heightened still
 By worthy wearing; and I give them you—

Ask you to take them—place our house's trust
 In her sure keeping whom my heart has found
 Worthiest, most beauteous. These rubies—see—
 Were falsely placed if not upon your brow.

(FEDALMA, *while DON SILVA holds open the casket,
 bends over it, looking at the jewels with delight.*)

FEDALMA.

Ah, I remember them. In childish days
 I felt as if they were alive and breathed.
 I used to sit with awe and look at them.
 And now they will be mine! I'll put them on.
 Help me, my lord, and you shall see me now
 Somewhat as I shall look at Court with you.
 That we may know if I shall bear them well.
 I have a fear sometimes: I think your love
 Has never paused within your eyes to look,
 And only passes through them into mine.
 But when the Court is looking, and the queen,
 Your eyes will follow theirs. Oh, if you saw
 That I was other than you wished—'twere death!

DON SILVA (*taking up a jewel and placing it
 against her ear*):

Nay, let us try. Take out your ear-ring, sweet.
 This ruby glows with longing for your ear.

FEDALMA (*taking out her ear-rings, and then lifting
 up the other jewels, one by one*).

Pray, fasten in the rubies.

(DON SILVA *begins to put in the ear-ring.*)

I was right!

These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
 Say what words fail of. So do many things—
 The scent of jasmine, and the fountain's plash,
 The moving shadows on the far-off hills,

The slanting moonlight, and our clasping hands.
 O Silva, there's an ocean round our words
 That overflows and drowns them. Do you know
 Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
 Breathes gently on us from the orange-trees,
 It seems that with the whisper of a word
 Our souls must shrink, get poorer, more apart.
 Is it not true?

DON SILVA.

Yes, dearest, it is true.
 Speech is but broken light upon the depth
 Of the unspoken: even your loved words
 Float in the larger meaning of your voice.
 As something dimmer.

(He is still trying in vain to fasten the second ear-ring, while she has stooped again over the casket.)

FEDALMA *(raising her head)*.

Ah! your lordly hands
 Will never fix that jewel. Let me try.
 Women's small finger-tips have eyes.

DON SILVA.

No, no!

I like the task, only you must be still.

(She stands perfectly still, clasping her hands together while he fastens the second ear-ring. Suddenly a clanking noise is heard without.)

FEDALMA *(starting with an expression of pain)*.

What is that sound?—that jarring cruel sound?
 'Tis there—outside.

(She tries to start away toward the window, but DON SILVA detains her.)

DON SILVA.

O heed it not, it comes
From workmen in the outer gallery.

FEDALMA.

It is the sound of fetters; sound of work
Is not so dismal. Hark, they pass along!
I know it is those Gypsy prisoners.
I saw them, heard their chains. O horrible,
To be in chains! Why, I with all my bliss
Have longed sometimes to fly and be at large;
Have felt imprisoned in my luxury
With servants for my gaolers. O my lord,
Do you not wish the world were different?

DON SILVA.

It will be different when this war has ceased.
You, wedding me, will make it different,
Making one life more perfect.

FEDALMA.

That is true!

And I shall beg much kindness at your hands
For those who are less happy than ourselves.—
(*Brightening*) Oh I shall rule you! ask for many things
Before the world, which you will not deny
For very pride, lest men should say, "The Duke
Holds lightly by his Duchess; he repents
His humble choice."

(*She breaks away from him and returns to the jewels,
taking up a necklace, and clasping it on her neck,
while he takes a circlet of diamonds and rubies and
raises it toward her head as he speaks.*)

DON SILVA.

Doubtless, I shall persist
 In loving you, to disappoint the world;
 Out of pure obstinacy feel myself
 Happiest of men. Now, take the coronet.
(He places the circlet on her head.)
 The diamonds want more light. See, from this lamp
 I can set tapers burning.

FEDALMA.

Tell me, now,
 When all these cruel wars are at an end,
 And when we go to Court at Córdoba,
 Or Seville, or Toledo—wait awhile,
 I must be farther off for you to see—
(She retreats to a distance from him, and then advances slowly.)
 Now think (I would the tapers gave more light!)
 If when you show me at the tournaments
 Among the other ladies, they will say,
 “Duke Silva is well matched. His bride was nought,
 Was some poor foster-child, no man knows what;
 Yet is her carriage noble, all her robes
 Are worn with grace: she might have been well born.”
 Will they say so? Think now we are at Court,
 And all eyes bent on me.

DON SILVA.

Fear not, my Duchess!
 Some knight who loves may say his lady-love
 Is fairer, being fairest. None can say
 Don Silva's bride might better fit her rank.
 You will make rank seem natural as kind,
 As eagle's plumage or the lion's might.
 A crown upon your brow would seem God-made.

FEDALMA.

Then I am glad! I shall try on to-night
 The other jewels—have the tapers lit,
 And see the diamonds sparkle.

(She goes to the casket again.)

Here is gold—

A necklace of pure gold—most finely wrought.

*(She takes out a large gold necklace and holds it up
 before her, then turns to DON SILVA.)*

But this is one that you have worn, my lord?

DON SILVA.

No, love, I never wore it. Lay it down.

*(He puts the necklace gently out of her hands, then
 joins both her hands and holds them up between his
 own.)*

You must not look at jewels any more,
 But look at me.

FEDALMA *(looking up at him)*.

O you dear heaven!

I should see nought if you were gone. 'Tis true
 My mind is too much given to gauds—to things
 That fetter thought within this narrow space.
 That comes of fear.

DON SILVA.

What fear?

FEDALMA.

Fear of myself.

For when I walk upon the battlements
 And see the river travelling toward the plain,
 The mountains screening all the world beyond,
 A longing comes that haunts me in my dreams—
 Dreams where I seem to spring from off the walls,
 And fly far, far away, until at last

I find myself alone among the rocks,
Remember then that I have left you—try
To fly back to you—and my wings are gone!

DON SILVA.

A wicked dream! If ever I left you,
Even in dreams, it was some demon dragged me,
And with fierce struggles I awaked myself.

FEDALMA.

It is a hateful dream, and when it comes—
I mean, when in my waking hours there comes
That longing to be free, I am afraid:
I run down to my chamber, plait my hair,
Weave colors in it, lay out all my gauds,
And in my mind make new ones prettier.
You see I have two minds, and both are foolish.
Sometimes a torrent rushing through my soul
Escapes in wild strange wishes; presently,
It dwindles to a little babbling rill
And plays among the pebbles and the flowers.
Iñez will have it I lack broidery,
Says nought else gives content to noble maids.
But I have never broidered—never will.
No, when I am a Duchess and a wife
I shall ride forth—may I not?—by your side.

DON SILVA.

Yes, you shall ride upon a palfrey, black
To match Bavieca. Not Queen Isabel
Will be a sight more gladdening to men's eyes
Than my dark queen Fedalma.

FEDALMA.

Ah, but you,
You are my king, and I shall tremble still
With some great fear that throbs within my love.
Does your love fear?

DON SILVA.

Ah, yes! all preciousness
 To mortal hearts is guarded by a fear.
 All love fears loss, and most that loss supreme,
 Its own perfection—seeing, feeling change
 From high to lower, dearer to less dear.
 Can love be careless? If we lost our love
 What should we find?—with this sweet Past **torn off**,
 Our lives deep scarred just where their beauty lay?
 The best we found thenceforth were still a worse:
 The only better is a Past that lives
 On through an added Present, stretching still
 In hope unchecked by shaming memories
 To life's last breath. And so I tremble too
 Before my queen Fedalma.

FEDALMA.

That is just.
 'Twere hard of Love to make us women fear
 And leave you bold. Yet Love is not quite even.
 For feeble creatures, little birds and fawns,
 Are shaken more by fear, while large strong things
 Can bear it stoutly. So we women still
 Are not well dealt with. Yet I'd choose to be
 Fedalma loving Silva. You, my lord,
 Hold the worse share, since you must love poor me.
 But is it what we love, or how we love,
 That makes true good?

DON SILVA.

O subtlety! for me
 'Tis what I love determines how I love.
 The goddess with pure rites reveals herself
 And makes pure worship.

FEDALMA.

Do you worship me?

DON SILVA.

Ay, with that best of worship which adores
Goodness adorable.

FEDALMA (*archly*).

Goodness obedient,
Doing your will, devoutest worshipper?

DON SILVA.

Yes—listening to this prayer. This very night
I shall go forth. And you will rise with day
And wait for me?

FEDALMA.

Yes.

DON SILVA.

I shall surely come.
And then we shall be married. Now I go
To audience fixed in Abderahman's tower.
Farewell, love!

(*They embrace.*)

FEDALMA.

Some chill dread possesses me!

DON SILVA.

Oh, confidence has oft been evil augury,
So dread may hold a promise. Sweet, farewell!
I shall send tendance as I pass, to bear
This casket to your chamber.—One more kiss.

(*Exit.*)

FEDALMA (*when DON SILVA is gone, returning to the
casket, and looking dreamily at the jewels*).

Yes, now that good seems less impossible!
Now it seems true that I shall be his wife,
Be ever by his side, and make a part
In all his purposes. . . .

These rubies greet me Duchess. How they glow!
 Their prisoned souls are throbbing like my own.
 Perchance they loved once, were ambitious, proud;
 Or do they only dream of wider life,
 Ache from intensesness, yearn to burst the wall
 Compact of crystal splendor, and to flood
 Some wider space with glory? Poor, poor gems!
 We must be patient in our prison-house,
 And find our space in loving. Pray you, love me.
 Let us be glad together. And you, gold—

(She takes up the gold necklace.)

You wondrous necklace—will you love me too,
 And be my amulet to keep me safe
 From eyes that hurt?

*(She spreads out the necklace, meaning to clasp it on
 her neck. Then pauses, startled, holding it before
 her.)*

Why, it is magical!

He says he never wore it—yet these lines—
 Nay, if he had, I should remember well
 'Twas he, no other. And these twisted lines—
 They seem to speak to me as writing would,
 To bring a message from the dead, dead past.
 What is their secret? Are they characters?
 I never learned them; yet they stir some sense
 That once I dreamed—I have forgotten what.
 Or was it life? Perhaps I lived before
 In some strange world where first my soul was shaped,
 And all this passionate love, and joy, and pain,
 That come, I know not whence, and sway my deeds,
 Are old imperious memories, blind yet strong,
 That this world stirs within me; as this chain
 Stirs some strange certainty of visions gone,
 And all my mind is as an eye that stares
 Into the darkness painfully.

*(While FEDALMA has been looking at the necklace,
 JUAN has entered, and finding himself unobserved
 by her, says at last,)*

Señora!

FEDALMA starts, and gathering the necklace together,
turns round—

Oh, Juan, it is you!

JUAN.

I met the Duke—

Had waited long without, no matter why—
And when he ordered one to wait on you
And carry forth a burthen you would give,
I prayed for leave to be the servitor.
Don Silva owes me twenty granted wishes
That I have never tendered, lacking aught
That I could wish for and a Duke could grant;
But this one wish to serve you, weighs as much
As twenty other longings.

FEDALMA (*smiling*).

That sounds well.

You turn your speeches prettily as songs.
But I will not forget the many days
You have neglected me. Your pupil learns
But little from you now. Her studies flag.
The Duke says, "That is idle Juan's way:
Poets must rove—are honey-sucking birds
And know not constancy." Said he quite true?

JUAN.

O lady, constancy has kind and rank.
One man's is lordly, plump, and bravely clad,
Holds its head high, and tells the world its name;
Another man's is beggared, must go bare,
And shiver through the world, the jest of all,
But that it puts the motley on, and plays
Itself the jester. But I see you hold
The Gypsy's necklace: it is quaintly wrought.

FEDALMA.

The Gypsy's? Do you know its history?

JUAN.

No farther back than when I saw it taken
From off its wearer's neck—the Gypsy chief's.

FEDALMA (*eagerly*).

What! he who paused, at tolling of the bell,
Before me in the Praça?

JUAN.

Yes, I saw
His look fixed on you.

FEDALMA.

Know you aught of him?

JUAN.

Something and nothing—as I know the sky,
Or some great story of the olden time
That hides a secret. I have oft talked with him.
He seems to say much, yet is but a wizard
Who draws down rain by sprinkling; throws me out
Some pregnant text that urges comment; casts
A sharp-hooked question, baited with such skill
It needs must catch the answer.

FEDALMA.

It is hard
That such a man should be a prisoner—
Be chained to work.

JUAN.

Oh, he is dangerous!
Granáda with this Zarea for a king

Might still main Christendom. He is of those
 Who steal the keys from snoring Destiny
 And make the prophets lie. A Gypsy, too,
 Suckled by hunted beasts, whose mother-milk
 Has filled his veins with hate.

FEDALMA.

I thought his eyes

Spoke not of hatred—seemed to say he bore
 The pain of those who never could be saved.
 What if the Gypsies are but savage beasts
 And must be hunted?—let them be set free,
 Have benefit of chase, or stand at bay
 And fight for life and offspring. Prisoners!
 Oh! they have made their fires beside the streams,
 Their walls have been the rocks, the pillared pines,
 Their roof the living sky that breathes with light:
 They may well hate a cage, like strong-winged birds,
 Like me, who have no wings, but only wishes.
 I will beseech the Duke to set them free.

JUAN.

Pardon me, lady, if I seem to warn,
 Or try to play the sage. What if the Duke
 Loved not to hear of Gypsies? if their name
 Were poisoned for him once, being used amiss?
 I speak not as of fact. Our nimble souls
 Can spin an insubstantial universe
 Suiting our mood, and call it possible,
 Sooner than see one grain with eye exact
 And give strict record of it. Yet by chance
 Our fancies may be truth and make us seers.
 'Tis a rare teeming world, so harvest-full,
 Even guessing ignorance may pluck some fruit.
 Note what I say no farther than will stead
 The sieve you lay. I would not seem to tell
 Aught that the Duke may think and yet withhold:
 It were a trespass in me.

FEDALMA.

Fear not, Juan.

Your words bring daylight with them when you speak.

I understand your care. But I am brave—

Oh! and so cunning!—always I prevail.

Now, honored Troubadour, if you will be

Your pupil's servant, bear this casket hence.

Nay, not the necklace: it is hard to place.

Pray go before me; Iñez will be there.

(Exit JUAN with the casket.)

FEDALMA *(looking again at the necklace).*

It is *his* past clings to you, not my own.

If we have each our angels, good and bad,

Fates, separate from ourselves, who act for us

When we are blind, or sleep, then this man's fate,

Hovering about the thing he used to wear,

Has laid its grasp on mine appealingly.

Dangerous, is he?—well, a Spanish knight

Would have his enemy strong—defy, not bind him.

I can dare all things when my soul is moved

By something hidden that possesses me.

If Silva said this man must keep his chains

I should find ways to free him—disobey

And free him as I did the birds. But no!

As soon as we are wed, I'll put my prayer,

And he will not deny me: he is good.

Oh, I shall have much power as well as joy!

Duchess Fedalma may do what she will.

A Street by the Castle. JUAN leans against a parapet, in moonlight, and touches his lute half unconsciously. PEPITA stands on tiptoe watching him, and then advances till her shadow falls in front of him. He looks toward her. A piece of white drapery thrown over her head catches the moonlight.

JUAN.

Ha! my Pepita! see how thin and long
Your shadow is. 'Tis so your ghost will be,
When you are dead.

PEPITA (*crossing herself*).

Dead!—O the blessed saints:
You would be glad, then, if Pepita died?

JUAN.

Glad! why? Dead maidens are not merry. Ghosts
Are doleful company. I like you living.

PEPITA.

I think you like me not. I wish you did.
Sometimes you sing to me and make me dance,
Another time you take no heed of me,
Not though I kiss my hand to you and smile.
But Andrès would be glad if I kissed *him*.

JUAN.

My poor Pepita, I am old.

PEPITA.

No, no.

You have no wrinkles.

JUAN.

Yes, I have—**within**;
The wrinkles are within, my little bird.
Why, I have lived through twice a thousand years,
And kept the company of men whose bones
Crumbled before the blessed Virgin lived.

PEPITA (*crossing herself*).

Nay, God defend us, that s wicked talk!
You say it but to scorn me. (*With a sob*) I will go.

JUAN.

Stay, little pigeon. I am not unkind.
Come, sit upon the wall. Nay, never cry.
Give me your cheek to kiss. There, cry no more!

(PEPITA, *sitting on the low parapet, puts up her cheek to JUAN, who kisses it, putting his hand under her chin. She takes his hand and kisses it.*)

PEPITA.

I like to kiss your hand. It is so good—
So smooth and soft.

JUAN.

Well, well, I'll sing to you.

PEPITA.

A pretty song, loving and merry?

JUAN.

Yes.

(JUAN sings.)

*Memory,
Tell to me
What is fair,
Past compare,
In the land of Tubal?*

*Is it Spring's
Lovely things,
Blossoms white,
Rosy dight?
Then it is Pepita.*

*Summer's crest
Red-gold tressed,
Corn-flowers peeping under?—
Idle noons,*

*Lingering moons,
Sudden cloud,
Lightning's shroud,
Sudden rain,
Quick again.*

*Smiles where late was thunder? —
Are all these
Made to please?
So too is Pepita.*

*Autumn's prime,
Apple-time,
Smooth cheek round,
Heart all sound?—
Is it this
You would kiss?
Then it is Pepita.*

*You can bring
No sweet thing,
But my mind
Still shall find
It is my Pepita.*

*Memory
Says to me
It is she—
She is fair
Past compare
In the land of Tubal.*

PEPITA (*seizing JUAN's hand again*).

Oh, then, you do love me?

JUAN.

Yes, in the song.

PEPITA (*sadly*).

Not out of it?—not love me out of it?

JUAN.

Only a little out of it, my bird.
When I was singing I was Andrès, say,
Or one who loves you better still than he.

PEPITA.

Not yourself?

JUAN.

No!

PEPITA (*throwing his hand down pettishly*).

Then take it back again!

I will not have it!

JUAN.

Listen, little one.

Juan is not a living man by himself:
His life is breathed in him by other men,
And they speak out of him. He is their voice.
Juan's own life he gave once quite away.
Pepita's lover sang that song—not Juan.
We old, old poets, if we kept our hearts,
Should hardly know them from another man's.
They shrink to make room for the many more
We keep within us. There, now—one more kiss,
And then go home again.

PEPITA (*a little frightened, after letting JUAN kiss her*).

You are not wicked?

JUAN.

Ask your confessor—tell him what I said.

(PEPITA goes, while JUAN thrums his lute again, and sings.)

*Came a pretty maid
By the moon's pure light,*

*Loved me well, she said,
Eyes with tears all bright,
A pretty maid!*

*But too late she strayed,
Moonlight pure was there;
She was nought but shade
Hiding the more fair,
The heavenly maid!*

*A vaulted room all stone. The light shed from a high lamp.
Wooden chairs, a desk, book-shelves. The PRIOR, in
white frock, a black rosary with a crucifix of ebony and
ivory at his side, is walking up and down, holding a writ-
ten paper in his hands, which are clasped behind him.*

What if this witness lies? he says he heard her
Counting her blasphemies on a rosary,
And, in a bold discourse with Salomo,
Say that the Host was nought but ill-mixed flour,
That it was mean to pray—she never prayed.
I know the man who wrote this for a cur,
Who follows Don Diego, sees life's good
In scraps my nephew flings him. What then?
Particular lies may speak a general truth.
I guess him false, but know her heretic—
Know her for Satan's instrument, bedecked
With heathenish charms, luring the souls of men
To damning trust in good unsanctified.
Let her be prisoned—questioned—she will give
Witness against herself, that were this false . . .

*(He looks at the paper again and reads, then again
thrusts it behind him.)*

The matter and the color are not false:
The form concerns the witness, not the judge;
For proof is gathered by the shifting mind,
Not given in crude and formal circumstance.
Suspicion is a heaven-sent lamp, and I—
I, watchman of the Holy Office, bear
That lamp in trust. I will keep faithful watch.

The Holy Inquisition's discipline
 Is mercy, saving her, if penitent—
 God grant it!—else—root up the poison-plant,
 Though 'twere a lily with a golden heart!
 This spotless maiden with her pagan soul
 Is the arch-enemy's trap: he turns his back
 On all the prostitutes, and watches her
 To see her poison men with false belief
 In rebel virtues. She has poisoned Silva;
 His shifting mind, dangerous in fitfulness,
 Strong in the contradiction of itself,
 Carries his young ambitions wearily,
 As holy vows regretted. Once he seemed
 The fresh-oped flower of Christian knighthood, born
 For feats of holy daring; and I said:
 "That half of life which I, as monk, renounce,
 Shall be fulfilled in him: Silva will be
 That saintly noble, that wise warrior,
 That blameless excellence in worldly gifts
 I would have been, had I not asked to live
 The higher life of man impersonal
 Who reigns o'er all things by refusing all."
 What is his promise now? Apostasy
 From every high intent:—languid, nay, gone,
 The prompt devoutness of a generous heart,
 The strong obedience of a reverent will,
 That breathes the Church's air and sees her light,
 He peers and strains with feeble questioning,
 Or else he jests. He thinks I know it not—
 I who have read the history of his lapse,
 As clear as it is writ in the angel's book.
 He will defy me—flings great words at me—
 Me who have governed all our house's acts,
 Since I, a stripling, ruled his stripling father.
 This maiden is the cause, and if they wed,
 The Holy War may count a captain lost.
 For better he were dead than keep his place,
 And fill it infamously: in God's war
 Slackness is infamy. Shall I stand by

And let the tempter win? defraud Christ's cause,
 And blot his banner?—all for scruples weak
 Of pity toward their young and frolicsome blood;
 Or nice discrimination of the tool
 By which my hand shall work a sacred rescue?
 The fence of rules is for the purblind crowd;
 They walk by averaged precepts: sovereign men,
 Seeing by God's light, see the general
 By seeing all the special—own no rule
 But their full vision of the moment's worth.
 'Tis so God governs, using wicked men—
 Nay, scheming fiends, to work his purposes.
 Evil that good may come? Measure the good
 Before you say what's evil. Perjury?
 I scorn the perjurer, but I will use him
 To serve the holy truth. There is no lie
 Save in his soul, and let his soul be judged.
 I know the truth, and act upon the truth.

O God, thou knowest that my will is pure.
 Thy servant owns nought for himself, his wealth
 Is but obedience. And I have sinned
 In keeping small respects of human love—
 Calling it mercy. Mercy? Where evil is
 True mercy holds a sword. Mercy would save.
 Save whom? Save serpents, locusts, wolves?
 Or out of pity let the idiots gorge
 Within a famished town? Or save the gains
 Of men who trade in poison lest they starve?
 Save all things mean and foul that clog the earth
 Stifling the better? Save the fools who cling
 For refuge round their hideous idol's limbs,
 So leave the idol grinning unconsumed,
 And save the fools to breed idolaters?
 O mercy worthy of the licking hound
 That knows no future but its feeding time!
 Mercy has eyes that pierce the ages—sees
 From heights divine of the eternal purpose
 Far-scattered consequence in its vast sum;

Chooses to save, but with illumined vision
 Sees that to save is greatly to destroy.
 'Tis so the Holy Inquisition sees: its wrath
 Is fed from the strong heart of wisest love.
 For love must needs make hatred. He who loves
 God and his law must hate the foes of God.
 And I have sinned in being merciful:
 Being slack in hate, I have been slack in love.

(He takes the crucifix and holds it up before him.)

Thou shuddering, bleeding, thirsting, dying God,
 Thou Man of Sorrows, scourged and bruised and torn,
 Suffering to save—wilt thou not judge the world?
 This arm which held the children, this pale hand
 That gently touched the eyelids of the blind,
 And opened passive to the cruel nail,
 Shall one day stretch to leftward of thy throne,
 Charged with the power that makes the lightning strong,
 And hurl thy foes to everlasting hell.
 And thou, Immaculate Mother, Virgin mild,
 Thou sevenfold-pierced, thou pitying, pleading Queen,
 Shalt see and smile, while the black filthy souls
 Sink with foul weight to their eternal place,
 Purgings the Holy Light. Yea, I have sinned
 And called it mercy. But I shrink no more.
 To-morrow morn this temptress shall be safe
 Under the Holy Inquisition's key.
 He thinks to wed her, and defy me then,
 She being shielded by our house's name.
 But he shall never wed her. I have said.

The time is come. *Exurge, Domine,*
Judica causam tuam. Let thy foes
 Be driven as smoke before the wind,
 And melt like wax upon the furnace lip!

A large chamber richly furnished opening on a terrace-garden, the trees visible through the window in faint moonlight. Flowers hanging about the window, lit up by the tapers. The casket of jewels open on the table. The gold

necklace lying near. FEDALMA, splendidly dressed and adorned with pearls and rubies, is walking up and down.

So soft a night was never made for sleep,
 But for the waking of the finer sense
 To every murmuring and gentle sound,
 To subtlest odors, pulses, visitings
 That touch our frames with wings too delicate
 To be discerned amid the glare of day.

*(She pauses near the window to gather some jasmine:
 then walks again.)*

Surely these flowers keep happy watch—their breath
 Is their fond memory of the loving light.
 I often rue the hours I lose in sleep:
 It is a bliss too brief, only to see
 This glorious world, to hear the voice of love,
 To feel the touch, the breath of tenderness,
 And then to rest as from a spectacle.
 I need the curtained stillness of the night
 To live through all my happy hours again
 With more selection—cull them quite away
 From blemished moments. Then in loneliness
 The face that bent before me in the day
 Rises in its own light, more vivid seems
 Painted upon the dark, and ceaseless glows
 With sweet solemnity of gazing love,
 Till like the heavenly blue it seems to grow
 Nearer, more kindred, and more cherishing,
 Mingling with all my being. Then the words,
 The tender low-toned words come back again,
 With repetition welcome as the chime
 Of softly hurrying brooks—"My only love—
 My love while life shall last—my own Fedalma!"
 Oh it is mine—the joy that once has been!
 Poor eager hope is but a stammerer,
 Must listen dumbly to great memory,
 Who makes our bliss the sweeter by her telling.

(She pauses a moment musingly.)

But that dumb hope is still a sleeping guard

Whose quiet rhythmic breath saves me from dread
 In this fair paradise. For if the earth
 Broke off with flower-fringed edge, visibly sheer,
 Leaving no footing for my forward step
 But empty blackness . . .

Nay, there is no fear—

They will renew themselves, day and my joy,
 And all that past which is securely mine,
 Will be the hidden root that nourishes
 Our still unfolding, ever-ripening love!

(While she is uttering the last words, a little bird falls softly on the floor behind her; she hears the light sound of its fall, and turns round.)

Did something enter? . . .

Yes, this little bird . . .

(She lifts it.)

Dead and yet warm; 'twas seeking sanctuary,
 And died, perhaps of fright, at the altar foot.
 Stay, there is something tied beneath the wing!
 A strip of linen, streaked with blood—what blood?
 The streaks are written words—are sent to me—
 O God, are sent to me! *Dear child, Fedalma,*
Be brave, give no alarm—your Father comes!

(She lets the bird fall again.)

My Father . . . comes . . . my Father . . .

(She turns in quivering expectation toward the window. There is perfect stillness a few moments until ZARCA appears at the window. He enters quickly and noiselessly; then stands still at his full height, and at a distance from FEDALMA.)

FEDALMA *(in a low distinct tone of terror).*

It is he!

I said his fate had laid its hold on mine.

ZARCA *(advancing a step or two).*

You know, then, who I am?

FEDALMA.

The prisoner—

He whom I saw in fetters—and this necklace. . . .



" My father . . . comes . . . my father."—Page 94.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

ZARCA.

Was played with by your fingers when it hung
About my neck, full fifteen years ago.

FEDALMA (*looking at the necklace and handling it, then speaking, as if unconsciously*).

Full fifteen years ago!

ZARCA.

The very day
I lost you, when you wore a tiny gown
Of scarlet cloth with golden broidery:
'Twas clasped in front by coins—two golden coins.
The one upon the left was split in two
Across the king's head right from brow to nape,
A dent i' the middle nicking in the cheek.
You see I know the little gown by heart.

FEDALMA (*growing paler and more tremulous*).

Yes. It is true—I have the gown—the clasps—
The braid—sore tarnished:—it is long ago!

ZARCA.

But yesterday to me; for till to-day
I saw you always as that little child.
And when they took my necklace from me, still
Your fingers played about it on my neck,
And still those buds of fingers on your feet
Caught in its meshes as you seemed to climb
Up to my shoulder. You were not stolen all.
You had a double life fed from my heart. . . .

(FEDALMA, *letting fall the necklace, makes an impulsive movement toward him, with outstretched hands.*)

The Gypsy father loves his children well.

FEDALMA (*shrinking, trembling, and letting fall her hands*).

How came it that you sought me—no—I mean
How came it that you knew me—that you lost me?

ZARCA (*standing perfectly still*).

Poor child! I see—your father and his rags
Are welcome as the piercing wintry wind
Within this silken chamber. It is well.
I would not have a child who stooped to feign,
And aped a sudden love. Better, true hate.

FEDALMA (*raising her eyes toward him, with a flash of admiration, and looking at him fixedly*).

Father, how was it that we lost each other?

ZARCA.

I lost you as a man may lose a gem
Wherein he has compressed his total wealth,
Or the right hand whose cunning makes him great:
I lost you by a trivial accident.
Marauding Spaniards, sweeping like a storm
Over a spot within the Moorish bounds,
Near where our camp lay, doubtless snatched you up,
When Zind, your nurse, as she confessed, was urged
By burning thirst to wander toward the stream,
And leave you on the sand some paces off
Playing with pebbles, while she dog-like lapped.
'Twas so I lost you—never saw you more
Until to-day I saw you dancing! Saw
The daughter of the Zíncalo make sport
For those who spit upon her people's name.

FEDALMA (*vehemently*).

It was not sport. What if the world looked on?—
I danced for joy—for love of all the world.

But when you looked at me my joy was stabbed—
 Stabbed with your pain. I wondered . . . now I know . . .
 It was my father's pain.

*(She pauses a moment with eyes bent downward,
 during which ZARCA examines her face. Then she
 says quickly,)*

How were you sure
 At once I was your child?

ZARCA.

I had witness strong
 As any Cadi needs, before I saw you!
 I fitted all my memories with the chat
 Of one named Juan—one whose rapid talk
 Showers like the blossoms from a light-twigg'd shrub,
 If you but cough beside it. I learned all
 The story of your Spanish nurture—all
 The promise of your fortune. When at last
 I fronted you, my little maid full-grown,
 Belief was turned to vision: then I saw
 That she whom Spaniards called the bright Fedalma—
 The little red-frocked foundling three years old—
 Grown to such perfectness the Spanish Duke
 Had wooed her for his Duchess—was the child,
 Sole offspring of my flesh, that Lambra bore
 One hour before the Christian, hunting us,
 Hurried her on to death. Therefore I sought—
 Therefore I come to claim you—claim my child,
 Not from the Spaniard, not from him who robbed,
 But from herself.

*(FEDALMA has gradually approached close to ZARCA,
 and with a low sob sinks on her knees before him.
 He stoops to kiss her brow, and lays his hands on
 her head.)*

ZARCA *(with solemn tenderness)*.

Then my child owns her father?

FEDALMA.

Father! yes.

I will eat dust before I will deny
The flesh I spring from.

ZARCA.

There my daughter spoke.

Away then with these rubies!

*(He seizes the circlet of rubies and flings it on the
ground. FEDALMA, starting from the ground with
strong emotion, shrinks backward.)*

Such a crown

Is infamy around Zíncala's brow.
It is her people's blood, decking her shame.

FEDALMA *(after a moment, slowly and distinctly, as
if accepting a doom).*

Then . . . I was born . . . a Zíncala?

ZARCA.

Of a blood

Unmixed as virgin wine-juice.

FEDALMA.

Of a race

More outcast and despised than Moor or Jew?

ZARCA.

Yes: wanderers whom no God took knowledge of
To give them laws, to fight for them, or blight
Another race to make them ampler room;
Who have no Whence or Whither in their souls.
No dimmest lore of glorious ancestors
To make a common hearth for piety.

FEDALMA.

A race that lives on prey as foxes do
 With stealthy, petty rapine: so despised,
 It is not persecuted, only spurned,
 Crushed underfoot, warred on by chance like rats,
 Or swarming flies, or reptiles of the sea
 Dragged in the net unsought, and flung far off,
 To perish as they may?

ZARCA.

You paint us well.
 So abject are the men whose blood we share:
 Untutored, unbefriended, unendowed;
 No favorites of heaven or of men.
 Therefore I cling to them! Therefore no lure
 Shall draw me to disown them, or forsake
 The meagre wandering herd that lows for help
 And needs me for its guide, to seek my pasture
 Among the well-fed beeves that graze at will.
 Because our race has no great memories,
 I will so live, it shall remember me
 For deeds of such divine beneficence
 As rivers have, that teach men what is good
 By blessing them. I have been schooled—have caught
 Lore from the Hebrew, deftness from the Moor—
 Know the rich heritage, the milder life,
 Of nations fathered by a mighty Past;
 But were our race accursed (as they who make
 Good luck a god count all unlucky men)
 I would espouse their curse sooner than take
 My gifts from brethren naked of all good,
 And lend them to the rich for usury.

(FEDALMA again advances, and putting forth her
 right hand grasps ZARCA'S left. He places his
 other hand on her shoulder. They stand so, looking
 at each other.)

ZARCA.

And you, my child? are you of other mind,
 Choosing forgetfulness, hating the truth
 That says you are akin to needy men?—
 Wishing your father were some Christian Duke,
 Who could hang Gypsies when their task was done,
 While you, his daughter, were not bound to care?

FEDALMA (*in a troubled eager voice*).

No, I should always care—I cared for you—
 For all, before I dreamed

ZARCA.

Before you dreamed
 That you were born a Zíncala—your flesh
 Stamped with your people's faith.

FEDALMA (*bitterly*).

The Gypsies' faith?
 Men say they have none.

ZARCA.

Oh, it is a faith
 Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts:
 Faith to each other: the fidelity
 Of fellow-wanderers in a desert place
 Who share the same dire thirst, and therefore share
 The scanty water: the fidelity
 Of men whose pulses leap with kindred fire,
 Who in the flash of eyes, the clasp of hands,
 The speech that even in lying tells the truth
 Of heritage inevitable as birth,
 Nay, in the silent bodily presence feel
 The mystic stirring of a common life
 Which makes the many one: fidelity

To the consecrating oath our sponsor Fate
 Made through our infant breath when we were born
 The fellow-heirs of that small island, Life,
 Where we must dig and sow and reap with brothers.
 Fear thou that oath, my daughter—nay, not fear,
 But love it; for the sanctity of oaths
 Lies not in lightning that avenges them,
 But in the injury wrought by broken bonds
 And in the garnered good of human trust.
 And you have sworn—even with your infant breath
 You too were pledged

FEDALMA (*letting go ZARCA's hand, and sinking backward on her knees with bent head, as if before some impending crushing weight*).

To what? what have I sworn?

ZARCA.

To take the heirship of the Gypsy's child:
 The child of him who, being chief, will be
 The savior of his tribe, or if he fail
 Will choose to fail rather than basely win
 The prize of renegades. Nay, will not choose—
 Is there a choice for strong souls to be weak?
 For men erect to crawl like hissing snakes?
 I choose not—I *am* Zarca. Let him choose
 Who halts and wavers, having appetite
 To feed on garbage. You, my child—are you
 Halting and wavering?

FEDALMA (*raising her head*).

Say what is my task.

ZARCA.

To be the angel of a homeless tribe:
 To help me bless a race taught by no prophet
 And make their name, now but a badge of scorn,

A glorious banner floating in their midst,
 Stirring the air they breathe with impulses
 Of generous pride, exalting fellowship
 Until it soars to magnanimity.
 I'll guide my brethren forth to their new land,
 Where they shall plant and sow and reap their own,
 Serving each other's needs, and so be spurred
 To skill in all the arts that succor life;
 Where we may kindle our first altar-fire
 From settled hearths, and call our Holy Place
 The hearth that binds us in one family.
 That land awaits them: they await their chief—
 Me who am prisoned. All depends on you.

FEDALMA (*rising to her full height, and looking solemnly at ZARCA*).

Father, your child is ready! She will not
 Forsake her kindred; she will brave all scorn
 Sooner than scorn herself. Let Spaniards all,
 Christians, Jews, Moors, shoot out the lip and say,
 "Lo, the first hero in a tribe of thieves."
 Is it not written so of them? They, too,
 Were slaves, lost, wandering, sunk beneath a curse,
 Till Moses, Christ, and Mahomet were born,
 Till beings lonely in their greatness lived,
 And lived to save their people. Father, listen.
 The Duke to-morrow weds me secretly:
 But straight he will present me as his wife
 To all his household, cavaliers and dames
 And noble pages. Then I will declare
 Before them all, "I am his daughter, his,
 The Gypsy's, owner of this golden badge."
 Then I shall win your freedom; then the Duke—
 Why, he will be your son!—will send you forth
 With aid and honors. Then, before all eyes
 I'll clasp this badge on you, and lift my brow
 For you to kiss it, saying by that sign,
 "I glory in my father." This, to-morrow.

ZARCA.

A woman's dream—who thinks by smiling well
 To ripen figs in frost. What! marry first,
 And then proclaim your birth? Enslave yourself
 To use your freedom? Share another's name,
 Then treat it as you will? How will that tune
 Ring in your bridegroom's ears—that sudden song
 Of triumph in your Gypsy father?

FEDALMA (*discouraged*).

Nay,

I meant not so. We marry hastily—
 Yet there is time—there will be:—in less space
 Than he can take to look at me, I'll speak
 And tell him all. Oh, I am not afraid!
 His love for me is stronger than all hate;
 Nay, stronger than my love, which cannot sway
 Demons that haunt me—tempt me to rebel.
 Were he Fedalma and I Silva, he
 Could love confession, prayers, and tonsured monks
 If my soul craved them. He will never hate
 The race that bore him what he loves the most.
 I shall but do more strongly what I will,
 Having his will to help me. And to-morrow,
 Father, as surely as this heart shall beat,
 You—every Gypsy chained, shall be set free.

ZARCA (*coming nearer to her, and laying his hand on
 her shoulder*).

Too late, too poor a service that, my child!
 Not so the woman who would save her tribe
 Must help its heroes—not by wordy breath,
 By easy prayers strong in a lover's ear,
 By showering wreaths and sweets and wafted kisses,
 And then, when all the smiling work is done,
 Turning to rest upon her down again,
 And whisper languid pity for her race

Upon the bosom of her alien spouse.
 Not to such petty mercies as can fall
 'Twixt stitch and stitch of silken broidery,
 Such miracles of mitred saints who pause
 Beneath their gilded canopy to heal
 A man sun-stricken: not to such trim merit
 As soils its dainty shoes for charity
 And simpers meekly at the pious stain,
 But never trod with naked bleeding feet
 Where no man praised it and where no Church blessed:
 Not to such almsdeeds fit for holidays
 Were you, my daughter, consecrated—bound
 By laws that, breaking, you will dip your bread
 In murdered brother's blood and call it sweet—
 When you were born beneath the dark man's tent,
 And lifted up in sight of all your tribe,
 Who greeted you with shouts of loyal joy,
 Sole offspring of the chief in whom they trust
 As in the oft-tried never-failing flint
 They strike their fire from. Other work is yours.

FEDALMA.

What work?—what is it that you ask of me?

ZARCA.

A work as pregnant as the act of men
 Who set their ships aflame and spring to land,
 A fatal deed

FEDALMA.

Stay! never utter it!
 If it can part my lot from his whose love
 Has chosen me. Talk not of oaths, of birth,
 Of men as numerous as the dim white stars—
 As cold and distant, too, for my heart's pulse.
 No ills on earth, though you should count them up
 With grains to make a mountain, can outweigh

For me, his ill who is my supreme love.
 All sorrows else are but imagined flames,
 Making me shudder at an unfelt smart;
 But his imagined sorrow is a fire
 That scorches me.

ZARCA.

I know, I know it well—
 The first young passionate wail of spirits called
 To some great destiny. In vain, my daughter!
 Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
 The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
 Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
 And make it spread its wings and poise itself
 For the eagle's flight. Hear what you have to do.

(FEDALMA stands half averted, as if she dreaded the effect of his looks and words.)

My comrades even now file off their chains
 In a low turret by the battlements,
 Where we were locked with slight and sleepy guard—
 We who had files hid in our shaggy hair,
 And possible ropes that waited but our will
 In half our garments. Oh, the Moorish blood
 Runs thick and warm to us, though thinned by chrism.
 I found a friend among our gaolers—one
 Who loves the Gypsy as the Moor's ally.
 I know the secrets of this fortress. Listen.
 Hard by yon terrace is a narrow stair,
 Cut in the living rock, and at one point
 In its slow straggling course it branches off
 Toward a low wooden door, that art has bossed
 To such unevenness, it seems one piece
 With the rough-hewn rock. Open that door, it leads
 Through a broad passage burrowed underground
 A good half-mile out to the open plain:
 Made for escape, in dire extremity
 From siege or burning, of the house's wealth
 In women or in gold. To find that door
 Needs one who knows the number of the steps

Just to the turning-point; to open it,
Needs one who knows the secret of the bolt.
You have that secret: you will open that door,
And fly with us.

FEDALMA (*receding a little, and gathering herself up
in an attitude of resolve opposite to ZARCA*).

No, I will never fly!
Never forsake that chief half of my soul
Where lies my love. I swear to set you free.
Ask for no more; it is not possible.
Father, my soul is not too base to ring
At touch of your great thoughts; nay, in my blood
There streams the sense unspeakable of kind,
As leopard feels at ease with leopard. But—
Look at these hands! You say when they were little
They played about the gold upon your neck.
I do believe it, for their tiny pulse
Made record of it in the inmost coil
Of growing memory. But see them now!
Oh, they have made fresh record; twined themselves
With other throbbing hands whose pulses feed
Not memories only, but a blended life—
Life that will bleed to death if it be severed.
Have pity on me, father! Wait the morning;
Say you will wait the morning. I will win
Your freedom openly: you shall go forth
With aid and honors. Silva will deny
Nought to my asking . . .

ZARCA (*with contemptuous decision*).

Till you ask him aught
Wherein he is powerless. Soldiers even now
Murmur against him that he risks the town,
And forfeits all the prizes of a foray
To get his bridal pleasure with a bride
Too low for him. They'll murmur more and louder

If captives of our pith and sinew, fit
 For all the work the Spaniard hates, are freed—
 Now, too, when Spanish hands are scanty. What,
 Turn Gypsies loose instead of hanging them!
 'Tis flat against the edict. Nay, perchance
 Murmurs aloud may turn to silent threats
 Of some well-sharpened dagger; for your Duke
 Has to his heir a pious cousin, who deems
 The Cross were better served if he were Duke.
 Such good you'll work your lover by your prayers.

FEDALMA.

Then, I will free you now! You shall be safe,
 Nor he be blamed, save for his love to me.
 I will declare what I have done: the deed
 May put our marriage off

ZARCA.

Ay, till the time
 When you shall be a queen in Africa,
 And he be prince enough to sue for you.
 You cannot free us and come back to him.

FEDALMA.

And why?

ZARCA.

I would compel you to go forth.

FEDALMA.

You tell me that?

ZARCA.

Yes, for I'd have you choose;
 Though, being of the blood you are—my blood—
 You have no right to choose.

FEDALMA.

I only owe
 A daughter's debt; I was not born a slave.

ZARCA.

No, not a slave; but you were born to reign.
 'Tis a compulsion of a higher sort,
 Whose fetters are the net invisible
 That holds all life together. Royal deeds
 May make long destinies for multitudes,
 And you are called to do them. You belong
 Not to the petty round of circumstance
 That makes a woman's lot, but to your tribe,
 Who trust in me and in my blood with trust
 That men call blind; but it is only blind
 As unyeaned reason is, that grows and stirs
 Within the womb of superstition.

FEDALMA.

No!

I belong to him who loves me—whom I love—
 Who chose me—whom I chose—to whom I pledged
 A woman's truth. And that is nature too,
 Issuing a fresher law than laws of birth.

ZARCA.

Unmake yourself, then, from a Zíncala—
 Unmake yourself from being child of mine!
 Take holy water, cross your dark skin white;
 Round your proud eyes to foolish kitten looks;
 Walk mincingly, and smirk, and twitch your robe:
 Unmake yourself—doff all the eagle plumes
 And be a parrot, chained to a ring that slips
 Upon a Spaniard's thumb, at will of his
 That you should prattle o'er his words again!
 Get a small heart that flutters at the smiles
 Of that plump penitent, that greedy saint
 Who breaks all treaties in the name of God,
 Saves souls by confiscation, sends to heaven
 The altar-fumes of burning heretics,
 And chaffers with the Levite for the gold;

Holds Gypsies beasts unfit for sacrifice,
 So sweeps them out like worms alive or dead.
 Go, trail your gold and velvet in her court!—
 A conscious Zíncala, smile at your rare luck,
 While half your brethren

FEDALMA.

I am not so vile!
 It is not to such mockeries that I cling,
 Not to the flaring tow of gala-lights;
 It is to him—my love—the face of day.

ZARCA.

What, will you part him from the air he breathes,
 Never inhale with him although you kiss him?
 Will you adopt a soul without its thoughts,
 Or grasp a life apart from flesh and blood?
 Till then you cannot wed a Spanish Duke
 And not wed shame at mention of your race,
 And not wed hardness to their miseries—
 Nay, not wed murder. Would you save my life
 Yet stab my purpose? maim my every limb,
 Put out my eyes, and turn me loose to feed?
 Is that salvation? rather drink my blood.
 That child of mine who weds my enemy—
 Adores a God who took no heed of Gypsies—
 Forsakes her people, leaves their poverty
 To join the luckier crowd that mocks their woes—
 That child of mine is doubly murderess,
 Murdering her father's hope, her people's trust.
 Such draughts are mingled in your cup of love!
 And when you have become a thing so poor,
 Your life is all a fashion without law
 Save frail conjecture of a changing wish,
 Your worshipped sun, your smiling face of day,
 Will turn to cloudiness, and you will shiver
 In your thin finery of vain desire.

Men call his passion madness; and he, too,
 May learn to think it madness: 'tis a thought
 Of ducal sanity.

FEDALMA.

No, he is true!

And if I part from him I part from joy.
 Oh, it was morning with us—I seemed young.
 But now I know I am an aged sorrow—
 My people's sorrow. Father, since I am yours—
 Since I must walk an unslain sacrifice,
 Carrying the knife within me, quivering—
 Put cords upon me, drag me to the doom
 My birth has laid upon me. See, I kneel:
 I cannot will to go.

ZARCA.

Will then to stay!

Say you will take your better, painted such
 By blind desire, and choose the hideous worse
 For thousands who were happier but for you.
 My thirty followers are assembled now
 Without this terrace: I your father wait
 That you may lead us forth to liberty—
 Restore me to my tribe—five hundred men
 Whom I alone can save, alone can rule,
 And plant them as a mighty nation's seed.
 Why, vagabonds who clustered round one man,
 Their voice of God, their prophet and their king,
 Twice grew to empire on the teeming shores
 Of Africa, and sent new royalties
 To feed afresh the Arab sway in Spain.
 My vagabonds are a seed more generous,
 Quick as the serpent, loving as the hound,
 And beautiful as disinherited gods.
 They have a promised land beyond the sea:
 There I may lead them, raise my standard, call
 The wandering Zíncali to that new home,
 And make a nation—bring light, order, law,

Instead of chaos. You, my only heir,
 Are called to reign for me when I am gone.
 Now choose your deed: to save or to destroy.
 You, a born Zíncala, you, fortunate
 Above your fellows—you who hold a curse
 Or blessing in the hollow of your hand—
 Say you will loose that hand from fellowship,
 Let go the rescuing rope, hurl all the tribes,
 Children and countless beings yet to come,
 Down from the upward path of light and joy,
 Back to the dark and marshy wilderness
 Where life is nought but blind tenacity
 Of that which is. Say you will curse your race!

FEDALMA (*rising and stretching out her arms in deprecation*).

No, no—I will not say it—I will go!
 Father, I choose! I will not take a heaven
 Haunted by shrieks of far-off misery.
 This deed and I have ripened with the hours:
 It is a part of me—a wakened thought
 That, rising like a giant, masters me,
 And grows into a doom. O mother life,
 That seemed to nourish me so tenderly,
 Even in the womb you vowed me to the fire,
 Hung on my soul the burden of men's hopes,
 And pledged me to redeem!—I'll pay the debt.
 You gave me strength that I should pour it all
 Into this anguish. I can never shrink
 Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big
 With things that might be. Father, I will go.
 I will strip off these gems. Some happier bride
 Shall wear them, since Fedalma would be dowered
 With nought but curses, dowered with misery
 Of men—of women, who have hearts to bleed
 As hers is bleeding.

(*She sinks on a seat, and begins to take off her jewels.*)

Now, good gems, we part.

Speak of me always tenderly to Silva.

(*She pauses, turning to ZARCA.*)

O father, will the women of our tribe
Suffer as I do, in the years to come
When you have made them great in Africa?
Redeemed from ignorant ills only to feel
A conscious woe? Then—is it worth the pains?
Were it not better when we reach that shore
To raise a funeral-pile and perish all,
So closing up a myriad avenues
To misery yet unwrought? My soul is faint—
Will these sharp pangs buy any certain good?

ZARCA.

Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!—
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.

FEDALMA (*unclasping her jewelled belt, and throwing
it down*).

Yes, say that we shall fail! I would not count
On aught but being faithful. I will take
This yearning self of mine and strangle it.
I will not be half-hearted: never yet
Fedalma did aught with a wavering soul.
Die, my young joy—die, all my hungry hopes—
The milk you cry for from the breast of life
Is thick with curses. Oh, all fatness here
Snatches its meat from leanness—feeds on graves.
I will seek nothing but to shun base joy.
The saints were coward who stood by to see

Christ crucified: they should have flung themselves
 Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain—
 The grandest death, to die in vain—for love
 Greater than sways the forces of the world!
 That death shall be my bridegroom. I will wed
 The curse that blights my people. Father, come!

ZARCA.

No curse has fallen on us till we cease
 To help each other. You, if you are false
 To that first fellowship, lay on the curse.
 But write now to the Spaniard: briefly say
 That I, your father, came; that you obeyed
 The fate which made you Zíncala, as his fate
 Made him a Spanish duke and Christian knight.
 He must not think

FEDALMA.

Yes, I will write, but he—
 Oh, he would know it—he would never think
 The chain that dragged me from him could be aught
 But scorching iron entering in my soul.

(*She writes.*)

*Silva, sole love—he came—my father came.
 I am the daughter of the Gypsy chief
 Who means to be the Saviour of our tribe.
 He calls on me to live for his great end.
 To live? nay, die for it. Fedalma dies
 In leaving Silva: all that lives henceforth
 Is the poor Zíncala.*

(*She rises.*)

Father, now I go
 To wed my people's lot.

ZARCA.

To wed a crown.
 Our people's lowly lot we will make royal—
 Give it a country, homes, and monuments

Held sacred through the lofty memories
That we shall leave behind us. Come, my Queen!

FEDALMA.

Stay, my betrothal ring!—one kiss—farewell!
O love, you were my crown. No other crown
Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.

BOOK II.

SILVA was marching homeward while the moon
Still shed mild brightness like the far-off hope
Of those pale virgin lives that wait and pray.
The stars thin-scattered made the heavens large,
Bending in slow procession; in the east
Emergent from the dark waves of the hills,
Seeming a little sister of the moon,
Glowed Venus all unquenched. Silva, in haste,
Exultant and yet anxious, urged his troop
To quick and quicker march: he had delight
In forward-stretching shadows, in the gleams
That travelled on the armor of the van,
And in the many-hoofed sound: in all that told
Of hurrying movement to o'ertake his thought
Already in Bedmár, close to Fedalma,
Leading her forth a wedded bride, fast vowed,
Defying Father Isidor. His glance
Took in with much content the priest who rode
Firm in his saddle, stalwart and broad-backed,
Crisp-curled, and comfortably secular,
Right in the front of him. But by degrees
Stealthily faint, disturbing with slow loss
That showed not yet full promise of a gain,
The light was changing, and the watch intense
Of moon and stars seemed weary, shivering:
The sharp white brightness passed from off the rocks
Carrying the shadows: beauteous Night lay dead
Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star
Sickened and shrank. The troop was winding now
Upward to where a pass between the peaks
Seemed like an opened gate—to Silva seemed

An outer gate of heaven, for through that pass
 They entered his own valley, near Bedmár.
 Sudden within the pass a horseman rose,
 One instant dark upon the banner pale
 Of rock-cut sky, the next in motion swift
 With hat and plume high shaken—ominous.
 Silva had dreamed his future, and the dream
 Held not this messenger. A minute more—
 It was his friend Don Alvar whom he saw
 Reining his horse up, face to face with him,
 Sad as the twilight, all his clothes ill-girt—
 As if he had been roused to see one die,
 And brought the news to him whom death had robbed.
 Silva believed he saw the worst—the town
 Stormed by the infidel—or, could it be
 Fedalma dragged?—no, there was not yet time.
 But with a marble face, he only said,
 “What evil, Alvar?”

“What this paper speaks.”

It was Fedalma's letter folded close
 And mute as yet for Silva. But his friend
 Keeping it still sharp-pinched against his breast,
 “It will smite hard, my lord: a private grief.
 I would not have you pause to read it here.
 Let us ride on—we use the moments best,
 Reaching the town with speed. The smaller ill
 Is that our Gypsy prisoners have escaped.”
 “No more. Give me the paper—nay, I know—
 'Twill make no difference. Bid them march on faster.”
 Silva pushed forward—held the paper crushed
 Close in his right. “They have imprisoned her,”
 He said to Alvar in low, hard-cut tones,
 Like a dream-speech of slumbering revenge.
 “No—when they came to fetch her she was gone.”
 Swift as the right touch on a spring, that word
 Made Silva read the letter. She was gone!
 But not into locked darkness—only gone
 Into free air—where he might find her yet.
 The bitter loss had triumph in it—what!

They would have seized her with their holy claws.
The Prior's sweet morsel of despotic hate
Was snatched from off his lips. This misery
Had yet a taste of joy.

But she was gone!

The sun had risen, and in the castle walls
The light grew strong and stronger. Silva walked
Through the long corridor where dimness yet
Cherished a lingering, flickering, dying hope:
Fedalma still was there—he could not see
The vacant place that once her presence filled.
Can we believe that the dear dead are gone?
Love in sad weeds forgets the funeral day,
Opens the chamber door and almost smiles—
Then sees the sunbeams pierce athwart the bed
Where the pale face is not. So Silva's joy,
Like the sweet habit of caressing hands
That seek the memory of another hand,
Still lived on fitfully in spite of words,
And, numbing thought with vague illusion, dulled
The slow and steadfast beat of certainty.
But in the rooms inexorable light
Streamed through the open window where she fled,
Streamed on the belt and coronet thrown down—
Mute witnesses—sought out the typic ring
That sparkled on the crimson, solitary,
Wounding him like a word. O hateful light!
It filled the chambers with her absence, glared
On all the motionless things her hand had touched,
Motionless all—save where old Iñez lay
Sunk on the floor holding her rosary,
Making its shadow tremble with her fear.
And Silva passed her by because she grieved:
It was the lute, the gems, the pictured heads,
He longed to crush, because they made no sign
But of insistence that she was not there,
She who had filled his sight and hidden them.
He went forth on the terrace tow'rd the stairs,
Saw the rained petals of the cistus flowers

Crushed by large feet; but on one shady spot
 Far down the steps, where dampness made a home,
 He saw a footprint delicate-slippered, small,
 So dear to him, he searched for sister-prints,
 Searched in the rock-hewn passage with a lamp
 For other trace of her, and found a glove;
 But not Fedalma's. It was Juan's glove,
 Tasselled, perfumed, embroidered with his name,
 A gift of dames. Then Juan, too, was gone?
 Full-mouthed conjecture, hurrying through the town,
 Had spread the tale already: it was he
 That helped the Gypsies' flight. He talked and sang
 Of nothing but the Gypsies and Fedalma.
 He drew the threads together, wove the plan;
 Had lingered out by moonlight, had been seen
 Strolling, as was his wont, within the walls,
 Humming his ditties. So Don Alvar told,
 Conveying outside rumor. But the Duke,
 Making of haughtiness a visor closed,
 Would show no agitated front in quest
 Of small disclosures. What her writing bore
 Had been enough. He knew that she was gone,
 Knew why.

“The Duke,” some said, “will send a force,
 Retake the prisoners, and bring back his bride.”
 But others, winking, “Nay, her wedding dress
 Would be the *san-benito*. 'Tis a fight
 Between the Duke and Prior. Wise bets will choose
 The churchman: he's the iron, and the Duke”
 “Is a fine piece of pottery,” said mine host,
 Softening the sarcasm with a bland regret.

There was the thread that in the new-made knot
 Of obstinate circumstance seemed hardest drawn,
 Vexed most the sense of Silva, in these hours
 Of fresh and angry pain—there, in that fight
 Against a foe whose sword was magical,
 His shield invisible terrors—against a foe
 Who stood as if upon the smoking mount

Ordaining plagues. All else, Fedalma's flight,
The father's claim, her Gypsy birth disclosed,
Were momentary crosses, hindrances
A Spanish noble might despise. This Chief
Might still be treated with, would not refuse
A proffered ransom, which would better serve
Gypsy prosperity, give him more power
Over his tribe, than any fatherhood:
Nay, all the father in him must plead loud
For marriage of his daughter where she loved—
Her love being placed so high and lustroously.
The Gypsy chieftain had foreseen a price
That would be paid him for his daughter's dower—
Might soon give signs. Oh, all his purpose lay
Face upward. Silva here felt strong, and smiled.
What could a Spanish noble not command?
He only helped the Queen, because he chose;
Could war on Spaniards, and could spare the Moor;
Buy justice, or defeat it—if he would:
Was loyal, not from weakness but from strength
Of high resolve to use his birthright well.
For nobles too are gods, like Emperors,
Accept perforce their own divinity,
And wonder at the virtue of their touch,
Till obstinate resistance shakes their creed,
Shattering that self whose wholeness is not rounded
Save in the plastic souls of other men.
Don Silva had been suckled in that creed
(A high-taught speculative noble else),
Held it absurd as foolish argument
If any failed in deference, was too proud
Not to be courteous to so poor a knave
As one who knew not necessary truths
Of birth and dues of rank; but cross his will,
The miracle-working will, his rage leaped out
As by a right divine to rage more fatal
Than a mere mortal man's. And now that will
Had met a stronger adversary—strong
As awful ghosts are whom we cannot touch,

While they clutch *us*, subtly as poisoned air,
 In deep-laid fibres of inherited fear
 That lie below all courage.

Silva said,

"She is not lost to me, might still be mine
 But for the Inquisition—the dire hand
 That waits to clutch her with a hideous grasp
 Not passionate, human, living, but a grasp
 As in the death-throe when the human soul
 Departs and leaves force unrelenting, locked,
 Not to be loosened save by slow decay
 That frets the universe. Father Isidor
 Has willed it so: his phial dropped the oil
 To catch the air-borne motes of idle slander;
 He fed the fascinated gaze that clung
 Round all her movements, frank as growths of spring,
 With the new hateful interest of suspicion.
 What barrier is this Gypsy? a mere gate
 I'll find the key for. The one barrier,
 The tightening cord that winds about my limbs,
 Is this kind uncle, this imperious saint,
 He who will save me, guard me from myself.
 And he can work his will: I have no help
 Save reptile secrecy, and no revenge
 Save that I *will* do what he schemes to hinder.
 Ay, secrecy, and disobedience—these
 No tyranny can master. Disobey!
 You may divide the universe with God,
 Keeping your will unbent, and hold a world
 Where He is not supreme. The Prior shall know it!
 His will shall breed resistance: he shall do
 The thing he would not, further what he hates
 By hardening my resolve."

But 'neath this speech—

Defiant, hectoring, the more passionate voice
 Of many-blended consciousness—there breathed
 Murmurs of doubt, the weakness of a self
 That is not one; denies and yet believes;
 Protests with passion, "This is natural"—

Yet owns the other still were truer, better,
Could nature follow it: a self disturbed
By budding growths of reason premature
That breed disease. With all his outflung rage
Silva half shrank before the steadfast man
Whose life was one compacted whole, a realm
Where the rule changed not, and the law was strong.
Then that reluctant homage stirred new hate,
And gave rebellion an intenser will.

But soon this inward strife the slow-paced hours
Slackened; and the soul sank with hunger-pangs,
Hunger of love. Debate was swept right down
By certainty of loss intolerable.
A little loss! only a dark-tressed maid
Who had no heritage save her beauteous being!
But in the candor of her virgin eyes
Saying, I love; and in the mystic charm
Of her dear presence, Silva found a heaven
Where faith and hope were drowned as stars in day.
Fedalma there, each momentary Now
Seemed a whole blest existence, a full cup
That, flowing over, asked no pouring hand
From past to future. All the world was hers.
Splendor was but the herald trumpet-note
Of her imperial coming: penury
Vanished before her as before a gem,
The pledge of treasuries. Fedalma there,
He thought all loveliness was lovelier,
She crowning it: all goodness credible,
Because of that great trust her goodness bred.
For the strong current of the passionate love
Which urged his life tow'rd hers, like urgent floods
That hurry through the various-mingled earth,
Carried within its stream all qualities
Of what it penetrated, and made love
Only another name, as Silva was,
For the whole man that breathed within his frame.
And she was gone. Well, goddesses will go;

But for a noble there were mortals left
 Shaped just like goddesses—O hateful sweet!
 O impudent pleasure that should dare to front
 With vulgar visage memories divine!
 The noble's birthright of miraculous will
 Turning *I would* to *must be*, spurning all
 Offered as substitute for what it chose,
 Tightened and fixed in strain irrevocable
 The passionate selection of that love
 Which came not first but as all-conquering last.
 Great Love has many attributes, and shrines
 For varied worship, but his force divine
 Shows most its many-named fulness in the man
 Whose nature multitudinously mixed—
 Each ardent impulse grappling with a thought—
 Resists all easy gladness, all content
 Save mystic rapture, where the questioning soul
 Flooded with consciousness of good that is
 Finds life one bounteous answer. So it was
 In Silva's nature, Love had mastery there,
 Not as a holiday ruler, but as one
 Who quells a tumult in a day of dread,
 A welcomed despot.

O all comforters,

All soothing things that bring mild ecstasy,
 Came with her coming, in her presence lived.
 Spring afternoons, when delicate shadows fall
 Pencilled upon the grass; high summer morns
 When white light rains upon the quiet sea
 And corn-fields flush with ripeness; odors soft—
 Dumb vagrant bliss that seems to seek a home
 And find it deep within, 'mid stirrings vague
 Of far-off moments when our life was fresh;
 • All sweetly-tempered music, gentle change
 Of sound, form, color, as on wide lagoons
 At sunset when from black far-floating prows
 Comes a clear wafted song; all exquisite joy
 Of a subdued desire, like some strong stream
 Made placid in the fulness of a lake—

All came with her sweet presence, for she brought
 The love supreme which gathers to its realm
 All powers of loving. Subtle nature's hand
 Waked with a touch the far-linked harmonies
 In her own manifold work. Fedalma there,
 Fastidiousness became the prelude fine
 For full contentment; and young melancholy,
 Lost for its origin, seemed but the pain
 Of waiting for that perfect happiness.
 The happiness was gone!

He sate alone,
 Hating companionship that was not hers;
 Felt bruised with hopeless longing; drank, as wine,
 Illusions of what had been, would have been;
 Weary with anger and a strained resolve,
 Sought passive happiness in waking dreams.
 It has been so with rulers, emperors,
 Nay, sages who held secrets of great Time,
 Sharing his hoary and beneficent life—
 Men who sate throned among the multitudes—
 They have sore sickened at the loss of one.
 Silva sat lonely in her chamber, leaned
 Where she had leaned, to feel the evening breath
 Shed from the orange-trees; when suddenly
 His grief was echoed in a sad young voice
 Far and yet near, brought by aërial wings.

*The world is great: the birds all fly from me,
 The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
 All out of reach: my little sister went,
 And I am lonely.*

*The world is great: I tried to mount the hill
 Above the pines, where the light lies so still,
 But it rose higher: little Lisa went,
 And I am lonely.*

*The world is great: the wind comes rushing by,
 I wonder where it comes from; sea-birds cry*

*And hurt my heart : my little sister went,
And I am lonely.*

*The world is great : the people laugh and talk,
And make loud holiday : how fast they walk !
I'm lame, they push me : little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.*

'Twas Pablo, like the wounded spirit of song
Pouring melodious pain to cheat the hour
For idle soldiers in the castle court.
Dreamily Silva heard and hardly felt
The song was outward, rather felt it part
Of his own aching, like the lingering day,
Or slow and mournful cadence of the bell.
But when the voice had ceased he longed for it,
And fretted at the pause, as memory frets
When words that made its body fall away
And leave it yearning dumbly. Silva then
Bethought him whence the voice came, framed perforce
Some outward image of a life not his
That made a sorrowful centre to the world :
A boy lame, melancholy-eyed, who bore
A viol—yes, that very child he saw
This morning eating roots by the gateway—saw
As one fresh-ruined sees and spells a name
And knows not what he does, yet finds it writ
Full in the inner record. Hark, again!
The voice and viol. Silva called his thought
To guide his ear and track the travelling sound.

*O bird that used to press
Thy head against my cheek
With touch that seemed to speak
And ask a tender "yes"—
Ay de mi, my bird!*

*O tender downy breast
And warmly beating heart,
That beating seemed a part*

*Of me who gave it rest —
Ay de mi, my bird!*

The western court! The singer might be seen
From the upper gallery: quick the Duke was there,
Looking upon the court as on a stage.
Men eased of armor, stretched upon the ground,
Gambling by snatches; shepherds from the hills
Who brought their bleating friends for slaughter; grooms
Shouldering loose harness; leather-aproned smiths,
Traders with wares, green-suited serving-men,
Made a round audience; and in their midst
Stood little Pablo, pouring forth his song,
Just as the Duke had pictured. But the song
Was strangely companied by Roldan's play
With the swift gleaming balls, and now was crushed
By peals of laughter at grave Annibal,
Who carrying stick and purse o'erturned the pence,
Making mistake by rule. Silva had thought
To melt hard bitter grief by fellowship
With the world-sorrow trembling in his ear
In Pablo's voice; had meant to give command
For the boy's presence; but this company,
This mountebank and monkey, must be—stay!
Not be excepted—must be ordered too
Into his private presence; they had brought
Suggestion of a ready shapen tool
To cut a path between his helpless wish
And what it imaged. A ready shapen tool!
A spy, an envoy whom he might despatch
In unsuspected secrecy, to find
The Gypsies' refuge so that none beside
Might learn it. And this juggler could be bribed,
Would have no fear of Moors—for who would kill
Dancers and monkeys?—could pretend a journey
Back to his home, leaving his boy the while
To please the Duke with song. Without such chance—
An envoy cheap and secret as a mole
Who could go scathless, come back for his pay

And vanish straight, tied by no neighborhood—
Without such chance as this poor juggler brought,
Finding Fedalma was betraying her.

Short interval betwixt the thought and deed.
Roldan was called to private audience
With Annibal and Pablo. All the world
(By which I mean the score or two who heard)
Shrugged high their shoulders, and supposed the Duke
Would fain beguile the evening and replace
His lacking happiness, as was the right
Of nobles, who could pay for any cure,
And wore nought broken, save a broken limb.
In truth, at first, the Duke bade Pablo sing,
But, while he sang, called Roldan wide apart,
And told him of a mission secret, brief—
A quest which well performed might earn much gold,
But, if betrayed, another sort of pay.
Roldan was ready; “wished above all for gold,
And never wished to speak; had worked enough
At wagging his old tongue and chiming jokes;
Thought it was others’ turn to play the fool.
Give him but pence enough, no rabbit, sirs,
Would eat and stare and be more dumb than he.
Give him his orders.”

They were given straight;
Gold for the journey, and to buy a mule
Outside the gates, through which he was to pass
Afoot and carelessly. The boy would stay
Within the castle, at the Duke’s command,
And must have nought but ignorance to betray
For threats or coaxing. Once the quest performed,
The news delivered with some pledge of truth
Safe to the Duke, the juggler should go forth,
A fortune in his girdle, take his boy
And settle firm as any planted tree
In fair Valencia, never more to roam.
“Good! good! most worthy of a great hidalgo!
And Roldan was the man! But Annibal—

A monkey like no other, though morose
 In private character, yet full of tricks—
 'Twere hard to carry him, yet harder still
 To leave the boy and him in company
 And free to slip away. The boy was wild
 And shy as mountain kid; once hid himself
 And tried to run away; and Annibal,
 Who always took the lad's side (he was small,
 And they were nearer of a size, and, sirs,
 Your monkey has a spite against us men
 For being bigger)—Annibal went too.
 Would hardly know himself, were he to lose
 Both boy and monkey—and 'twas property,
 The trouble he had put in Annibal.
 He didn't choose another man should beat
 His boy and monkey. If they ran away
 Some man would snap them up, and square himself
 And say they were his goods—he'd taught them—no!
 He Roldan had no mind another man
 Should fatten by his monkey, and the boy
 Should not be kicked by any pair of sticks
 Calling himself a juggler." . . .

But the Duke,
 Tired of that hammering, signed that it should cease;
 Bade Roldan quit all fears—the boy and ape
 Should be safe lodged in Abderahman's tower,
 In keeping of the great physician there,
 The Duke's most special confidant and friend,
 One skilled in taming brutes, and always kind.
 The Duke himself this eve would see them lodged.
 Roldan must go—spend no more words—but go.

The Astrologer's Study.

A room high up in Abderahman's tower,
 A window open to the still warm eve,
 And the bright disc of royal Jupiter.
 Lamps burning low make little atmospheres
 Of light amid the dimness; here and there

Show books and phials, stones and instruments.
 In carved dark-oaken chair, unpillowed, sleeps
 Right in the rays of Jupiter a small man,
 In skull-cap bordered close with crisp gray curls,
 And loose black gown showing a neck and breast
 Protected by a dim-green amulet;
 Pale-faced, with finest nostril wont to breathe
 Ethereal passion in a world of thought;
 Eyebrows jet-black and firm, yet delicate;
 Beard scant and grizzled; mouth shut firm, with curves
 So subtly turned to meanings exquisite,
 You seem to read them as you read a word
 Full-vowelled, long-descended, pregnant—rich
 With legacies from long, laborious lives.
 Close by him, like a genius of sleep,
 Purrs the gray cat, bridling, with snowy breast.
 A loud knock. "Forward!" in clear vocal ring.
 Enter the Duke, Pablo, and Annibal.
 Exit the cat, retreating toward the dark.

DON SILVA.

You slept, Sephardo. I am come too soon.

SEPHARDO.

Nay, my lord, it was I who slept too long.
 I go to court among the stars to-night,
 So bathed my soul beforehand in deep sleep
 But who are these?

DON SILVA.

Small guests, for whom I ask
 Your hospitality. Their owner comes
 Some short time hence to claim them. I am pledged
 To keep them safely; so I bring them you,
 Trusting your friendship for small animals.

SEPHARDO.

Yea, am not I too a small animal?

DON SILVA.

I shall be much beholden to your love
If you will be their guardian. I can trust
No other man so well as you. The boy
Will please you with his singing, touches too
The viol wondrously.

SEPHARDO.

They are welcome both.
Their names are——?

DON SILVA.

Pablo, this—this Annibal,
And yet, I hope, no warrior.

SEPHARDO.

We'll make peace.
Come, Pablo, let us loosen our friend's chain.
Deign you, my lord, to sit. Here Pablo, thou—
Close to my chair. Now Annibal shall choose.

[The cautious monkey, in a Moorish dress,
A tunic white, turban and scimitar,
Wears these stage garments, nay, his very flesh,
With silent protest; keeps a neutral air
As aiming at a metaphysic state
'Twixt "is" and "is not"; lets his chain be loosed
By sage SepharDO's hands, sits still at first,
Then trembles out of his neutrality,
Looks up and leaps into SepharDO's lap,
And chatters forth his agitated soul,
Turning to peep at Pablo on the floor.]

SEPHARDO.

See, he declares we are at amity!

DON SILVA.

No brother sage had read your nature faster.

SEPHARDO.

Why, so he *is* a brother sage. Man thinks
 Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:
 Can we divine their world?—the hidden life
 That mirrors us as hideous shapeless power,
 Cruel supremacy of sharp-edged death,
 Or fate that leaves a bleeding mother robbed?
 Oh, they have long tradition and swift speech,
 Can tell with touches and sharp darting cries
 Whole histories of timid races taught
 To breathe in terror by red-handed man.

DON SILVA.

Ah, you denounce my sport with hawk and hound.
 I would not have the angel Gabriel
 As hard as you in noting down my sins.

SEPHARDO.

Nay, they are virtues for you warriors—
 Hawking and hunting! You are merciful
 When you leave killing men to kill the brutes.
 But, for the point of wisdom, I would choose
 To know the mind that stirs between the wings
 Of bees and building wasps, or fills the woods
 With myriad murmurs of responsive sense
 And true-aimed impulse, rather than to know
 The thoughts of warriors.

DON SILVA.

Yet they are warriors too—
 Your animals. Your judgment limps, SepharDO:
 Death is the king of this world; 'tis his park
 Where he breeds life to feed him. Cries of pain

Are music for his banquet; and the masque—
The last grand masque for his diversion, is
The Holy Inquisition.

SEPHARDO.

Ay, anon

I may chime in with you. But not the less
My judgment has firm feet. Though death were king,
And cruelty his right-hand minister,
Pity insurgent in some human breasts
Makes spiritual empire, reigns supreme
As persecuted faith in faithful hearts.
Your small physician, weighing ninety pounds,
A petty morsel for a healthy shark,
Will worship mercy throned within his soul
Though all the luminous angels of the stars
Burst into cruel chorus on his ear
Singing, "We know no mercy." He would cry
"I know it" still, and soothe the frightened bird,
And feed the child a-hungred, walk abreast
Of persecuted men, and keep most hate
For rational torturers. There I stand firm.
But you are bitter, and my speech rolls on
Out of your note.

DON SILVA.

No, no, I follow you.

I too have that within which I will worship
In spite of . . . Yes, SepharDO, I am bitter.
I need your counsel, foresight, all your aid.
Lay these small guests to bed, then we will talk.

SEPHARDO.

See, they are sleeping now. The boy has made
My leg his pillow. For my brother sage,
He'll never heed us; he knit long ago
A sound ape-system, wherein men are brutes

Emitting doubtful noises. Pray, my lord,
 Unlade what burdens you: my ear and hand
 Are servants of a heart much bound to you.

DON SILVA.

Yes, yours is love that roots in gifts bestowed
 By you on others, and will thrive the more
 The more it gives. I have a double want:
 First a confessor—not a Catholic;
 A heart without a livery—naked manhood.

SEPHARDO.

My lord, I will be frank; there's no such thing
 As naked manhood. If the stars look down
 On any mortal of our shape, whose strength
 Is to judge all things without preference,
 He is a monster, not a faithful man.
 While my heart beats, it shall wear livery—
 My people's livery, whose yellow badge
 Marks them for Christian scorn. I will not say
 Man is first man to me, then Jew or Gentile:
 That suits the rich *marranos*; but to me
 My father is first father and then man.
 So much for frankness' sake. But let that pass.
 'Tis true at least, I am no Catholic
 But Salomo Sephardo, a born Jew,
 Willing to serve Don Silva.

DON SILVA.

Oft you sing
 Another strain, and melt distinctions down
 As no more real than the wall of dark
 Seen by small fishes' eyes, that pierce a span
 In the wide ocean. Now you league yourself
 To hem me, hold me prisoner in bonds
 Made, say you—how?—by God or Demiurge,
 By spirit or flesh—I care not! Love was made

Stronger than bonds, and where they press must break
them.

I came to you that I might breathe at large,
And now you stifle me with talk of birth,
Of race and livery. Yet you knew Fedalma.
She was your friend, Sephardo. And you know
She is gone from me—know the hounds are loosed
To dog me if I seek her.

SEPHARDO.

Yes, I know.

Forgive me that I used untimely speech,
Pressing a bruise. I loved her well, my lord:
A woman mixed of such fine elements
That were all virtue and religion dead
She'd make them newly, being what she was.

DON SILVA.

Was? say not *was*, Sephardo! She still lives—
Is, and is mine; and I will not renounce
What heaven, nay, what she gave me. I will sin,
If sin I must, to win my life again.
The fault lie with those powers who have embroiled
The world in hopeless conflict, where all truth
Fights manacled with falsehood, and all good
Makes but one palpitating life with ill.

(DON SILVA *pauses*. SEPHARDO *is silent*.)

Sephardo, speak! am I not justified?
You taught my mind to use the wing that soars
Above the petty fences of the herd:
Now, when I need your doctrine, you are dumb.

SEPHARDO.

Patience! Hidalgos want interpreters
Of untold dreams and riddles; they insist
On dateless horoscopes, on formulas
To raise a possible spirit, nowhere named.

Science must be their wishing-cap; the stars
 Speak plainer for high largesse. No, my lord!
 I cannot counsel you to unknown deeds.
 This much I can divine: you wish to find
 Her whom you love—to make a secret search.

DON SILVA.

That is begun already: a messenger
 Unknown to all has been despatched this night.
 But forecast must be used, a plan devised,
 Ready for service when my scout returns,
 Bringing the invisible thread to guide my steps
 Toward that lost self my life is aching with.
 Sepharo, I will go: and I must go
 Unseen by all save you; though, at our need,
 We may trust Alvar.

SEPHARDO.

A grave task, my lord.
 Have you a shapen purpose, or mere will
 That sees the end alone and not the means?
 Resolve will melt no rocks.

DON SILVA.

But it can scale them.
 This fortress has two private issues: one,
 Which served the Gypsies' flight, to me is closed:
 Our bands must watch the outlet, now betrayed
 To cunning enemies. Remains one other,
 Known to no man save me: a secret left
 As heirloom in our house: a secret safe
 Even from him—from Father Isidor.
 'Tis he who forces me to use it—he:
 All's virtue that cheats bloodhounds. Hear, Sepharo.
 Given, my scout returns and brings me news
 I can straight act on, I shall want your aid.
 The issue lies below this tower, your fastness,
 Where, by my charter, you rule absolute.

I shall feign illness; you with mystic air
 Must speak of treatment asking vigilance
 (Nay I *am* ill—my life has half ebb'd out).
 I shall be whimsical, devolve command
 On Don Diego, speak of poisoning,
 Insist on being lodged within this tower,
 And rid myself of tendance save from you
 And perhaps from Alvar. So I shall escape
 Unseen by spies, shall win the days I need
 To ransom her and have her safe enshrined.
 No matter, were my flight disclosed at last:
 I shall come back as from a duel fought
 Which no man can undo. Now you know all.
 Say, can I count on you?

SEPHARDO.

For faithfulness

In aught that I may promise, yes, my lord.
 But—for a pledge of faithfulness—this warning.
 I will betray nought for your personal harm:
 I love you. But note this—I am a Jew;
 And while the Christian persecutes my race,
 I'll turn at need even the Christian's trust
 Into a weapon and a shield for Jews.
 Shall Cruelty crowned—wielding the savage force
 Of multitudes, and calling savageness God
 Who gives it victory—upbraid deceit
 And ask for faithfulness? I love you well.
 You are my friend. But yet you are a Christian,
 Whose birth has bound you to the Catholic kings.
 There may come moments when to share my joy
 Would make you traitor, when to share your grief
 Would make me other than a Jew

DON SILVA.

What need

To urge that now, Sephardo? I am one
 Of many Spanish nobles who detest

The roaring bigotry of the herd, would fain
 Dash from the lips of king and queen the cup
 Filled with besotting venom, half infused
 By avarice and half by priests. And now—
 Now when the cruelty you flout me with
 Pierces me too in the apple of my eye,
 Now when my kinship scorches me like hate
 Flashed from a mother's eye, you choose this time
 To talk of birth as of inherited rage
 Deep-down, volcanic, fatal, bursting forth
 From under hard-taught reason? Wondrous friend!
 My uncle Isidor's echo, mocking me,
 From the opposing quarter of the heavens,
 With iteration of the thing I know,
 That I'm a Christian knight and Spanish duke!
 The consequence? Why, that I know. It lies
 In my own hands and not on raven tongues.
 The knight and noble shall not wear the chain
 Of false-linked thoughts in brains of other men.
 What question was there 'twixt us two, of aught
 That makes division? When I come to you
 I come from other doctrine than the Prior's.

SEPHARDO.

My lord, you are o'erwrought by pain. My words,
 That carried innocent meaning, do but float
 Like little emptied cups upon the flood
 Your mind brings with it. I but answered you
 With regular proviso, such as stands
 In testaments and charters, to forefend
 A possible case which none deem likelihood;
 Just turned my sleeve, and pointed to the brand
 Of brotherhood that limits every pledge.
 Superfluous nicety—the student's trick,
 Who will not drink until he can define
 What water is and is not. But enough
 My will to serve you now knows no division
 Save the alternate beat of love and fear.

There's danger in this quest—name, honor, life—
My lord, the stake is great, and are you sure . . .

DON SILVA.

No, I am sure of nought but this, Sephardo,
That I will go. Prudence is but conceit
Hoodwinked by ignorance. There's nought exists
That is not dangerous and holds not death
For souls or bodies. Prudence turns its helm
To flee the storm and lands 'mid pestilence.
Wisdom would end by throwing dice with folly
But for dire passion which alone makes choice.
And I have chosen as the lion robbed
Chooses to turn upon the ravisher.
If love were slack, the Prior's imperious will
Would move it to outmatch him. But, Sephardo,
Were all else mute, all passive as sea-calms,
My soul is one great hunger—I must see her.
Now you are smiling. Oh, you merciful men
Pick up coarse griefs and fling them in the face
Of us whom life with long descent has trained
To subtler pains, mocking your ready balms.
You smile at my soul's hunger.

SEPHARDO.

Science smiles
And sways our lips in spite of us, my lord,
When thought weds fact—when maiden prophecy
Waiting, believing, sees the bridal torch.
I use not vulgar measures for your grief,
My pity keeps no cruel feasts; but thought
Has joys apart, even in blackest woe,
And seizing some fine thread of verity
Knows momentary godhead.

DON SILVA.

And your thought?

SEPHARDO.

Seized on the close agreement of your words
With what is written in your horoscope.

DON SILVA.

Reach it me now.

SEPHARDO.

By your leave, Annibal.

(He places ANNIBAL on PABLO'S lap and rises. The boy moves without waking, and his head falls on the opposite side. SEPHARDO fetches a cushion and lays PABLO'S head gently down upon it, then goes to reach the parchment from a cabinet. ANNIBAL, having waked up in alarm, shuts his eyes quickly again and pretends to sleep.)

DON SILVA.

I wish, by new appliance of your skill,
Reading afresh the records of the sky,
You could detect more special augury.
Such chance oft happens, for all characters
Must shrink or widen, as our wine-skins do,
For more or less that we can pour in them;
And added years give ever a new key
To fixed prediction.

SEPHARDO *(returning with the parchment and reseating himself)*.

True; our growing thought
Makes growing revelation. But demand not
Specific augury, as of sure success
In meditated projects, or of ends
To be foreknown by peeping in God's scroll.
I say—nay, Ptolemy said it, but wise books
For half the truths they hold are honored tombs—
Prediction is contingent, of effects

Where causes and concomitants are mixed
 To seeming wealth of possibilities
 Beyond our reckoning. Who will pretend
 To tell the adventures of each single fish
 Within the Syrian Sea? Show me a fish,
 I'll weigh him, tell his kind, what he devoured,
 What would have devoured *him*—but for one Blas
 Who netted him instead; nay, could I tell
 That had Blas missed him, he would not have died
 Of poisonous mud, and so made carrion,
 Swept off at last by some sea-scavenger?

DON SILVA.

Ay, now you talk of fishes, you get hard.
 I note you merciful men: you can endure
 Torture of fishes and hidalgos. Follows?

SEPHARDO.

By how much, then, the fortunes of a man
 Are made of elements refined and mixed
 Beyond a tunny's, what our science tells
 Of the star's influence hath contingency
 In special issues. Thus, the loadstone draws,
 Acts like a will to make the iron submissive;
 But garlick rubbing it, that chief effect
 Lies in suspense; the iron keeps at large,
 And garlick is controller of the stone.
 And so, my lord, your horoscope declares
 Not absolutely of your sequent lot,
 But, by our lore's authentic rules, sets forth
 What gifts, what dispositions, likelihoods,
 The aspects of the heavens conspired to fuse
 With your incorporate soul. Aught more than this
 Is vulgar doctrine. For the ambient,
 Though a cause regnant, is not absolute,
 But suffers a determining restraint
 From action of the subject qualities
 In proximate motion.

DON SILVA.

Yet you smiled just now
 At some close fitting of my horoscope
 With present fact—with this resolve of mine
 To quit the fortress?

SEPHARDO.

Nay, not so; I smiled,
 Observing how the temper of your soul
 Sealed long tradition of the influence shed
 By the heavenly spheres. Here is your horoscope:
 The aspects of the Moon with Mars conjunct,
 Of Venus and the Sun with Saturn, lord
 Of the ascendent, make symbolic speech
 Whereto your words gave running paraphrase.

DON SILVA (*impatiently*).

What did I say?

SEPHARDO.

You spoke as oft you did
 When I was schooling you at Córdoba,
 And lessons on the noun and verb were drowned
 With sudden stream of general debate
 On things and actions. Always in that stream
 I saw the play of babbling currents, saw
 A nature o'er-endowed with opposites
 Making a self alternate, where each hour
 Was critic of the last, each mood too strong
 For tolerance of its fellow in close yoke.
 The ardent planets stationed as supreme,
 Potent in action, suffer light malign
 From luminaries large and coldly bright
 Inspiring meditative doubt, which straight
 Doubts of itself, by interposing act
 Of Jupiter in the fourth house fortified

With power ancestral. So, my lord, I read
 The changeless in the changing; so I read
 The constant action of celestial powers
 Mixed into waywardness of mortal men,
 Whereof no sage's eye can trace the course
 And see the close.

DON SILVA.

Fruitful result, O sage!
 Certain uncertainty.

SEPHARDO.

Yea, a result
 Fruitful as seeded earth, where certainty
 Would be as barren as a globe of gold.
 I love you, and would serve you well, my lord.
 Your rashness vindicates itself too much,
 Puts harness on of cobweb theory
 While rushing like a cataract. Be warned.
 Resolve with you is a fire-breathing steed,
 But it sees visions, and may feel the air
 Impassable with thoughts that come too late,
 Rising from out the grave of murdered honor.
 Look at your image in your horoscope:

(Laying the horoscope before DON SILVA.)

You are so mixed, my lord, that each to-day
 May seem a maniac to its morrow.

DON SILVA *(pushing away the horoscope, rising and
 turning to look out at the open window).*

No!

No morrow e'er will say that I am mad
 Not to renounce her. Risks! I know them all.
 I've dogged each lurking, ambushed consequence.
 I've handled every chance to know its shape
 As blind men handle bolts. Oh, I'm too sane!
 I see the Prior's nets. He does my deed;

For he has narrowed all my life to this—
That I must find her by some hidden means.

(He turns and stands close in front of SEPHARDO.)

One word, SepharDO—leave that horoscope,
Which is but iteration of myself,
And give me promise. Shall I count on you
To act upon my signal? Kings of Spain
Like me have found their refuge in a Jew,
And trusted in his counsel. • You will help me?

SEPHARDO.

Yes, my lord, I will help you. Israel
Is to the nations as the body's heart:
Thus writes our poet Jehuda. I will act
So that no man may ever say through me
"Your Israel is nought," and make my deeds
The mud they fling upon my brethren.
I will not fail you, save—you know the terms:
I am a Jew, and not that infamous life
That takes on bastardy, will know no father,
So shrouds itself in the pale abstract, Man.
You should be sacrificed to Israel
If Israel needed it.

DON SILVA.

I fear not that.

I am no friend of fines and banishment,
Or flames that, fed on heretics, still gape,
And must have heretics made to feed them still.
I take your terms, and for the rest, your love
Will not forsake me.

SEPHARDO.

'Tis hard Roman love,
That looks away and stretches forth the sword
Bared for its master's breast to run upon.
But you will have it so. Love shall obey.

*(DON SILVA turns to the window again, and is silent
for a few moments, looking at the sky.)*

DON SILVA.

See now, Sephardo, you would keep no faith
To smooth the path of cruelty. Confess,
The deed I would not do, save for the strait
Another brings me to (quit my command,
Resign it for brief space, I mean no more)—
Were that deed branded, then the brand should fix
On him who urged me.

SEPHARDO.

Will it, though, my lord?

DON SILVA.

I speak not of the fact, but of the right.

SEPHARDO.

My lord, you said but now you were resolved.
Question not if the world will be unjust
Branding your deed. If conscience has two courts
With differing verdicts, where shall lie the appeal?
Our law must be without us or within.
The Highest speaks through all our people's voice,
Custom, tradition, and old sanctities;
Or he reveals himself by new decrees
Of inward certitude.

DON SILVA.

My love for her
Makes highest law, must be the voice of God.

SEPHARDO.

I thought, but now, you seemed to make excuse,
And plead as in some court where Spanish knights
Are tried by other laws than those of love.

DON SILVA.

'Twas momentary. I shall dare it all.
 How the great planet glows, and looks at me,
 And seems to pierce me with his effluence!
 Were he a living God, these rays that stir
 In me the pulse of wonder were in him
 Fulness of knowledge. Are you certified,
 Sephardo, that the astral science shrinks
 To such pale ashes, dead symbolic forms
 For that congenital mixture of effects
 Which life declares without the aid of lore?
 If there are times propitious or malign
 To our first framing, then must all events
 Have favoring periods: you cull your plants
 By signal of the heavens, then why not trace
 As others would by astrologic rule
 Times of good augury for momentous acts,—
 As secret journeys?

SEPHARDO.

Oh, my lord, the stars
 Act not as witchcraft or as muttered spells.
 I said before they are not absolute,
 And tell no fortunes. I adhere alone
 To such tradition of their agencies
 As reason fortifies.

DON SILVA.

A barren science!
 Some argue now 'tis folly. 'Twere as well
 Be of their mind. If those bright stars had will—
 But they are fatal fires, and know no love.
 Of old, I think, the world was happier
 With many gods, who held a struggling life
 As mortals do, and helped men in the straits
 Of forced misdoing. I doubt that horoscope.

(DON SILVA turns from the window and reseats himself opposite SEPHARDO.)

I am most self-contained, and strong to bear.
 No man save you has seen my trembling lip
 Utter her name, since she was lost to me.
 I'll face the progeny of all my deeds.

SEPHARDO.

May they be fair! No horoscope makes slaves.
 'Tis but a mirror, shows one image forth,
 And leaves the future dark with endless "ifs."

DON SILVA.

I marvel, my Sephardo, you can pinch
 With confident selection these few grains,
 And call them verity, from out the dust
 Of crumbling error. Surely such thought creeps,
 With insect exploration of the world.
 Were I a Hebrew, now, I would be bold.
 Why should you fear, not being Catholic?

SEPHARDO.

Lo! you yourself, my lord, mix subtleties
 With gross belief; by momentary lapse
 Conceive, with all the vulgar, that we Jews
 Must hold ourselves God's outlaws, and defy
 All good with blasphemy, because we hold
 Your good is evil; think we must turn pale
 To see our portraits painted in your hell,
 And sin the more for knowing we are lost.

DON SILVA.

Read not my words with malice. I but meant,
 My temper hates an over-cautious march.

SEPHARDO.

The Unnamable made not the search for truth
 To suit hidalgos' temper. I abide

By that wise spirit of listening reverence
Which marks the boldest doctors of our race.
For Truth, to us, is like a living child
Born of two parents: if the parents part
And will divide the child, how shall it live?
Or, I will rather say: Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
And some, Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.
Still we are purblind, tottering. I hold less
Than Aben-Ezra, of that aged lore
Brought by long centuries from Chaldæan plains;
The Jew-taught Florentine rejects it all.
For still the light is measured by the eye,
And the weak organ fails. I may see ill;
But over all belief is faithfulness,
Which fulfils vision with obedience.
So, I must grasp my morsels: truth is oft
Scattered in fragments round a stately pile
Built half of error; and the eye's defect
May breed too much denial. But, my lord,
I weary your sick soul. Go now with me
Into the turret. We will watch the spheres,
And see the constellations bend and plunge
Into a depth of being where our eyes
Hold them no more. We'll quit ourselves and be
The red Aldebaran or bright Sirius,
And sail as in a solemn voyage, bound
On some great quest we know not.

DON SILVA.

Let us go.

She may be watching too, and thought of her
 Sways me, as if she knew, to every act
 Of pure allegiance.

SEPHARDO.

That is love's perfection—

Tuning the soul to all her harmonies
 So that no chord can jar. Now we will mount.

A large hall in the Castle, of Moorish architecture. On the side where the windows are, an outer gallery. Pages and other young gentlemen attached to DON SILVA'S household, gathered chiefly at one end of the hall. Some are moving about; others are lounging on the carved benches; others, half stretched on pieces of matting and carpet, are gambling. ARIAS, a stripling of fifteen, sings by snatches in a boyish treble, as he walks up and down, and tosses back the nuts which another youth flings toward him. In the middle DON AMADOR, a gaunt, gray-haired soldier, in a handsome uniform, sits in a marble red-cushioned chair, with a large book spread out on his knees, from which he is reading aloud, while his voice is half drowned by the talk that is going on around him, first one voice and then another surging above the hum.

ARIAS (singing).

*There was a holy hermit
 Who counted all things loss
 For Christ his Master's glory:
 He made an ivory cross,
 And as he knelt before it
 And wept his murdered Lord,
 The ivory turned to iron,
 The cross became a sword.*

JOSÉ (*from the floor*).

I say, twenty cruzados! thy Galician wit can never count.

HERNANDO (*also from the floor*).

And thy Sevillian wit counts double.

ARIAS (*singing*).

*The tears that fell upon it,
They turned to red, red rust;
The tears that fell from off it
Made writing in the dust,
The holy hermit, gazing,
Saw words upon the ground:
"The sword be red forever
With the blood of false Mahound."*

DON AMADOR (*looking up from his book, and raising his voice*).

What, gentlemen! Our Glorious Lady defend us!

ENRIQUEZ (*from the benches*).

Serves the infidels right! They have sold Christians enough to people half the towns in Paradise. If the Queen, now, had divided the pretty damsels of Malaga among the Castilians who have been helping in the holy war, and not sent half of them to Naples . . .

ARIAS (*singing again*).

*At the battle of Clavijo
In the days of King Ramiro,
Help us, Allah! cried the Moslem,
Cried the Spaniard, Heaven's chosen,
God and Santiago!*

FABIAN.

Oh, the very tail of our chance has vanished. The royal army is breaking up—going home for the winter. The Grand Master sticks to his own border.

ARIAS (*singing*).

*Straight out-flushing like the rainbow,
See him come, celestial Baron,
Mounted knight, with red-crossed banner,
Plunging earthward to the battle,
Glorious Santiago!*

HURTADO.

Yes, yes, through the pass of By-and-by, you go to the valley of Never. We might have done a great feat, if the Marquis of Cadiz . . .

ARIAS (*sings*).

*As the flame before the swift wind,
See, he fires us, we burn with him!
Flash our swords, dash Pagans backward—
Victory he! pale fear is Allah!
God with Santiago!*

DON AMADOR (*raising his voice to a cry*).

Sangre de Dios, gentlemen!

(*He shuts the book, and lets it fall with a bang on the floor. There is instant silence.*)

To what good end is it that I, who studied at Salamanca, and can write verses agreeable to the Glorious Lady with the point of a sword which hath done harder service, am reading aloud in a clerkly manner from a book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books, to instruct you in the knowledge befitting those who would be knights and worthy hidalgos? I had as lief be reading in a belfry. And gambling too! As if it were a time when we needed not the help of God and the saints! Surely for the space of one hour ye might subdue

your tongues to your ears, that so your tongues might learn somewhat of civility and modesty. Wherefore am I master of the Duke's retinue, if my voice is to run along like a gutter in a storm?

HURTADO (*lifting up the book and respectfully presenting it to DON AMADOR*).

Pardon, Don Amador. The air is so commoved by your voice, that it stirs our tongues in spite of us.

DON AMADOR (*reopening the book*).

Confess, now, it is a goose-headed trick, that when rational sounds are made for your edification, you find nought in it but an occasion for purposeless gabble. I will report it to the Duke, and the reading-time shall be doubled, and my office of reader shall be handed over to Fray Domingo.

(*While DON AMADOR has been speaking, DON SILVA, with DON ALVAR, has appeared walking in the outer gallery on which the windows are opened.*)

ALL (*in concert*).

No, no, no.

DON AMADOR.

Are ye ready, then, to listen, if I finish the wholesome extract from the Seven Parts, wherein the wise King Alfonso hath set down the reason why knights should be of gentle birth? Will ye now be silent?

ALL.

Yes, silent.

DON AMADOR.

But when I pause, and look up, I give any leave to speak, if he hath aught pertinent to say.

(*Reads.*)

“And this nobility cometh in three ways: *first*, by lineage, *secondly*, by science, and *thirdly*, by valor and worthy behavior. Now, although they who gain nobility through science or good

deeds are rightfully called noble and gentle; nevertheless, they are with the highest fitness so called who are noble by ancient lineage, and lead a worthy life as by inheritance from afar; and hence are more bound and constrained to act well, and guard themselves from error and wrong-doing; for in their case it is more true that by evil-doing they bring injury and shame not only on themselves, but also on those from whom they are derived."

DON AMADOR (*placing his forefinger for a mark on the page, and looking up while he keeps his voice raised, as wishing DON SILVA to overhear him in the judicious discharge of his function*).

Hear ye that, young gentlemen? See ye not that if ye have but bad manners even, they disgrace you more than gross misdoings disgrace the low-born? Think you, Arias, it becomes the son of your house irreverently to sing and fling nuts, to the interruption of your elders?

ARIAS (*sitting on the floor, and leaning backward on his elbows*).

Nay, Don Amador; King Alfonso, they say, was a heretic, and I think that is not true writing. For noble birth gives us more leave to do ill if we like.

DON AMADOR (*lifting his brows*).

What bold and blasphemous talk is this?

ARIAS.

Why, nobles are only punished now and then, in a grand way, and have their heads cut off, like the Grand Constable. I shouldn't mind that.

JOSÉ.

Nonsense, Arias! nobles have their heads cut off because their crimes are noble. If they did what was unknightly, they would come to shame. Is not that true, Don Amador?

DON AMADOR.

Arias is a contumacious puppy, who will bring dishonor on his parentage. Pray, sirrah, whom did you ever hear speak as you have spoken?

ARIAS.

Nay, I speak out of my own head. I shall go and ask the Duke.

HURTADO.

Now, now! you are too bold, Arias.

ARIAS.

Oh, he is never angry with me,—(*Dropping his voice*) because the Lady Fedalma liked me. She said I was a good boy, and pretty, and that is what you are not, Hurtado.

HURTADO.

Girl-face! See, now, if you dare ask the Duke.

(DON SILVA is just entering the hall from the gallery, with DON ALVAR behind him, intending to pass out at the other end. All rise with homage. DON SILVA bows coldly and abstractedly. ARIAS advances from the group, and goes up to DON SILVA.)

ARIAS.

My lord, is it true that a noble is more dishonored than other men if he does aught dishonorable?

DON SILVA (*first blushing deeply, and grasping his sword, then raising his hand and giving ARIAS a blow on the ear*).

Varlet!

ARIAS.

My lord, I am a gentleman.

(DON SILVA pushes him away, and passes on hurriedly.)

DON ALVAR (*following and turning to speak*).

Go, go! you should not speak to the Duke when you are not called upon. He is ill and much distempered.

(*ARIAS retires, flushed, with tears in his eyes. His companions look too much surprised to triumph.*

DON AMADOR remains silent and confused.)

The Plaza Santiago during busy market-time. Mules and asses laden with fruits and vegetables. Stalls and booths filled with wares of all sorts. A crowd of buyers and sellers. A stalwart woman, with keen eyes, leaning over the panniers of a mule laden with apples, watches LORENZO, who is lounging through the market. As he approaches her, he is met by BLASCO.

LORENZO.

Well met, friend.

BLASCO.

Ay, for we are soon to part,
And I would see you at the hostelry,
To take my reckoning. I go forth to-day.

LORENZO.

'Tis grievous parting with good company.
I would I had the gold to pay such guests
For all my pleasure in their talk.

BLASCO.

Why, yes;

A solid-headed man of Aragon
Has matter in him that you Southerners lack.
You like my company—'tis natural.
But, look you, I have done my business well,
Have sold and ta'en commissions. I come straight
From—you know who—I like not naming him.
I'm a thick man: you reach not my backbone
With any toothpick; but I tell you this:

He reached it with his eye, right to the marrow.
 It gave me heart that I had plate to sell,
 For, saint or no saint, a good silversmith
 Is wanted for God's service; and my plate—
 He judged it well—bought nobly.

LORENZO.

And holy! A great man,

BLASCO.

Yes, I'm glad I leave to-day.
 For there are stories give a sort of smell—
 One's nose has fancies. A good trader, sir,
 Likes not this plague of lapsing in the air,
 Most caught by men with funds. And they *do* say
 There's a great terror here in Moors and Jews,
 I would say, Christians of unhappy blood.
 'Tis monstrous, sure, that men of substance lapse,
 And risk their property. I know I'm sound.
 No heresy was ever bait to me. Whate'er
 Is the right faith, that I believe—nought else.

LORENZO.

Ay, truly, for the flavor of true faith
 Once known must sure be sweetest to the taste.
 But an uneasy mood is now abroad
 Within the town; partly, for that the Duke
 Being sorely sick, has yielded the command
 To Don Diego, a most valiant man,
 More Catholic than the Holy Father's self,
 Half chiding God that He will tolerate
 A Jew or Arab; though 'tis plain they're made
 For profit of good Christians. And weak heads—
 Panic will knit all disconnected facts—
 Draw hence belief in evil auguries,
 Rumors of accusation and arrest,
 All air-begotten. Sir, you need not go.

But if it must be so, I'll follow you
 In fifteen minutes—finish marketing,
 Then be at home to speed you on your way.

BLASCO.

Do so. I'll back to Saragossa straight.
 The court and nobles are retiring now
 And wending northward. There'll be fresh demand
 For bells and images against the Spring,
 When doubtless our great Catholic sovereigns
 Will move to conquest of these eastern parts,
 And cleanse Granada from the infidel.
 Stay, sir, with God, until we meet again!

LORENZO.

Go, sir, with God, until I follow you!

(Exit BLASCO. LORENZO passes on toward the market-woman, who, as he approaches, raises herself from her leaning attitude.)

LORENZO.

Good day, my mistress. How's your merchandise?
 Fit for a host to buy? Your apples now,
 They have fair cheeks; how are they at the core?

MARKET-WOMAN.

Good, good, sir! Taste and try. See, here is one
 Weighs a man's head. The best are bound with tow:
 They're worth the pains, to keep the peel from splits.

(She takes out an apple bound with tow, and, as she puts it into LORENZO'S hand, speaks in a lower tone.)

'Tis called the Miracle. You open it,
 And find it full of speech.

LORENZO.

Ay, give it me,
I'll take it to the Doctor in the tower.
He feeds on fruit, and if he likes the sort
I'll buy them for him. Meanwhile drive your ass
Round to my hostelry. I'll straight be there.
You'll not refuse some barter?

MARKET-WOMAN.

No, not I.

Feathers and skins.

LORENZO.

Good, till we meet again.

(LORENZO, *after smelling at the apple, puts it into a pouch-like basket which hangs before him, and walks away. The woman drives off the mule.*)

A LETTER.

“Zarca, the chieftain of the Gypsies, greets
“The King El Zagal. Let the force be sent
“With utmost swiftness to the Pass of Luz.
“A good five hundred added to my bands
“Will master all the garrison: the town
“Is half with us, and will not lift an arm
“Save on our side. My scouts have found a way
“Where once we thought the fortress most secure:
“Spying a man upon the height, they traced,
“By keen conjecture piercing broken sight,
“His downward path, and found its issue. There
“A file of us can mount, surprise the fort
“And give the signal to our friends within
“To ope the gates for our confederate bands,
“Who will lie eastward ambushed by the rocks,
“Waiting the night. Enough; give me command,
“Bedmár is yours. Chief Zarca will redeem
“His pledge of highest service to the Moor:

“ Let the Moor too be faithful and repay
“ The Gypsy with the furtherance he needs
“ To lead his people over Bahr el Scham
“ And plant them on the shore of Africa.
“ So may the King El Zagal live as one
“ Who, trusting Allah will be true to him,
“ Maketh himself as Allah true to friends.”

BOOK III.

QUIT now the town, and with a journeying dream
Swift as the wings of sound yet seeming slow
Through multitudinous pulsing of stored sense
And spiritual space, see walls and towers
Lie in the silent whiteness of a trance,
Giving no sign of that warm life within
That moves and murmurs through their hidden heart.
Pass o'er the mountain, wind in sombre shade,
Then wind into the light and see the town
Shrunk to white crust upon the darker rock.
Turn east and south, descend, then rise anew
'Mid smaller mountains ebbing toward the plain:
Scent the fresh breath of the height-loving herbs
That, trodden by the pretty parted hoofs
Of nimble goats, sigh at the innocent bruise,
And with a mingled difference exquisite
Pour a sweet burden on the buoyant air.
Pause now and be all ear. Far from the south,
Seeking the listening silence of the heights,
Comes a slow-dying sound—the Moslems' call
To prayer in afternoon. Bright in the sun
Like tall white sails on a green shadowy sea
Stand Moorish watch-towers: 'neath that eastern sky
Couches unseen the strength of Moorish Baza;
Where the meridian bends lies Guadix, hold
Of brave El Zagal. This is Moorish land,
Where Allah lives unconquered in dark breasts
And blesses still the many-nourishing earth
With dark-armed industry. See from the steep
The scattered olives hurry in gray throngs

Down toward the valley, where the little stream
Parts a green hollow 'twixt the gentler slopes;
And in that hollow, dwellings: not white homes
Of building Moors, but little swarthy tents
Such as of old perhaps on Asian plains,
Or wending westward past the Caucasus,
Our fathers raised to rest in. Close they swarm
About two taller tents, and viewed afar
Might seem a dark-robed crowd in penitence
That silent kneel; but come now in their midst
And watch a busy, bright-eyed, sportive life!
Tall maidens bend to feed the tethered goat,
The ragged kirtle fringing at the knee
Above the living curves, the shoulder's smoothness
Parting the torrent strong of ebon hair.
Women with babes, the wild and neutral glance
Swayed now to sweet desire of mothers' eyes,
Rock their strong cradling arms and chant low strains
Taught by monotonous and soothing winds
That fall at night-time on the dozing ear.
The crones plait reeds, or shred the vivid herbs
Into the caldron: tiny urchins crawl
Or sit and gurgle forth their infant joy.
Lads lying sphynx-like with uplifted breast
Propped on their elbows, their black manes tossed back,
Fling up the coin and watch its fatal fall,
Dispute and scramble, run and wrestle fierce,
Then fall to play and fellowship again;
Or in a thieving swarm they run to plague
The grandsires, who return with rabbits slung,
And with the mules fruit-laden from the fields.
Some striplings choose the smooth stones from the brook
To serve the slingers, cut the twigs for snares,
Or trim the hazel-wands, or at the bark
Of some exploring dog they dart away
With swift precision toward a moving speck.
These are the brood of Zarca's Gypsy tribe;
Most like an earth-born race bred by the Sun
On some rich tropic soil, the father's light

Flashing in coal-black eyes, the mother's blood
 With bounteous elements feeding their young limbs.
 The stalwart men and youths are at the wars
 Following their chief, all save a trusty band
 Who keep strict watch along the northern heights.

But see, upon a pleasant spot removed
 From the camp's hubbub, where the thicket strong
 Of huge-eared cactus makes a bordering curve
 And casts a shadow, lies a sleeping man
 With Spanish hat screening his upturned face,
 His doublet loose, his right arm backward flung,
 His left caressing close the long-necked lute
 That seems to sleep too, leaning tow'rd its lord.
 He draws deep breath secure but not unwatched.
 Moving a-tiptoe, silent as the elves,
 As mischievous too, trip three bare-footed girls
 Not opened yet to womanhood—dark flowers
 In slim long buds: some paces farther off
 Gathers a little white-teethed shaggy group,
 A grinning chorus to the merry play.
 The tripping girls have robbed the sleeping man
 Of all his ornaments. Hita is decked
 With an embroidered scarf across her rags;
 Tralla, with thorns for pins, sticks two rosettes
 Upon her threadbare woollen; Hinda now,
 Prettiest and boldest, tucks her kirtle up
 As wallet for the stolen buttons—then
 Bends with her knife to cut from off the hat
 The aigrette and long feather; deftly cuts,
 Yet wakes the sleeper, who with sudden start
 Shakes off the masking hat and shows the face
 Of Juan: Hinda swift as thought leaps back,
 But carries off the spoil triumphantly,
 And leads the chorus of a happy laugh,
 Running with all the naked-footed imps,
 Till with safe survey all can face about
 And watch for signs of stimulating chase,
 While Hinda ties long grass around her brow



" His doublet loose, his right arm backward flung,
His left caressing close the long-necked lute."—Page 160.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

To stick the feather in with majesty.
 Juan still sits contemplative, with looks
 Alternate at the spoilers and their work.

JUAN.

Ah, you marauding kite—my feather gone!
 My belt, my scarf, my buttons and rosettes!
 This is to be a brother of your tribe!
 The fiery-blooded children of the Sun—
 So says chief Zarca—children of the Sun!
 Ay, ay, the black and stinging flies he breeds
 To plague the decent body of mankind.
 “Orpheus, professor of the *gai saber*,
 Made all the brutes *pólite* by dint of song.”
 Pregnant—but as a guide in daily life
 Delusive. For if song and music cure
 The barbarous trick of thieving, 'tis a cure
 That works as slowly as old Doctor Time
 In curing folly. Why, the minxes there
 Have rhythm in their toes, and music rings
 As readily from them as from little bells
 Swung by the breeze. Well, I will try the physic.
(*He touches his lute.*)

Hem! taken rightly, any single thing,
 The Rabbis say, implies all other things.
 A knotty task, though, the unravelling
Meum and *Tuum* from a saraband:
 It needs a subtle logic, nay, perhaps
 A good large property, to see the thread.
(*He touches the lute again.*)

There's more of odd than even in this world.
 Else pretty sinners would not be let off
 Sooner than ugly; for if honeycombs
 Are to be got by stealing, they should go
 Where life is bitterest on the tongue. And yet—
 Because this minx has pretty ways I wink
 At all her tricks, though if a flat-faced lass,
 With eyes askew, were half as bold as she,

I would chastise her with a hazel switch.
 I'm a plucked peacock—even my voice and wit
 Without a tail!—why, any fool detects
 The absence of your tail, but twenty fools
 May not detect the presence of your wit.

(He touches his lute again.)

Well, I must coax my tail back cunningly,
 For to run after these brown lizards—ah!
 I think the lizards lift their ears at this.

(As he thrums his lute the lads and girls gradually approach: he touches it more briskly, and HINDA, advancing, begins to move arms and legs with an initiatory dancing movement, smiling coaxingly at JUAN. He suddenly stops, lays down his lute and folds his arms.)

JUAN.

What, you expect a tune to dance to, eh?

HINDA, HITA, TRALLA, AND THE REST
(clapping their hands).

Yes, yes, a tune, a tune!

JUAN.

But that is what you cannot have, my sweet brothers and sisters. The tunes are all dead—dead as the tunes of the lark when you have plucked his wings off; dead as the song of the grasshopper when the ass has swallowed him. I can play and sing no more. Hinda has killed my tunes.

(All cry out in consternation. HINDA gives a wail and tries to examine the lute.)

JUAN *(waving her off)*.

Understand, Señora Hinda, that the tunes are in me; they are not in the lute till I put them there. And if you cross my humor, I shall be as tuneless as a bag of wool. If the tunes are to be brought to life again, I must have my feather back.

(HINDA kisses his hands and feet coaxingly.)

No, no! not a note will come for coaxing. The feather, I say, the feather!

(HINDA sorrowfully takes off the feather and gives it to JUAN.)

Ah, now let us see. Perhaps a tune will come.

(He plays a measure, and the three girls begin to dance; then he suddenly stops.)

JUAN.

No, the tune will not come: it wants the aigrette (*pointing to it on Hinda's neck*).

(HINDA, with rather less hesitation, but again sorrowfully, takes off the aigrette, and gives it to him.)

JUAN.

Ha! (*He plays again, but, after rather a longer time, again stops.*) No, no; 'tis the buttons are wanting, Hinda, the buttons. This tune feeds chiefly on buttons—a greedy tune. It wants one, two, three, four, five, six. Good.

(After HINDA has given up the buttons, and JUAN has laid them down one by one, he begins to play again, going on longer than before, so that the dancers become excited by the movement. Then he stops.)

JUAN.

Ah, Hita, it is the belt, and, Tralla, the rosettes—both are wanting. I see the tune will not go on without them.

(HITA and TRALLA take off the belt and rosettes, and lay them down quickly, being fired by the dancing, and eager for the music. All the articles lie by JUAN'S side on the ground.)

JUAN.

Good, good, my docile wild-cats! Now I think the tunes are all alive again. Now you may dance and sing too. Hinda, my little screamer, lead off with the song I taught

you, and let us see if the tune will go right on from beginning to end.

(*He plays. The dance begins again, HINDA singing. All the other boys and girls join in the chorus, and all at last dance wildly.*)

SONG.

*All things journey: sun and moon,
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
Night and all her stars:
'Twixt the east and western bars
Round they journey,
Come and go!
We go with them!
For to roam and ever roam
Is the Zíncali's loved home.*

*Earth is good, the hillside breaks
By the ashen roots and makes
Hungry nostrils glad:
Then we run till we are mad,
Like the horses,
And we cry,
None shall catch us!
Swift winds wing us—we are free—
Drink the air—we Zíncali!*

*Falls the snow: the pine-branch split,
Call the fire out, see it flit,
Through the dry leaves run,
Spread and glow, and make a sun,
In the dark tent:
O warm dark!
Warm as conies!
Strong fire loves us, we are warm!
Who the Zíncali shall harm?*

*Onward journey: fires are spent;
Sunward, sunward! lift the tent,*

*Run before the rain,
Through the pass, along the plain.
Hurry, hurry,
Lift us, wind!
Like the horses.
For to roam and ever roam
Is the Zíncali's loved home.*

(*When the dance is at its height, HINDA breaks away from the rest, and dances round JUAN, who is now standing. As he turns a little to watch her movement, some of the boys skip toward the feather, aigrette, etc., snatch them up, and run away, swiftly followed by HITA, TRALLA, and the rest. HINDA, as she turns again, sees them, screams, and falls in her whirling; but immediately gets up, and rushes after them, still screaming with rage.*)

JUAN.

Santiago! these imps get bolder. Haha! Señora Hinda, this finishes your lesson in ethics.* You have seen the advantage of giving up stolen goods. Now you see the ugliness of thieving when practised by others. That fable of mine about the tunes was excellently devised. I feel like an ancient sage instructing our lisping ancestors. My memory will descend as the Orpheus of Gypsies. But I must prepare a rod for those rascals. I'll bastinado them with prickly pears. It seems to me these needles will have a sound moral teaching in them.

(*While JUAN takes a knife from his belt, and surveys a bush of the prickly pear, HINDA returns.*)

JUAN.

Pray, Señora, why do you fume? Did you want to steal my ornaments again yourself?

HINDA (*sobbing*).

No; I thought you would give them me back again.

JUAN.

What, did you want the tunes to die again? Do you like finery better than dancing?

HINDA.

Oh, that was a tale! I shall tell tales too, when I want to get anything I can't steal. And I know what I will do. I shall tell the boys I've found some little foxes, and I will never say where they are till they give me back the feather!

(She runs off again.)

JUAN.

Hem! the disciple seems to seize the mode sooner than the matter. Teaching virtue with this prickly pear may only teach the youngsters to use a new weapon; as your teaching orthodoxy with faggots may only bring up a fashion of roasting. Dios! my remarks grow too pregnant—my wits get a plethora by solitary feeding on the produce of my own wisdom.

(As he puts up his knife again, HINDA comes running back, and crying, "Our Queen! our Queen!")

JUAN adjusts his gorments and his lute, while HINDA turns to meet FEDALMA, who wears a Moorish dress, her black hair hanging round her in plaits, a white turban on her head, a dagger by her side. She carries a scarf on her left arm, which she holds up as a shade.)

FEDALMA (*patting HINDA's head*).

How now, wild one? You are hot and panting. Go to my tent, and help Nouna to plait reeds.

(HINDA kisses FEDALMA's hand, and runs off. FEDALMA advances toward JUAN, who kneels to take up the edge of her cymar, and kisses it)

JUAN.

How is it with you, lady? You look sad.

FEDALMA.

Oh, I am sick at heart. The eye of day,
 The insistent summer sun, seems pitiless,
 Shining in all the barren crevices
 Of weary life, leaving no shade, no dark,
 Where I may dream that hidden waters lie;
 As pitiless as to some shipwrecked man,
 Who gazing from his narrow shoal of sand
 On the wide unspecked round of blue and blue
 Sees that full light is errorless despair.
 The insects' hum that slurs the silent dark
 Startles and seems to cheat me, as the tread
 Of coming footsteps cheats the midnight watcher
 Who holds her heart and waits to hear them pause,
 And hears them never pause, but pass and die.
 Music sweeps by me as a messenger
 Carrying a message that is not for me.
 The very sameness of the hills and sky
 Is obduracy, and the lingering hours
 Wait round me dumbly, like superfluous slaves,
 Of whom I want nought but the secret news
 They are forbid to tell. And, Juan, you—
 You, too, are cruel—would be over-wise
 In judging your friend's needs, and choose to hide
 Something I crave to know.

JUAN.

I, lady?

EDALMA.

You.

JUAN.

I never had the virtue to hide aught,
 Save what a man is whipped for publishing.
 I'm no more reticent than the voluble air—
 Dote on disclosure—never could contain

The latter half of all my sentences,
 But for the need to utter the beginning.
 My lust to tell is so importunate
 That it abridges every other vice,
 And makes me temperate for want of time.
 I dull sensation in the haste to say
 'Tis this or that, and choke report with surmise.
 Judge, then, dear lady, if I could be mute
 When but a glance of yours had bid me speak.

FEDALMA.

Nay, sing such falsities!—you mock me worse
 By speech that gravely seems to ask belief.
 You are but babbling in a part you play
 To please my father. Oh, 'tis well meant, say you—
 Pity for woman's weakness. Take my thanks.

JUAN.

Thanks angrily bestowed are red-hot coin
 Burning your servant's palm.

FEDALMA.

Deny it not,
 You know how many leagues this camp of ours.
 Lies from Bedmár—what mountains lie between—
 Could tell me if you would about the Duke—
 That he is comforted, sees how he gains
 Losing the Zíncala, finds now how slight
 The thread Fedalma made in that rich web,
 A Spanish noble's life. No, that is false!
 He never would think lightly of our love.
 Some evil has befallen him—he's slain—
 Has sought for danger and has beckoned death
 Because I made all life seem treachery.
 Tell me the worst—be merciful—no worst,
 Against the hideous painting of my fear,
 Would not show like a better.

JUAN.

If I speak,

Will you believe your slave? For truth is scant;
 And where the appetite is still to hear
 And not believe, falsehood would stint it less.
 How say you? Does your hunger's fancy choose
 The meagre fact?

FEDALMA (*seating herself on the ground*).

Yes, yes, the truth, dear Juan.
 Sit now, and tell me all.

JUAN.

That all is nought.

I can unleash my fancy if you wish
 And hunt for phantoms: shoot an airy guess
 And bring down airy likelihood—some lie
 Masked cunningly to look like royal truth
 And cheat the shooter, while King Fact goes free;
 Or else some image of reality
 That doubt will handle and reject as false.
 As for conjecture—I can thread the sky
 Like any swallow, but, if you insist
 On knowledge that would guide a pair of feet
 Right to Bedmár, across the Moorish bounds,
 A mule that dreams of stumbling over stones
 Is better stored.

FEDALMA.

And you have gathered nought
 About the border wars? No news, no hint
 Of any rumors that concern the Duke—
 Rumors kept from me by my father?

JUAN.

None.

Your father trusts no secret to the echoes.
 Of late his movements have been hid from all

Save those few hundred chosen Gypsy breasts
 He carries with him. Think you he's a man
 To let his projects slip from out his belt,
 Then whisper him who haps to find them strayed
 To be so kind as keep his counsel well?
 Why, if he found me knowing aught too much,
 He would straight gag or strangle me, and say,
 "Poor hound! it was a pity that his bark
 Could chance to mar my plans: he loved my daughter.
 The idle hound bad nought to do but love,
 So followed to the battle and got crushed."

FEDALMA (*holding out her hand, which JUAN kisses*).

Good Juan, I could have no nobler friend.
 You'd ope your veins and let your life-blood out
 To save another's pain, yet hide the deed
 With jesting—say, 'twas merest accident,
 A sportive scratch that went by chance too deep—
 And die content with men's slight thoughts of you,
 Finding your glory in another's joy.

JUAN.

Dub not my likings virtues, lest they get
 A drug-like taste, and breed a nausea.
 Honey's not sweet, commended as cathartic.
 Such names are parchment labels upon gems
 Hiding their color. What is lovely seen
 Priced in a tarif?—lapis lazuli,
 Such bulk, so many drachmas: amethysts
 Quoted at so much; sapphires higher still.
 The stone like solid heaven in its blueness
 Is what I care for, not its name or price.
 So, if I live or die to serve my friend,
 'Tis for my love—'tis for my friend alone,
 And not for any rate that friendship bears
 In heaven or on earth. Nay, I romance—
 I talk of Roland and the ancient peers.

In me 'tis hardly friendship, only lack
 Of a substantial self that holds a weight;
 So I kiss larger things and roll with them.

FEDALMA.

Oh, you will never hide your soul from me;
 I've seen the jewel's flash, and know 'tis there,
 Muffle it as you will. That foam-like talk
 Will not wash out a fear which blots the good
 Your presence brings me. Oft I'm pierced afresh
 Through all the pressure of my selfish griefs
 By thought of you. It was a rash resolve
 Made you disclose yourself when you kept watch
 About the terrace wall:—your pity leaped,
 Seeing alone my ills and not your loss,
 Self-doomed to exile. Juan, you must repent.
 'Tis not in nature that resolve, which feeds
 On strenuous actions, should not pine and die
 In these long days of empty listlessness.

JUAN.

Repent? Not I. Repentance is the weight
 Of indigested meals ta'en yesterday.
 'Tis for large animals that gorge on prey,
 Not for a honey-sipping butterfly.
 I am a thing of rhythm and redondillas—
 The momentary rainbow on the spray
 Made by the thundering torrent of men's lives:
 No matter whether I am here or there;
 I still catch sunbeams. And in Africa,
 Where melons and all fruits, they say, grow large,
 Fables are real, and the apes polite,
 A poet, too, may prosper past belief:
 I shall grow epic, like the Florentine,
 And sing the founding of our infant state,
 Sing the new Gypsy Carthage.

FEDALMA.

Africa!

Would we were there! Under another heaven,
 In lands where neither love nor memory
 Can plant a selfish hope—in lands so far
 I should not seem to see the outstretched arms
 That seek me, or to hear the voice that calls.
 I should feel distance only and despair;
 So rest for ever from the thought of bliss,
 And wear my weight of life's great chain unstruggling.
 Juan, if I could know he would forget—
 Nay, not forget, forgive me—be content
 That I forsook him for no joy, but sorrow,
 For sorrow chosen rather than a joy
 That destiny made base! Then he would taste
 No bitterness in sweet, sad memory,
 And I should live unblemished in his thought,
 Hallowed like her who dies an unwed bride.
 Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.
 Could mine but reach him, Juan!

JUAN.

Speak the wish—

My feet have wings—I'll be your Mercury.
 I fear no shadowed perils by the way.
 No man will wear the sharpness of his sword
 On me. Nay, I'm a herald of the Muse,
 Sacred for Moors and Spaniards. I will go—
 Will fetch you tidings for an amulet.
 But stretch not hope too strongly toward that mark
 As issue of my wandering. Given, I cross
 Safely the Moorish border, reach Bedmár:
 Fresh counsels may prevail there, and the Duke
 Being absent in the field, I may be trapped.
 Men who are sour at missing larger game
 May wing a chattering sparrow for revenge.
 It is a chance no further worth the note
 Than as a warning, lest you feared worse ill

If my return were stayed. I might be caged;
 They would not harm me else. Untimely death,
 The red auxiliary of the skeleton,
 Has too much work on hand to think of me;
 Or, if he cares to slay me, I shall fall
 Choked with a grape-stone for economy.
 The likelier chance is that I go and come
 Bringing you comfort back.

FEDALMA (*starts from her seat and walks to a little distance, standing a few moments with her back toward JUAN, then she turns round quickly, and goes toward him*).

No, Juan, no!

Those yearning words came from a soul infirm,
 Crying and struggling at the pain of bonds
 Which yet it would not loosen. He knows all—
 All that he needs to know: I said farewell:
 I stepped across the cracking earth and knew
 'Twould yawn behind me. I must walk right on.
 No, I will not win aught by risking you:
 That risk would poison my poor hope. Besides
 'Twere treachery in me: my father wills
 That we—all here—should rest within this camp.
 If I can never live, like him, on faith
 In glorious morrows, I am resolute.
 While he treads painfully with stillest step
 And beady brow, pressed 'neath the weight of arms,
 Shall I, to ease my fevered restlessness,
 Raise peevish moans, shattering that fragile silence?
 No! On the close-thronged spaces of the earth
 A battle rages: Fate has carried me
 'Mid the thick arrows: I will keep my stand—
 Not shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast
 To pierce another. Oh, 'tis written large
 The thing I have to do. But you, dear Juan,
 Renounce, endure, are brave, unurged by aught
 Save the sweet overflow of your good will.

(*She seats herself again.*)

JUAN.

Nay, I endure nought worse than napping sheep
 When nimble birds uproot a fleecy lock
 To line their nest with. See! your bondsman, Queen,
 The minstrel of your court, is featherless;
 Deforms your presence by a moulting garb;
 Shows like a roadside bush culled of its buds.
 Yet, if your graciousness will not disdain
 A poor plucked songster—shall he sing to you?
 Some lay of afternoons—some ballad strain
 Of those who ached once but are sleeping now
 Under the sun-warmed flowers? 'Twill cheat the time.

FEDALMA.

Thanks, Juan—later, when this hour is passed.
 My soul is clogged with self; it could not float
 On with the pleasing sadness of your song.
 Leave me in this green spot, but come again,—
 Come with the lengthening shadows.

JUAN.

Then your slave

Will go to chase the robbers. Queen, farewell!

FEDALMA.

Best friend, my well-spring in the wilderness!

[While Juan sped along the stream, there came
 From the dark tents a ringing joyous shout
 That thrilled Fedalma with a summons grave
 Yet welcome, too. Straightway she rose and stood,
 All languor banished, with a soul suspense,
 Like one who waits high presence, listening.
 Was it a message, or her father's self
 That made the camp so glad?

It was himself

She saw him now, advancing, girt with arms

That seemed like idle trophies hung for show
 Beside the weight and fire of living strength
 That made his frame. He glanced with absent triumph,
 As one who conquers in some field afar
 And bears off unseen spoil. But nearing her,
 His terrible eyes intense sent forth new rays—
 A sudden sunshine where the lightning was
 'Twixt meeting dark. All tenderly he laid
 His hand upon her shoulder; tenderly
 His kiss upon her brow.]

ZARCA.

My royal daughter!

FEDALMA.

Father, I joy to see your safe return.

ZARCA.

Nay, but I stole the time, as hungry men
 Steal from the morrow's meal, made a forced march,
 Left Hassan as my watchdog, all to see
 My daughter, and to feed her famished hope
 With news of promise.

FEDALMA.

Is the task achieved
 That was to be the herald of our flight?

ZARCA.

Not outwardly, but to my inward vision
 Things are achieved when they are well begun.
 The perfect archer calls the deer his own
 While yet the shaft is whistling. His keen eye
 Never sees failure, sees the mark alone.
 You have heard nought, then—had no messenger?

FEDALMA.

I, father? no: each quiet day has fled
 Like the same moth, returning with slow wing,
 And pausing in the sunshine.

ZARCA.

It is well.

You shall not long count days in weariness.
 Ere the full moon has waned again to new,
 We shall reach Almería: Berber ships
 Will take us for their freight, and we shall go
 With plenteous spoil, not stolen, bravely won
 By service done on Spaniards. Do you shrink?
 Are you aught less than a true Zíncala?

FEDALMA.

No; but I am more. The Spaniards fostered me.

ZARCA.

They stole you first, and reared you for the flames.
 I found you, rescued you, that you might live
 A Zíncala's life; I saved you from their doom.
 Your bridal bed had been the rack.

FEDALMA (*in a low tone*).

They meant—

To seize me?—ere he came?

ZARCA.

Yes, I know all.

They found your chamber empty.

FEDALMA (*eagerly*).

Then you know—

(*Checking herself.*)

Father, my soul would be less laggard, fed
 With fuller trust.

ZARCA.

My daughter, I must keep
 The Arab's secret. Arabs are our friends,
 Grappling for life with Christians who lay waste
 Granáda's valleys, and with devilish hoofs
 Trample the young green corn, with devilish play
 Fell blossomed trees, and tear up well-pruned vines:
 Cruel as tigers to the vanquished brave,
 They wring out gold by oaths they mean to break;
 Take pay for pity and are pitiless;
 Then tinkle bells above the desolate earth
 And praise their monstrous gods, supposed to love
 The flattery of liars. I will strike
 The full-gorged dragon. You, my child, must watch
 The battle with a heart, not fluttering
 But duteous, firm-weighted by resolve,
 Choosing between two lives, like her who holds
 A dagger which must pierce one of two breasts,
 And one of them her father's. You divine—
 I speak not closely, but in parables;
 Put one for many.

FEDALMA (*collecting herself and looking firmly at ZARCA*).

Then it is your will
 That I ask nothing?

ZARCA.

You shall know enough
 To trace the sequence of the seed and flower.
 El Zagal trusts me, rates my counsel high:
 He, knowing I have won a grant of lands
 Within the Berber's realm, wills me to be
 The tongue of his good cause in Africa,
 So gives us furtherance in our pilgrimage
 For service hoped, as well as service done
 In that great feat of which I am the eye,
 And my five hundred Gypsies the best arm.

More, I am charged by other noble Moors
 With messages of weight to Telemsán.
 Ha, your eye flashes. Are you glad?

FEDALMA.

Yes, glad

That men can greatly trust a Zíncalo.

ZARCA.

Why, fighting for dear life men choose their swords
 For cutting only, not for ornament.
 What nought but Nature gives, man takes perforce
 Where she bestows it, though in vilest place.
 Can he compress invention out of pride,
 Make heirship do the work of muscle, sail
 Toward great discoveries with a pedigree?
 Sick men ask cures, and Nature serves not hers
 Daintily as a feast. A blacksmith once
 Founded a dynasty, and raised on high
 The leathern apron over armies spread
 Between the mountains like a lake of steel.

FEDALMA (*bitterly*).

To be contemned, then, is fair augury.
 That pledge of future good at least is ours.

ZARCA.

Let men contemn us: 'tis such blind contempt
 That leaves the wingéd broods to thrive in warmth
 Unheeded, till they fill the air like storms.
 So we shall thrive—still darkly shall draw force
 Into a new and multitudinous life
 That likeness fashions to community,
 Mother divine of customs, faith and laws.
 'Tis ripeness, 'tis fame's zenith that kills hope.
 Huge oaks are dying, forests yet to come
 Lie in the twigs and rotten-seeming seeds.

FEDALMA.

And our wild Zíncali? 'Neath their rough husk
 Can you discern such seed? You said our band
 Was the best arm of some hard enterprise;
 They give out sparks of virtue, then, and show
 There's metal in their earth?

ZARCA.

Ay, metal fine

In my brave Gypsies. Not the lithest Moor
 Has lither limbs for scaling, keener eye
 To mark the meaning of the furthest speck
 That tells of change; and they are disciplined
 By faith in me, to such obedience
 As needs no spy. My scalers and my scouts
 Are to the Moorish force they're leagued withal
 As bow-string to the bow; while I their chief
 Command the enterprise and guide the will
 Of Moorish captains, as the pilot guides
 With eye-instructed hand the passive helm.
 For high device is still the highest force,
 And he who holds the secret of the wheel
 May make the rivers do what work he would.
 With thoughts impalpable we clutch men's souls,
 Weaken the joints of armies, make them fly
 Like dust and leaves before the viewless wind.
 Tell me what's mirrored in the tiger's heart,
 I'll rule that too.

FEDALMA (*wrought to a glow of admiration*).

O my imperial father!
 'Tis where there breathes a mighty soul like yours
 That men's contempt is of good augury.

ZARCA (*seizing both FEDALMA's hands, and looking at her searchingly*).

And you, my daughter, what are you—if not
 The Zíncalo's child? Say, does not his great hope

Thrill in your veins like shouts of victory?
 'Tis a vile life that like a garden pool
 Lies stagnant in the round of personal loves;
 That has no ear save for the tickling lute
 Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
 Of that large music rolling o'er the world:
 A miserable, petty, low-roofed life,
 That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
 Through nought save light or dark in its own cabin.
 The very brutes will feel the force of kind
 And move together, gathering a new soul—
 The soul of multitudes. Say now, my child,
 You will not falter, not look back and long
 For unfledged ease in some soft alien nest.
 The crane with outspread wing that heads the file
 Pauses not, feels no backward impulses:
 Behind it summer was, and is no more;
 Before it lies the summer it will reach
 Or perish in mid-ocean. You no less
 Must feel the force sublime of growing life.
 New thoughts are urgent as the growth of wings;
 The widening vision is imperious
 As higher members bursting the worm's sheath.
 You cannot grovel in the worm's delights:
 You must take wingéd pleasures, wingéd pains.
 Are you not steadfast? Will you live or die
 For aught below your royal heritage?
 To him who holds the flickering brief torch
 That lights a beacon for the perishing,
 Aught else is crime. Would you let drop the torch?

•
FEDALMA.

Father, my soul is weak, the mist of tears
 Still rises to my eyes, and hides the goal
 Which to your undimmed sight is fixed and clear.
 But if I cannot plant resolve on hope,
 It will stand firm on certainty of woe.
 I choose the ill that is most like to end

With my poor being. Hopes have precarious life.
 They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
 In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.
 But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
 And knows no disappointment. Trust in me!
 If it were needed, this poor trembling hand
 Should grasp the torch—strive not to let it fall
 Though it were burning down close to my flesh,
 No beacon lighted yet: through the damp dark
 I should still hear the cry of gasping swimmers.
 Father, I will be true!

ZARCA.

I trust that word.

And, for your sadness—you are young—the bruise
 Will leave no mark. The worst of misery
 Is when a nature framed for noblest things
 Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
 And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life
 Gasping from out the shallows. You are saved
 From such poor doubleness. The life we choose
 Breathes high, and sees a full-arched firmament.
 Our deeds shall speak like rock-hewn messages,
 Teaching great purpose to the distant time.
 Now I must hasten back. I shall but speak
 To Nadar of the order he must keep
 In setting watch and victualling. The stars
 And the young moon must see me at my post.
 Nay, rest you here. Farewell, my younger self—
 Strong-hearted daughter! Shall I live in you
 When the earth covers me?

FEDALMA.

My father, death
 Should give your will divineness, make it strong
 With the beseechings of a mighty soul
 That left its work unfinished. Kiss me now
*(They embrace, and she adds tremulously as
 they part,)*

And when you see fair hair, be pitiful.

[*Exit ZARCA.*

(FEDALMA *seats herself on the bank, leans her head forward, and covers her face with her drapery. While she is seated thus, HINDA comes from the bank, with a branch of musk roses in her hand. Seeing FEDALMA with head bent and covered, she pauses, and begins to move on tiptoe.*)

HINDA.

Our Queen! Can she be crying? There she sits
As I did every day when my dog Saad
Sickened and yelled, and seemed to yell so loud
After we buried him, I oped his grave.

(*She comes forward on tiptoe, kneels at FEDALMA'S feet, and embraces them. FEDALMA uncovers her head.*)

FEDALMA.

Hinda! what is it?

HINDA.

Queen, a branch of roses
So sweet you'll love to smell them. 'Twas the last.
I climbed the bank to get it before Tralla,
And slipped and scratched my arm. But I don't mind.
You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valley would be pink and white
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once!
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses?

FEDALMA.

No, my prattler, no!
It never will rain roses: when we want

To have more roses we must plant more trees.
 But you want nothing, little one—the world
 Just suits you as it suits the tawny squirrels.
 Come, you want nothing.

HINDA.

Yes, I want more berries—
 Red ones—to wind about my neck and arms
 When I am married—on my ankles too
 I want to wind red berries, and on my head.

FEDALMA.

Who is it you are fond of? Tell me, now.

HINDA.

O Queen, you know! It could be no one else
 But Ismaël. He catches all the birds,
 Knows where the speckled fish are, scales the rocks,
 And sings and dances with me when I like.
 How should I marry and not marry him?

FEDALMA.

Should you have loved him, had he been a Moor,
 Or white Castilian?

HINDA (*starting to her feet, then kneeling again*).

Are you angry, Queen?
 Say why you will think shame of your poor Hinda?
 She'd sooner be a rat and hang on thorns
 To parch until the wind had scattered her,
 Than be an outcast, spit at by her tribe.

FEDALMA.

I think no evil—am not angry, child.
 But would you part from Ismaël? leave him now
 If your chief bade you—said it was for good
 To all your tribe that you must part from him?

HINDA (*giving a sharp cry*).

Ah, will he say so?

FEDALMA (*almost fierce in her earnestness*).

Nay, child, answer me.

Could you leave Ismaël? get into a boat
 And see the waters widen 'twixt you two
 Till all was water and you saw him not,
 And knew that you would never see him more?
 If 'twas your chief's command, and if he said
 Your tribe would all be slaughtered, die of plague,
 Of famine—madly drink each other's blood . . .

HINDA (*trembling*).

O Queen, if it is so, tell Ismaël.

FEDALMA.

You would obey, then? part from him for ever?

HINDA.

How could we live else? With our brethren lost?—
 No marriage feast? The day would turn to dark.
 A Zíncala cannot live without her tribe.
 I must obey! Poor Ismaël—poor Hinda!
 But will it ever be so cold and dark?
 Oh, I would sit upon the rocks and cry,
 And cry so long that I could cry no more:
 Then I should go to sleep.

FEDALMA.

No, Hinda, no!
 Thou never shalt be called to part from him.
 I will have berries for thee, red and black,
 And I will be so glad to see thee glad,
 That earth will seem to hold enough of joy
 To outweigh all the pangs of those who part.

Be comforted, bright eyes. See, I will tie
These roses in a crown, for thee to wear.

HINDA (*clapping her hands, while FEDALMA puts the roses on her head*).

Oh, I'm as glad as many little foxes—
I will find Ismaël, and tell him all.

(*She runs off.*)

FEDALMA (*alone*).

She has the strength I lack. Within her world
The dial has not stirred since first she woke:
No changing light has made the shadows die,
And taught her trusting soul sad difference.
For her, good, right, and law are all summed up
In what is possible: life is one web
Where love, joy, kindred, and obedience
Lie fast and even, in one warp and woof
With thirst and drinking, hunger, food, and sleep.
She knows no struggles, sees no double path:
Her fate is freedom, for her will is one
With her own people's law, the only law
She ever knew. For me—I have fire within,
But on my will there falls the chilling snow
Of thoughts that come as subtly as soft flakes,
Yet, press at last with hard and icy weight.
I could be firm, could give myself the wrench
And walk erect, hiding my life-long wound,
If I but saw the fruit of all my pain
With that strong vision which commands the soul,
And makes great awe the monarch of desire.
But now I totter, seeing no far goal:
I tread the rocky pass, and pause and grasp,
Guided by flashes. When my father comes,
And breathes into my soul his generous hope—
By his own greatness making life seem great,
As the clear heavens bring sublimity,
And show earth larger, spanned by that blue vast—

Resolve is strong: I can embrace my sorrow,
 Nor nicely weigh the fruit; possessed with need
 Solely to do the noblest, though it failed—
 Though lava streamed upon my breathing deed
 And buried it in night and barrenness.
 But soon the glow dies out, the trumpet strain
 That vibrated as strength through all my limbs
 Is heard no longer; over the wide scene
 There's nought but chill gray silence, or the hum
 And fitful discord of a vulgar world.
 Then I sink helpless—sink into the arms
 Of all sweet memories, and dream of bliss:
 See looks that penetrate like tones; hear tones
 That flash looks with them. Even now I feel
 Soft airs enwrap me, as if yearning rays
 Of some far presence touched me with their warmth
 And brought a tender murmuring . . .

[While she mused,

A figure came from out the olive trees
 That bent close-whispering 'twixt the parted hills
 Beyond the crescent of thick cactus: paused
 At sight of her; then slowly forward moved
 With careful steps, and gently said, "FEDALMA!"
 Fearing lest fancy had enslaved her sense,
 She quivered, rose, but turned not. Soon again:
 "FEDALMA, it is SILVA!" Then she turned.
 He, with bared head and arms entreating, beamed
 Like morning on her. Vision held her still
 One moment, then with gliding motion swift,
 Inevitable as the melting stream's,
 She found her rest within his circling arms.]

FEDALMA.

O love, you are living, and believe in me!

DON SILVA.

Once more we are together. Wishing dies—
 Stifled with bliss.

FEDALMA.

You did not hate me, then—
Think me an ingrate—think my love was small
That I forsook you?

DON SILVA.

Dear, I trusted you ,
As holy men trust God. You could do nought
That was not pure and loving—though the deed
Might pierce me unto death. You had less trust,
Since you suspected mine. 'Twas wicked doubt.

FEDALMA.

Nay, when I saw you hating me, the fault
Seemed in my lot—my bitter birthright—hers
On whom you lavished all your wealth of love
As price of nought but sorrow. Then I said,
“'Tis better so. He will be happier!”
But soon that thought, struggling to be a hope,
Would end in tears.

DON SILVA.

It was a cruel thought.
Happier! True misery is not begun
Until I cease to love thee.

FEDALMA.

Silva!

DON SILVA.

Mine!

(They stand a moment or two in silence.)

FEDALMA.

I thought I had so much to tell you, love—
Long eloquent stories—how it all befell—

The solemn message, calling me away
 To awful spousals, where my own dead joy,
 A conscious ghost, looked on and saw me wed.

DON SILVA.

Oh, that grave speech would cumber our quick souls
 Like bells that waste the moments with their loudness.

FEDALMA.

And if it all were said, 'twould end in this,
 That I still loved you when I fled away.
 'Tis no more wisdom than the little birds
 Make known by their soft twitter when they feel
 Each other's heart beat.

DON SILVA.

All the deepest things
 We now say with our eyes and meeting pulse:
 Our voices need but prattle.

FEDALMA.

I forget
 All the drear days of thirst in this one draught.
(Again they are silent for a few moments.)
 But tell me how you came? Where are your guards?
 Is there no risk? And now I look at you,
 This garb is strange

DON SILVA.

I came alone.

FEDALMA.

Alone?

DON SILVA.

Yes—fled in secret. There was no way else
 To find you safely.

FEDALMA (*letting one hand fall and moving a little from him with a look of sudden terror, while he clasps her more firmly by the other arm*).

Silva!

DON SILVA.

It is nought.

Enough that I am here. Now we will cling.
 What power shall hinder us? You left me once
 To set your father free. That task is done,
 And you are mine again. I have braved all
 That I might find you, see your father, win
 His furtherance in bearing you away
 To some safe refuge. Are we not betrothed?

FEDALMA.

Oh, I am trembling 'neath the rush of thoughts
 That come like griefs at morning—look at me
 With awful faces, from the vanishing haze
 That momentarily had hidden them.

DON SILVA.

What thoughts?

FEDALMA.

Forgotten burials. There lies a grave
 Between this visionary present and the past.
 Our joy is dead, and only smiles on us
 A loving shade from out the place of tombs.

DON SILVA.

Your love is faint, else aught that parted us
 Would seem but superstition. Love supreme
 Defies dream-terrors—risks avenging fires.
 I have risked all things. But your love is faint.

FEDALMA (*retreating a little, but keeping his hand*).

Silva, if now between us came a sword,
Severed my arm, and left our two hands clasped,
This poor maimed arm would feel the clasp till death.
What parts us is a sword

(ZARCA has been advancing in the background. He has drawn his sword, and now thrusts the naked blade between them. DON SILVA lets go FEDALMA'S hand, and grasps his sword. FEDALMA, startled at first, stands firmly, as if prepared to interpose between her Father and the Duke.)

ZARCA.

Ay, 'tis a sword
That parts the Spaniard and the Zíncala:
A sword that was baptized in Christian blood,
When once a band, cloaking with Spanish law
Their brutal rapine, would have butchered us,
And outraged then our women.

(*Resting the point of his sword on the ground.*)

My lord Duke,

I was a guest within your fortress. once
Against my will; had entertainment too—
Much like a galley-slave's. Pray, have you sought
The Zíncalo's camp, to find a fit return
For that Castilian courtesy? or rather
To make amends for all our prisoned toil
By free bestowal of your presence here?

DON SILVA.

Chief, I have brought no scorn to meet your scorn.
I came because love urged me—that deep love
I bear to her whom you call daughter—her
Whom I reclaim as my betrothed bride.



“ Ay, 'tis a sword
That parts the Spaniard and the Zingala.”—Page 190.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

ZARCA.

Doubtless you bring for final argument
Your men-at-arms who will escort your bride?

DON SILVA.

I came alone. The only force I bring
Is tenderness. Nay, I will trust besides
In all the pleadings of a father's care
To wed his daughter as her nurture bids.
And for your tribe—whatever purposed good
Your thoughts may cherish, I will make secure
With the strong surety of a noble's power:
My wealth shall be your treasury.

ZARCA (*with irony*).

My thanks!

To me you offer liberal price; for her
Your love's beseeching will be force supreme.
She will go with you as a willing slave,
Will give a word of parting to her father,
Wave farewells to her tribe, then turn and say,
"Now, my lord, I am nothing but your bride;
I am quite culled, have neither root nor trunk,
Now wear me with your plume!"

DON SILVA.

Yours is the wrong

Feigning in me one thought of her below
The highest homage. I would make my rank
The pedestal of her worth; a noble's sword,
A noble's honor, her defence; his love
The life-long sanctuary of her womanhood.

ZARCA.

I tell you, were you King of Aragon,
And won my daughter's hand, your higher rank

Would blacken her dishonor. 'Twere excuse
 If you were beggared, homeless, spit upon,
 And so made even with her people's lot;
 For then she would be lured by want, not wealth,
 To be a wife amongst an alien race
 To whom her tribe owes curses.

DON SILVA.

Such blind hate

Is fit for beasts of prey, but not for men.
 My hostile acts against you, should but count
 As ignorant strokes against a friend unknown;
 And for the wrongs inflicted on your tribe
 By Spanish edicts or the cruelty
 Of Spanish vassals, am I criminal?
 Love comes to cancel all ancestral hate,
 Subdues all heritage, proves that in mankind
 Union is deeper than division.

ZARCA.

Ay,

Such love is common: I have seen it oft—
 Seen many women rend the sacred ties
 That bind them in high fellowship with men,
 Making them mothers of a people's virtue:
 Seen them so levelled to a handsome steed
 That yesterday was Moorish property,
 To-day is Christian—wears new-fashioned gear,
 Neighs to new feeders, and will prance alike
 Under all banners, so the banner be
 A master's who caresses. Such light change
 You call conversion; but we Zíncali call
 Conversion infamy. Our people's faith
 Is faithfulness; not the rote-learned belief
 That we are heaven's highest favorites,
 But the resolve that being most forsaken
 Among the sons of men, we will be true
 Each to the other, and our common lot.

You Christians burn men for their heresy :
 Our vilest heretic is that Zíncala
 Who, choosing ease, forsakes her people's woes.
 The dowry of my daughter is to be
 Chief woman of her tribe, and rescue it.
 A bride with such a dowry has no match
 Among the subjects of that Catholic Queen
 Who would have Gypsies swept into the sea
 Or else would have them gibbeted.

DON SILVA.

And you,

Fedalma's father—you who claim the dues
 Of fatherhood—will offer up her youth
 To mere grim idols of your phantasy!
 Worse than all Pagans, with no oracle
 To bid you murder, no sure good to win,
 Will sacrifice your daughter—to no god,
 But to a ravenous fire within your soul,
 Mad hopes, blind hate, that like possessing fiends
 Shriek at a name! This sweetest virgin, reared
 As garden flowers, to give the sordid world
 Glimpses of perfectness, you snatch and thrust
 On dreary wilds; in visions mad, proclaim
 Semiramis of Gypsy wanderers;
 Doom, with a broken arrow in her heart,
 To wait for death 'mid squalid savages:
 For what? You would be saviour of your tribe;
 So said Fedalma's letter; rather say,
 You have the will to save by ruling men,
 But first to rule; and with that flinty will
 You cut your way, though the first cut you give
 Gash your child's bosom.

(While DON SILVA has been speaking, with growing passion, FEDALMA has placed herself between him and her father.)

ZARCA (*with calm irony*).

You are loud, my lord:

You only are the reasonable man;
You have a heart, I none. Fedalma's good
Is what you see, you care for; while I seek
No good, not even my own, urged on by nought
But hellish hunger, which must still be fed
Though in the feeding it I suffer throes.
Fume at your own opinion as you will:
I speak not now to you, but to my daughter.
If she still calls it good to mate with you,
To be a Spanish duchess, kneel at court,
And hope her beauty is excuse to men
When women whisper, "A mere Zíncala!"
If she still calls it good to take a lot
That measures joy for her as she forgets
Her kindred and her kindred's misery,
Nor feels the softness of her downy couch
Marred by remembrance that she once forsook
The place that she was born to—let her go!
If life for her still lies in alien love,
That forces her to shut her soul from truth
As men in shameful pleasures shut out day;
And death, for her, is to do rarest deeds,
Which, even failing, leave new faith to men,
The faith in human hearts—then, let her go!
She is my only offspring; in her veins
She bears the blood her tribe has trusted in;
Her heritage is their obedience,
And if I died, she might still lead them forth
To plant the race her lover now reviles
Where they may make a nation, and may rise
To grander manhood than his race can show;
Then live a goddess, sanctifying oaths,
Enforcing right, and ruling consciences,
By law deep-graven in exalting deeds,
Through the long ages of her people's life.

If she can leave that lot for silken shame,
 For kisses honeyed by oblivion—
 The bliss of drunkards or the blank of fools—
 Then let her go! You Spanish Catholics,
 When you are cruel, base, and treacherous,
 For ends not pious, tender gifts to God,
 And for men's wounds offer much oil to churches:
 We have no altars for such healing gifts
 As soothe the heavens for outrage done on earth.
 We have no priesthood and no creed to teach
 That she—the Zíncala—who might save her race
 And yet abandons it, may cleanse that blot,
 And mend the curse her life has been to men,
 By saving her own soul. Her one base choice
 Is wrong unchangeable, is poison shed
 Where men must drink, shed by her poisoning will.
 Now choose, Fedalma!

[But her choice was made.

Slowly, while yet her father spoke, she moved
 From where oblique with deprecating arms
 She stood between the two who swayed her heart:
 Slowly she moved to choose sublimer pain;
 Yearning, yet shrinking; wrought upon by awe,
 Her own brief life seeming a little isle
 Remote through visions of a wider world
 With fates close-crowded; firm to slay her joy
 That cut her heart with smiles beneath the knife,
 Like a sweet babe foredoomed by prophecy.
 She stood apart, yet near her father: stood
 Hand clutching hand, her limbs all tense with will
 That strove 'gainst anguish, eyes that seemed a soul
 Yearning in death toward him she loved and left.
 He faced her, pale with passion and a will
 Fierce to resist whatever might seem strong
 And ask him to submit: he saw one end—
 He must be conqueror; monarch of his lot
 And not its tributary. But she spoke
 Tenderly, pleadingly.]

FEDALMA.

My lord, farewell!

'Twas well we met once more; now we must part.
I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other.

DON SILVA.

I thought we loved with love that clings till death,
Clings as brute mothers bleeding to their young,
Still sheltering, clutching it, though it were dead;
Taking the death-wound sooner than divide.
I thought we loved so.

FEDALMA.

Silva, it is fate.

Great Fate has made me heiress of this woe.
You must forgive Fedalma all her debt:
She is quite beggared: if she gave herself,
'Twould be a self corrupt with stifled thoughts
Of a forsaken better. It is truth
My father speaks: the Spanish noble's wife
Were a false Zíncala. No! I will bear
The heavy trust of my inheritance.
See, 'twas my people's life that throbbed in me:
An unknown need stirred darkly in my soul,
And made me restless even in my bliss.
Oh, all my bliss was in our love; but now
I may not taste it: some deep energy
Compels me to choose hunger. Dear, farewell!
I must go with my people.

[She stretched forth

Her tender hands, that oft had lain in his,
The hands he knew so well, that sight of them
Seemed like their touch. But he stood still as death;
Locked motionless by forces opposite:
His frustrate hopes still battled with despair;

His will was prisoner to the double grasp
 Of rage and hesitancy. All the way
 Behind him he had trodden confident,
 Ruling munificently in his thought
 This Gypsy father. Now the father stood
 Present and silent and unchangeable
 As a celestial portent. Backward lay
 The traversed road, the town's forsaken wall,
 The risk, the daring; all around him now
 Was obstacle, save where the rising flood
 Of love close pressed by anguish of denial
 Was sweeping him resistless; save where she
 Gazing stretched forth her tender hands, that hurt
 Like parting kisses. Then at last he spoke.]

DON SILVA.

No, I can never take those hands in mine
 Then let them go for ever!

FEDALMA.

It must be.

We may not make this world a paradise
 By walking it together hand in hand,
 With eyes that meeting feed a double strength.
 We must be only joined by pains divine
 Of spirits blent in mutual memories.
 Silva, our joy is dead.

DON SILVA.

But love still lives,
 And has a safer guard in wretchedness.
 Fedalma, women know no perfect love:
 Loving the strong, they can forsake the strong;
 Man clings because the being whom he loves
 Is weak and needs him. I can never turn
 And leave you to your difficult wandering;
 Know that you tread the desert, bear the storm,
 Shed tears, see terrors, faint with weariness,

Yet live away from you. I should feel nought
 But your imagined pains: in my own steps
 See your feet bleeding, taste your silent tears,
 And feel no presence but your loneliness.
 No, I will never leave you!

ZARCA.

My lord Duke,
 I have been patient, given room for speech,
 Bent not to move my daughter by command,
 Save that of her own faithfulness. But now,
 All further words are idle elegies
 Unfitting times of action. You are here
 With the safe-conduct of that trust you showed
 Coming unguarded to the Gypsy's camp.
 I would fain meet all trust with courtesy
 As well as honor; but my utmost power
 Is to afford you Gypsy guard to-night
 Within the tents that keep the northward lines,
 And for the morrow, escort on your way
 Back to the Moorish bounds.

DON SILVA.

What if my words
 Were meant for deeds, decisive as a leap
 Into the current? It is not my wont
 To utter hollow words, and speak resolves
 Like verses bandied in a madrigal.
 I spoke in action first: I faced all risks
 To find Fedalma. Action speaks again
 When I, a Spanish noble, here declare
 That I abide with her, adopt her lot,
 Claiming alone fulfilment of her vows
 As my betrothed wife.

FEDALMA (*wresting herself from him, and standing
 opposite with a look of terror*).

Nay, Silva, nay!
 You could not live so—spring from your high place . . .

DON SILVA.

Yes, I have said it. And you, chief, are bound
By her strict vows, no stronger fealty
Being left to cancel them.

ZARCA.

Strong words, my lord!
Sounds fatal as the hammer-strokes that shape
The glowing metal: they must shape your life.
That you will claim my daughter is to say
That you will leave your Spanish dignities,
Your home, your wealth, your people, to become
Wholly a Zíncalo: share our wanderings,
And be a match meet for my daughter's dower
By living for her tribe; take the deep oath
That binds you to us; rest within our camp,
Nevermore hold command of Spanish men,
And keep my orders. See, my lord, you lock
A many-winding chain—a heavy chain.

DON SILVA.

I have but one resolve: let the rest follow.
What is my rank? To-morrow it will be filled
By one who eyes it like a carrion bird,
Waiting for death. I shall be no more missed
Than waves are missed that leaping on the rock
Find there a bed and rest. Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.
And I have said it: she shall be my people,
And where she gives her life I will give mine,
She shall not live alone, nor die alone.
I will elect my deeds, and be the liege
Not of my birth, but of that good alone
I have discerned and chosen.

ZARCA.

Our poor faith
 Allows not rightful choice, save of the right
 Our birth has' made for us. And you, my lord,
 Can still defer your choice, for some days' space.
 I march perforce to-night; you, if you will,
 Under a Gypsy guard, can keep the heights
 With silent Time that slowly opes the scroll
 Of change inevitable—take no oath
 Till my accomplished task leave me at large
 To see you keep your purpose or renounce it.

DON SILVA.

Chief, do I hear amiss, or does your speech
 Ring with a doubleness which I had held
 Most alien to you? You would put me off,
 And cloak evasion with allowance? No!
 We will complete our pledges. I will take
 That oath which binds not me alone, but you,
 To join my life for ever with Fedalma's.

ZARCA.

I wrangle not—time presses. But the oath
 Will leave you that same post upon the heights;
 Pledged to remain there while my absence lasts.
 You are agreed, my lord?

DON SILVA.

Agreed to all.

ZARCA.

Then I will give the summons to our camp.
 We will adopt you as a brother now,
 After our wanted fashion.

[Exit ZARCA

(SILVA takes FEDALMA'S hands.)

FEDALMA.

O my lord!

I think the earth is trembling: nought is firm.
 Some terror chills me with a shadowy grasp.
 Am I about to wake, or do you breathe
 Here in this valley? Did the outer air
 Vibrate to fatal words, or did they shake
 Only my dreaming soul? You—join—our tribe?

DON SILVA.

Is then your love too faint to raise belief
 Up to that height?

FEDALMA.

Silva, had you but said
 That you would die—that were an easy task
 For you who oft have fronted death in war.
 But so to live for me—you, used to rule—
 You could not breathe the air my father breathes:
 His presence is subjection. Go, my lord!
 Fly, while there is yet time. Wait not to speak.
 I will declare that I refused your love—
 Would keep no vows to you . . .

DON SILVA.

It is too late.

You shall not thrust me back to seek a good
 Apart from you. And what good? Why, to face
 Your absence—all the want that drove me forth—
 To work the will of a more tyrannous friend
 Than any uncowed father. Life at least
 Gives choice of ills; forces me to defy,
 But shall not force me to a weak defiance.
 The power that threatened you, to master me,
 That scorches like a cave-hid dragon's breath,
 Sure of its victory in spite of hate,
 Is what I last will bend to—most defy.

Your father has a chieftain's ends, befitting
 A soldier's eye and arm: were he as strong
 As the Moors' prophet, yet the prophet too
 Had younger captains of illustrious fame
 Among the infidels. Let him command,
 For when your father speaks, I shall hear you.
 Life were no gain if you were lost to me:
 I would go straight and seek the Moorish walls,
 Challenge their bravest, and embrace swift death.
 The Glorious Mother and her pitying Son
 Are not Inquisitors, else their heaven were hell.
 Perhaps they hate their cruel worshippers,
 And let them feed on lies. I'll rather trust
 They love you and have sent me to defend you.

FEDALMA.

I made my creed so, just to suit my mood
 And smooth all hardship, till my father came
 And taught my soul by ruling it. Since then
 I cannot weave a dreaming happy creed
 Where our love's happiness is not accursed.
 My father shook my soul awake. And you—
 The bonds Fedalma may not break for you,
 I cannot joy that you should break for her.

DON SILVA.

Oh, Spanish men are not a petty band
 Where one deserter makes a fatal breach.
 Men, even nobles, are more plenteous
 Than steeds and armor; and my weapons left
 Will find new hands to wield them. Arrogance
 Makes itself champion of mankind, and holds
 God's purpose maimed for one hidalgo lost.

See where your father comes and brings a crowd
 Of witnesses to hear my oath of love;
 The low red sun glows on them like a fire.
 This seems a valley in some strange new world,
 Where we have found each other, my Fedalma.

BOOK IV.

Now twice the day had sunk from off the hills
While Silva kept his watch there, with the band
Of stalwart Gypsies. When the sun was high
He slept; then, waking, strained impatient eyes
To catch the promise of some moving form
That might be Juan—Juan who went and came
To soothe two hearts, and claimed nought for his own:
Friend more divine than all divinities,
Quenching his human thirst in others' joy.
All through the lingering nights and pale chill dawns
Juan had hovered near; with delicate sense,
As of some breath from every changing mood,
Had spoken or kept silence; touched his lute
To hint of melody, or poured brief strains
That seemed to make all sorrows natural,
Hardly worth weeping for, since life was short,
And shared by loving souls. Such pity welled
Within the minstrel's heart of light-tongued Juan
For this doomed man, who with dream-shrouded eyes
Had stepped into a torrent as a brook,
Thinking to ford it and return at will,
And now waked helpless in the eddying flood,
Hemmed by its raging hurry. Once that thought,
How easy wandering is, how hard and strict
The homeward way, had slipped from reverie
Into low-murmured song;—(brief Spanish song
'Scaped him as sighs escape from other men).

*Push off the boat,
Quit, quit the shore,
The stars will guide us back:—*

*O gathering cloud,
O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keep no track!*

*On through the pines!
The pillared woods,
Where silence breathes sweet breath:—*

*O labyrinth,
O sunless gloom,
The other side of death!*

Such plaintive song had seemed to please the Duke—
Had seemed to melt all voices of reproach
To sympathetic sadness; but his moods
Had grown more fitful with the growing hours,
And this soft murmur had the iterant voice
Of heartless Echo, whom no pain can move
To say aught else than we have said to her.
He spoke, impatient: "Juan, cease thy song.
Our whimpering poesy and small-paced tunes
Have no more utterance than the cricket's chirp
For souls that carry heaven and hell within."
Then Juan, lightly: "True, my lord, I chirp
For lack of soul; some hungry poets chirp
For lack of bread. 'Twere wiser to sit down
And count the star-seed, till I fell asleep,
With the cheap wine of pure stupidity."
And Silva, checked by courtesy: "Nay, Juan,
Were speech once good, thy song were best of speech.
I meant, all life is but poor mockery:
Action, place, power, the visible wide world
Are tattered masquerading of this self,
This pulse of conscious mystery: all change,
Whether to high or low, is change of rags.
But for her love, I would not take a good
Save to burn out in battle, in a flame
Of madness that would feel no mangled limbs,
And die not knowing death, but passing straight
—Well, well, to other flames—in purgatory."

Keen Juan's ear caught the self-discontent
 That vibrated beneath the changing tones
 Of life-contemning scorn. Gently he said:
 "But *with* her love, my lord, the world deserves
 A higher rate; were it but masquerade,
 The rags were surely worth the wearing?" "Yes.
 No misery shall force me to repent
 That I have loved her."

So with wilful talk,
 Fencing the wounded soul from beating winds
 Of truth that came unasked, companionship
 Made the hours lighter. And the Gypsy guard,
 Trusting familiar Juan, were content,
 At friendly hint from him, to still their songs
 And busy jargon round the nightly fires.
 Such sounds, the quick-conceiving poet knew
 Would strike on Silva's agitated soul
 Like mocking repetition of the oath
 That bound him in strange clanship with the tribe
 Of human panthers, flame-eyed, lithe-limbed, fierce,
 Unrecking of time-woven subtleties
 And high tribunals of a phantom-world.

But the third day, though Silva southward gazed
 Till all the shadows slanted toward him, gazed
 Till all the shadows died, no Juan came.
 Now in his stead came loneliness, and Thought
 Inexorable, fastening with firm chain
 What is to what hath been. Now awful Night,
 The prime ancestral mystery, came down
 Past all the generations of the stars,
 And visited his soul with touch more close
 Than when he kept that younger, briefer watch
 Under the church's roof beside his arms,
 And won his knighthood.

Well, this solitude,
 This company with the enduring universe,
 Whose mighty silence carrying all the past
 Absorbs our history as with a breath,

Should give him more assurance, make him strong
In all contempt of that poor circumstance
Called human life—customs and bonds and laws
Wherewith men make a better or a worse,
Like children playing on a barren mound
Feigning a thing to strive for or avoid.
Thus Silvá argued with his many-voicéd self,
Whose thwarted needs, like angry multitudes,
Lured from the home that nurtured them to strength,
Made loud insurgence. Thus he called on Thought,
On dexterous Thought, with its swift alchemy
To change all forms, dissolve all prejudice
Of man's long heritage, and yield him up
A crude fused world to fashion as he would.
Thought played him double; seemed to wear the yoke
Of sovereign passion in the noon-day height
Of passion's prevalence; but served anon
As tribune to the larger soul which brought
Loud-mingled cries from every human need
That ages had instructed into life. He could not grasp
Night's black blank mystery
And wear it for a spiritual garb
Creed-proof: he shuddered at its passionless touch.
On solitary souls, the universe
Looks down inhospitable; the human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.
He yearned toward images that had breath in them,
That sprang warm palpitant with memories
From streets and altars, from ancestral homes,
Banners and trophies and the cherishing rays
Of shame and honor in the eyes of man.
These made the speech articulate of his soul,
That could not move to utterance of scorn
Save in words bred by fellowship; could not feel
Resolve of hardest constancy to love
The firmer for the sorrows of the loved,
Save by concurrent energies high-wrought
To sensibilities transcending sense
Through close community, and long-shared pains

Of far-off generations. All in vain
He sought the outlaw's strength, and made a right
Contemning that hereditary right
Which held dim habitations in his frame,
Mysterious haunts of echoes old and far,
The voice divine of human loyalty.
At home, among his people, he had played
In sceptic ease with saints and litanies,
And thunders of the Church that deadened fell
Through screens of priests plethoric. Awe, unscathed
By deeper trespass, slept without a dream.
But for such trespass as made outcasts, still
The ancient Furies lived with faces new
And lurked with lighter slumber than of old
O'er Catholic Spain, the land of sacred oaths
That might be broken.

Now the former life
Of close-linked fellowship, the life that made
His full-formed self, as the impregnate sap
Of years successive frames the full-branched tree—
Was present in one whole; and that great trust
His deed had broken turned reproach on him
From faces of all witnesses who heard
His uttered pledges; saw him hold high place
Centring reliance; use rich privilege
That bound him like a victim-nourished god
By tacit covenant to shield and bless;
Assume the Cross and take his knightly oath
Mature, deliberate: faces human all,
And some divine as well as human: His
Who hung supreme, the suffering Man divine
Above the altar; Hers, the Mother pure
Whose glance informed his masculine tenderness
With deepest reverence; the Archangel armed,
Trampling man's enemy: all heroic forms
That fill the world of faith with voices, hearts,
And high companionship, to Silva now
Made but one inward and insistent world
With faces of his peers, with court and hall

And deference, and reverent vassalage,
 And filial pieties—one current strong,
 The warmly mingled life-blood of his mind,
 Sustaining him even when he idly played
 With rules, beliefs, charges, and ceremonies
 As arbitrary fooling. Such revenge
 Is wrought by the long travail of mankind
 On him who scorns it, and would shape his life
 Without obedience.

But his warrior's pride
 Would take no wounds save on the breast. He faced
 The fatal crowd: "I never shall repent!
 If I have sinned, my sin was made for me
 By men's perverseness. There's no blameless life
 Save for the passionless, no sanctities
 But have the self-same roof and props with crime,
 Or have their roots close interlaced with wrong.
 If I had loved her less, been more a craven,
 I had kept my place and won the easy praise
 Of a true Spanish noble. But I loved,
 And, loving, dared—not Death the warrior
 But Infamy that binds and strips, and holds
 The brand and lash. I have dared all for her.
 She was my good—what other men call heaven,
 And for the sake of it bear penances;
 Nay, some of old were baited, tortured, flayed
 To win their heaven. Heaven was their good,
 She, mine. And I have braved for her all fires
 Certain or threatened; for I go away
 Beyond the reach of expiation—far away
 From sacramental blessing. Does God bless
 No outlaw? Shut his absolution fast
 In human breath? Is there no God for me
 Save him whose cross I have forsaken?—Well,
 I am for ever exiled—but with her!
 She is dragged out into the wilderness;
 I, with my love, will be her providence.
 I have a right to choose my good or ill,
 A right to damn myself! The ill is mine.

I never will repent!" . . .

Thus Silva, inwardly debating, all his ear
 Turned into audience of a twofold mind;
 For even in tumult full-fraught consciousness
 Had plenteous being for a self aloof
 That gazed and listened, like a soul in dreams
 Weaving the wondrous tale it marvels at.
 But oft the conflict slackened, oft strong Love
 With tidal energy returning laid
 All other restlessness: Fedalma came,
 And with her visionary presence brought
 What seemed a waking in the warm spring morn.
 He still was pacing on the stony earth
 Under the deepening night; the fresh-lit fires
 Were flickering on dark forms and eyes that met
 His forward and his backward tread; but she,
 She was within him, making his whole self
 Mere correspondence with her image: sense,
 In all its deep recesses where it keeps
 The mystic stores of ecstasy, was turned
 To memory that killed the hour, like wine.
 Then Silva said, "She, by herself, is life.
 What was my joy before I loved her—what
 Shall heaven lure us with, love being lost?"—
 For he was young.

But now around the fires
 The Gypsy band felt freer; Juan's song
 Was no more there, nor Juan's friendly ways
 For links of amity 'twixt their wild mood
 And this strange brother, this pale Spanish duke,
 Who with their Gypsy badge upon his breast
 Took readier place within their alien hearts
 As a marked captive, who would fain escape.
 And Nadar, who commanded them, had known
 The prison in Bedmár. So now, in talk
 Foreign to Spanish ears, they said their minds,
 Discussed their chief's intent, the lot marked out
 For this new brother. Would he wed their queen?
 And some denied, saying their queen would wed

Only a Gypsy duke—one who would join
 Their bands in Telemsán. But others thought
 Young Hassan was to wed her; said their chief
 Would never trust this noble of Castile,
 Who in his very swearing was forsworn.
 And then one fell to chanting, in wild notes
 Recurrent like the moan of outshut winds,
 The adjuration they were wont to use
 To any Spaniard who would join their tribe:
 Words of plain Spanish, lately stirred anew
 And ready at new impulse. Soon the rest,
 Drawn to the stream of sound, made unison
 Higher and lower, till the tidal sweep
 Seemed to assail the Duke and close him round
 With force dæmonic. All debate till now
 Had wrestled with the urgency of that oath
 Already broken; now the newer oath
 Thrust its loud presence on him. He stood still,
 Close baited by loud-barking thoughts—fierce hounds
 Of that Supreme, the irreversible Past.

The ZINCALI sing.

*Brother, hear and take the curse,
 Curse of soul's and body's throes,
 If you hate not all our foes,
 Cling not fast to all our woes,
 Turn false Zíncalo!*

*May you be accurst
 By hunger and by thirst,
 By spiked pang,
 Starvation's fangs
 Clutching you alone
 When none but peering vultures hear you moan.
 Curst by burning hands,
 Curst by aching brow,
 When on sea-wide sands
 Fever lays you low;*

By the maddened brain
When the running water glistens,
And the deaf ear listens, listens,
Prisoned fire within the vein,
On the tongue and on the lip
Not a sip
From the earth or skies;
Hot the desert lies
Pressed into your anguish,
Narrowing earth and narrowing sky
Into lonely misery.

Lonely may you languish
Through the day and through the night,
Hate the darkness, hate the light,
Pray and find no ear,
Feel no brother near,
Till on death you cry,
Death who passes by,
And anew you groan,

Scaring the vultures all to leave you living lone :

Curst by soul's and body's throes
If you love the dark men's foes,
Cling not fast to all the dark men's woes,
Turn false Zíncalo !
Swear to hate the cruel cross,
The silver cross !

Glittering, laughing at the blood
Shed below it in a flood
When it glitters over Moorish porches;
Laughing at the scent of flesh
When it glitters where the faggot scorches,
Burning life's mysterious mesh :
Blood of wandering Israël,
Blood of wandering Ismaël,
Blood, the drink of Christian scorn,
Blood of wanderers, sons of morn
Where the life of men began :
Swear to hate the cross !—
Sign of all the wanderers' foes,

*Sign of all the wanderers' woes—
 Else its curse light on you!
 Else the curse upon you light
 Of its sharp red-sworded might.
 May it lie a blood-red blight
 On all things within your sight:
 On the white haze of the morn,
 On the meadows and the corn,
 On the sun and on the moon,
 On the clearness of the noon,
 On the darkness of the night.
 May it fill your aching sight—
 Red-cross sword and sword blood-red—
 Till it press upon your head,
 Till it lie within your brain,
 Piercing sharp, a cross of pain,
 Till it lie upon your heart,
 Burning hot, a cross of fire,
 Till from sense in every part
 Pains have clustered like a stinging swarm
 In the cross's form,
 And you see nought but the cross of blood,
 And you feel nought but the cross of fire:
 Curst by all the cross's throes
 If you hate not all our foes,
 Cling not fast to all our woes,
 Turn false Zíncalo!*

A fierce delight was in the Gypsies' chant:
 They thought no more of Silva, only felt
 Like those broad-chested rovers of the night
 Who pour exuberant strength upon the air.
 To him it seemed as if the hellish rhythm,
 Revolving in long curves that slackened now,
 Now hurried, sweeping round again to slackness,
 Would cease no more. What use to raise his voice,
 Or grasp his weapon? He was powerless now,
 With these new comrades of his future—he
 Who had been wont to have his wishes feared

And guessed at as a hidden law for men.
 Even the passive silence of the night
 That left these howlers mastery, even the moon,
 Rising and staring with a helpless face,
 Angered him. He was ready now to fly
 At some loudthroat, and give the signal so
 For butchery of himself.

But suddenly

The sounds that travelled toward no foreseen close
 Were torn right off and fringed into the night;
 Sharp Gypsy ears had caught the onward strain
 Of kindred voices joining in the chant.
 All started to their feet and mustered close,
 Auguring long-awaited summons. It was come:
 The summons to set forth and join their chief.
 Fedalma had been called, and she was gone
 Under safe escort, Juan following her:
 The camp—the women, children, and old men—
 Were moving slowly southward on the way
 To Almería. Silva learned no more.
 He marched perforce; what other goal was his
 Than where Fedalma was? And so he marched
 Through the dim passes and o'er rising hills,
 Not knowing whither, till the morning came.

The Moorish hall in the castle at Bedmár. The morning twilight dimly shows stains of blood on the white marble floor; yet there has been a careful restoration of order among the sparse objects of furniture. Stretched on mats lie three corpses, the faces bare, the bodies covered with mantles. A little way off, with rolled matting for a pillow, lies ZARCA, sleeping. His chest and arms are bare; his weapons, turban, mail-shirt, and other upper garments lie on the floor beside him. In the outer gallery Zíncali are pacing, at intervals, past the arched openings.

ZARCA (*half rising and resting his elbow on the pillow while he looks round*).

The morning! I have slept for full three hours;
 Slept without dreams, save of my daughter's face.
 Its sadness waked me. Soon she will be here,
 Soon must outlive the worst of all the pains
 Bred by false nurture in an alien home—
 As if a lion in fangless infancy
 Learned love of creatures that with fatal growth
 It scents as natural prey, and grasps and tears,
 Yet with heart-hunger yearns for, missing them.
 She is a lioness. And they—the race
 That robbed me of her—reared her to this pain.
He will be crushed and torn. There was no help.
 But she, my child, will bear it. For strong souls
 Live like fire-hearted suns to spend their strength
 In farthest striving action; breathe more free
 In mighty anguish than in trivial ease.
 Her sad face waked me. I shall meet it soon
 Waking . . .

(He rises and stands looking at the corpses.)

As now I look on these pale dead,
 These blossoming branches crushed beneath the fall
 Of that broad trunk to which I laid my axe
 With fullest foresight. So will I ever face
 In thought beforehand to its utmost reach
 The consequences of my conscious deeds;
 So face them after, bring them to my bed,
 And never drug my soul to sleep with lies.
 If they are cruel, they shall be arraigned
 By that true name; they shall be justified
 By my high purpose, by the clear-seen good
 That grew into my vision as I grew,
 And makes my nature's function, the full pulse
 Of inbred kingship. Catholics,
 Arabs, and Hebrews, have their god apiece
 To fight and conquer for them, or be bruised,
 Like Allah now, yet keep avenging stores
 Of patient wrath. The Zíncali have no God
 Who speaks to them and calls them his, unless
 I, Zarca, carry living in my frame

The power divine that chooses them and saves.
 "Life and more life unto the chosen, death
 To all things living that would stifle them!"
 So speaks each god that makes a nation strong;
 Burns trees and brutes and slays all hindering men.
 The Spaniards boast their god the strongest now;
 They win most towns by treachery, make most slaves,
 Burn the most vines and men, and rob the most.
 I fight against that strength, and in my turn
 Slay these brave young who duteously strove.
 Cruel? ay, it is cruel. But, how else?
 To save, we kill; each blow we strike at guilt
 Hurts innocence with its shock. Men might well seek
 For purifying rites; even pious deeds
 Need washing. But my cleansing waters flow
 Solely from my intent.

(He turns away from the bodies to where his garments lie, but does not lift them.)

And she must suffer!

But she has seen the unchangeable and bowed
 Her head beneath the yoke. And she will walk
 No more in chilling twilight, for to-day
 Rises our sun. The difficult night is past;
 We keep the bridge no more, but cross it; march
 Forth to a land where all our wars shall be
 With greedy obstinate plants that will not yield
 Fruit for their nurture. All our race shall come
 From north, west, east, a kindred multitude,
 And make large fellowship, and raise inspired
 The shout divine, the unison of resolve.
 So I, so she, will see our race redeemed.
 And their keen love of family and tribe
 Shall no more thrive on cunning, hide and lurk
 In petty arts of abject hunted life,
 But grow heroic in the sanctioning light,
 And feed with ardent blood a nation's heart.
 That is my work: and it is well begun.
 On to achievement!

*(He takes up the mail-shirt, and looks at it, then
throws it down again.)*

No, I'll none of you!

To-day there'll be no fighting. A few hours,
And I shall doff these garments of the Moor:
Till then I will walk lightly and breathe high.

SEPHARDO (*appearing at the archway leading into the
outer gallery*).

You bade me wake you . . .

ZARCA.

Welcome, Doctor; see,
With that small task I did but beckon you
To graver work. You know these corpses?

SEPHARDO.

Yes.

I would they were not corpses. Storms will lay
The fairest trees and leave the withered stumps.
This Alvar and the Duke were of one age,
And very loving friends. I minded not
The sight of Don Diego's corpse, for death
Gave him some gentleness, and had he lived
I had still hated him. But this young Alvar
Was doubly noble, as a gem that holds
Rare virtues in its lustre; and his death
Will pierce Don Silva with a poisoned dart.
This fair and curly youth was Arias,
A son of the Pachecos; this dark face . . .

ZARCA.

Enough! you know their names. I had divined
That they were near the Duke, most like had served
My daughter, were her friends; so rescued them
From being flung upon the heap of slain.
Beseech you, Doctor, if you owe me aught
As having served your people, take the pains

To see these bodies buried decently.
 And let their names be writ above their graves,
 As those of brave young Spaniards who died well.
 I needs must bear this womanhood in my heart—
 Bearing my daughter there. For once she prayed—
 'Twas at our parting—"When you see fair hair
 Be pitiful." And I am forced to look
 On fair heads living and be pitiless.
 Your service, Doctor, will be done to her

SEPHARDO.

A service doubly dear. For these young dead,
 And one less happy Spaniard who still lives,
 Are offerings which I wrenched from out my heart,
 Constrained by cries of Israel: while my hands
 Rendered the victims at command, my eyes
 Closed themselves vainly, as if vision lay
 Through those poor loopholes only. I will go
 And see the graves dug by some cypresses.

ZARCA.

Meanwhile the bodies shall rest here. Farewell.

(Exit SEPHARDO.)

Nay, 'tis no mockery. She keeps me so
 From hardening with the hardness of my acts.
 This Spaniard shrouded in her love—I would
 He lay here too that I might pity him.

Morning.—The Plaça Santiago in Bedmár. A crowd of townsmen forming an outer circle: within, Zíncali and Moorish soldiers drawn up round the central space. On the higher ground in front of the church a stake with fagots heaped, and at a little distance a gibbet. Moorish music. ZARCA enters, wearing his gold necklace with the Gypsy badge of the flaming torch over the dress of a Moorish Captain, accompanied by a small band of armed Zíncali, who fall aside and range themselves with the other soldiers while he takes his stand in front of the

stake and gibbet. The music ceases, and there is expectant silence.

ZARCA.

Men of Bedmár, well-wishers, and allies,
 Whether of Moorish or of Hebrew blood,
 Who, being galled by the hard Spaniard's yoke,
 Have welcomed our quick conquest as release,
 I, Zarca, chief of Spanish Gypsies, hold
 By delegation of the Moorish King
 Supreme command within this town and fort.
 Nor will I, with false show of modesty,
 Profess myself unworthy of this post,
 For so I should but tax the giver's choice.
 And, as ye know, while I was prisoner here,
 Forging the bullets meant for Moorish hearts,
 But likely now to reach another mark,
 I learned the secrets of the town's defence,
 Caught the loud whispers of your discontent,
 And so could serve the purpose of the Moor
 As the edge's keenness serves the weapon's weight.
 My Zíncali, lynx-eyed and lithè of limb,
 Tracked out the high Sierra's hidden path,
 Guided the hard ascent, and were the first
 To scale the walls and brave the showering stones.
 In brief, I reached this rank through service done
 By thought of mine and valor of my tribe,
 Yet hold it but in trust, with readiness
 To lay it down; for we—the Zíncali—
 Will never pitch our tents again on land
 The Spaniard grudges us: we seek a home
 Where we may spread and ripen like the corn
 By blessing of the sun and spacious earth.
 Ye wish us well, I think, and are our friends?

CROWD.

Long life to Zarca and his Zíncali!

ZARCA.

Now, for the cause of our assembling here.
'Twas my command that rescued from your hands
That Spanish Prior and Inquisitor
Whom in fierce retribution you had bound
And meant to burn, tied to a planted cross.
I rescued him with promise that his death
Should be more signal in its justice—made
Public in fullest sense, and orderly.
Here, then, you see the stake—slow death by fire;
And there a gibbet—swift death by the cord.
Now hear me, Moors and Hebrews of Bedmár,
Our kindred by the warmth of Eastern blood!
Punishing cruel wrong by cruelty
We copy Christian crime. Vengeance is just:
Justly we rid the earth of human fiends
Who carry hell for pattern in their souls.
But in high vengeance there is noble scorn:
It tortures not the torturer, nor gives
Iniquitous payment for iniquity.
The great avenging angel does not crawl
To kill the serpent with a mimic fang;
He stands erect, with sword of keenest edge
That slays like lightning. So too we will slay
The cruel man; slay him because he works
Woe to mankind. And I have given command
To pile these fagots, not to burn quick flesh,
But for a sign of that dire wrong to men
Which arms our wrath with justice. While, to show
This Christian worshipper that we obey
A better law than his, he shall be led
Straight to the gibbet and to swiftest death.
For I, the chieftain of the Gypsies, will,
My people shed no blood but what is shed
In heat of battle or in judgment strict
With calm deliberation on the right.
Such is my will, and if it please you—well.

CROWD.

It pleases us. Long life to Zarca!

ZARCA.

Hark!

The bell is striking, and they bring even now
The prisoner from the fort. What, Nadar?

NADAR (*has appeared, cutting the crowd, and advancing
toward ZARCA till he is near enough to speak in an
under-tone*).

Chief,

I have obeyed your word, have followed it
As water does the furrow in the rock.

ZARCA.

Your band is here?

NADAR.

Yes, and the Spaniard too.

ZARCA.

'Twas so I ordered.

NADAR.

Ay, but this sleek hound,
Who slipped his collar off to join the wolves,
Has still a heart for none but kennelled brutes.
He rages at the taking of the town,
Says all his friends are butchered; and one corpse
He stumbled on—well, I would sooner be
A murdered Gypsy's dog, and howl for him,
Than be this Spaniard. Rage has made him whiter.
One townsman taunted him with his escape,
And thanked him for so favoring us. . . .

ZARCA.

Enough.

You give him my command that he should wait
Within the castle, till I saw him?

NADAR.

Yes.

But he defied me, broke away, ran loose
I know not whither; he may soon be here.
I came to warn you, lest he work us harm.

ZARCA.

Fear not, I know the road I travel by:
Its turns are no surprises. He who rules
Must humor full as much as he commands;
Must let men vow impossibilities;
Grant folly's prayers that hinder folly's wish
And serve the ends of wisdom. Ah, he comes!

[Sweeping like some pale herald from the dead,
Whose shadow-nurtured eyes, dazed by full light,
See nought without, but give reverted sense
To the soul's imagery, Silva came,
The wondering people parting wide to get
Continuous sight of him as he passed on—
This high hidalgo, who through blooming years
Had shone on men with planetary calm,
Believed-in with all sacred images
And saints that must be taken as they were,
Though rendering meagre service for men's praise:
Bareheaded now, carrying an unsheathed sword,
And on his breast, where late he bore the cross,
Wearing the Gypsy badge; his form aslant,
Driven, it seemed, by some invisible chase,
Right to the front of Zarca. There he paused.]

DON SILVA.

Chief, you are treacherous, cruel, devilish!—
 Relentless as a curse that once let loose
 From lips of wrath, lives bodiless to destroy,
 And darkly traps a man in nets of guilt
 Which could not weave themselves in open day
 Before his eyes. Oh, it was bitter wrong
 To hold this knowledge locked within your mind,
 To stand with waking eyes in broadest light,
 And see me, dreaming, shed my kindred's blood.
 'Tis horrible that men with hearts and hands
 Should smile in silence like the firmament
 And see a fellow-mortal draw a lot
 On which themselves have written agony!
 Such injury has no redress, no healing
 Save what may lie in stemming further ill.
 Poor balm for maiming! Yet I come to claim it.

ZARCA.

First prove your wrongs, and I will hear your claim
 Mind, you are not commander of Bedmár,
 Nor duke, nor knight, nor anything for me,
 Save a sworn Gypsy, subject with my tribe,
 Over whose deeds my will is absolute.
 You chose that lot, and would have railed at me
 Had I refused it you: I warned you first
 What oaths you had to take . . .

DON SILVA.

You never warned me

That you had linked yourself with Moorish men
 To take this town and fortress of Bedmár—
 Slay my near kinsman, him who held my place,
 Our house's heir and guardian—slay my friend,
 My chosen brother—desecrate the church
 Where once my mother held me in her arms,

Making the holy chrism holier
 With tears of joy that fell upon my brow!
 You never warned . . .

ZARCA.

I warned you of your oath.
 You shrank not, were resolved, were sure your place
 Would never miss you, and you had your will.
 I am no priest, and keep no consciences:
 I keep my own place and my own command.

DON SILVA.

I said my place would never miss me—yes!
 A thousand Spaniards died on that same day
 And were not missed; their garments clothed the backs
 That else were bare. . . .

ZARCA.

But you were just the one
 Above the thousand, had you known the die
 That fate was throwing then.

DON SILVA.

You knew it—you!
 With fiendish knowledge, smiling at the end.
 You knew what snares had made my flying steps
 Murderous; you let me lock my soul with oaths
 Which your acts made a hellish sacrament.
 I say, you knew this as a fiend would know it,
 And let me damn myself.

ZARCA.

The deed was done
 Before you took your oath, or reached our camp,—
 Done when you slipped in secret from the post
 'Twas yours to keep, and not to meditate

If others might not fill it. For your oath,
 What man is he who brandishes a sword
 In darkness, kills his friends, and rages then
 Against the night that kept him ignorant?
 Should I, for one unstable Spaniard, quit
 My steadfast ends as father and as chief;
 Renounce my daughter and my people's hope,
 Lest a deserter should be made ashamed!

DON SILVA.

Your daughter—O great God! I vent but madness.
 The past will never change. I come to stem
 Harm that may yet be hindered. Chief—this stake—
 Tell me who is to die! Are you not bound
 Yourself to him you took in fellowship?
 The town is yours; let me but save the blood
 That still is warm in men who were my . . .

ZARCA.

Peace!

They bring the prisoner.

[Zarca waved his arm
 With head averse, in peremptory sign
 That 'twixt them now there should be space and silence.
 Most eyes had turned to where the prisoner
 Advanced among his guards; and Silva too
 Turned eagerly, all other striving quelled
 By striving with the dread lest he should see
 His thought outside him. And he saw it there.
 The prisoner was Father Isidor:
 The man whom once he fiercely had accused
 As author of his misdeeds—whose designs
 Had forced him into fatal secrecy.
 The imperious and inexorable Will
 Was yoked, and he who had been pitiless
 To Silva's love, was led to pitiless death.
 O hateful victory of blind wishes—prayers
 Which hell had overheard and swift fulfilled!

The triumph was a torture, turning all
 The strength of passion into strength of pain.
 Remorse was born within him, that dire birth
 Which robs all else of nurture—cancerous,
 Forcing each pulse to feed its anguish, turning
 All sweetest residues of healthy life
 To fibrous clutches of slow misery.
 Silva had but rebelled—he was not free;
 And all the subtle cords that bound his soul
 Were tightened by the strain of one rash leap
 Made in defiance. He accused no more,
 But dumbly shrank before accusing throngs
 Of thoughts, the impetuous recurrent rush
 Of all his past-created, unchanged self.
 The Father came bareheaded, frocked, a rope
 Around his neck,—but clad with majesty,
 The strength of resolute undivided souls
 Who, owning law, obey it. In his hand
 He bore a crucifix, and praying, gazed
 Solely on that white image. But his guards
 Parted in front, and paused as they approached
 The centre where the stake was. Isidor
 Lifted his eyes to look around him—calm,
 Prepared to speak last words of willingness
 To meet his death—last words of faith unchanged,
 That, working for Christ's kingdom, he had wrought
 Righteously. But his glance met Silva's eyes
 And drew him. Even images of stone
 Look living with reproach on him who maims,
 Profanes, defiles them. Silva penitent
 Moved forward, would have knelt before the man
 Who still was one with all the sacred things
 That came back on him in their sacredness,
 Kindred, and oaths, and awe, and mystery.
 But at the sight, the Father thrust the cross
 With deprecating act before him, and his face
 Pale-quivering, flashed out horror like white light
 Flashed from the angel's sword that dooming drove
 The sinner to the wilderness. He spoke.]

. FATHER ISIDOR.

Back from me, traitorous and accursed man!
 Defile not me, who grasp the holiest,
 With touch or breath! Thou foulest murderer!
 Fouler than Cain who struck his brother down
 In jealous rage, thou for thy base delight
 Hast oped the gate for wolves to come and tear
 Uncounted brethren, weak and strong alike,
 The helpless priest, the warrior all unarmed
 Against a faithless leader: on thy head
 Will rest the sacrilege, on thy soul the blood.
 These blind barbarians, misbelievers, Moors,
 Are but as Pilate and his soldiery;
 Thou, Judas, weighted with that heaviest crime
 Which deepens hell! I warned you of this end.
 A traitorous leader, false to God and man,
 A knight apostate, you shall soon behold
 Above your people's blood the light of flames
 Kindled by you to burn me—burn the flesh
 Twin with your father's. O most wretched man!
 Whose memory shall be of broken oaths—
 Broken for lust—I turn away mine eyes
 For ever from you. See, the stake is ready
 And I am ready too.

. DON SILVA.

It shall not be!

*(Raising his sword, he rushes in front of the guards
who are advancing, and impedes them.)*

If you are human, Chief, hear my demand!
 Stretch not my soul upon the endless rack
 Of this man's torture!

ZARCA.

Stand aside, my lord!

Put up your sword. You vowed obedience
 To me, your chief. It was your latest vow.

DON SILVA.

No! hew me from the spot, or fasten me
Amid the fagots too, if he must burn.

ZARCA.

What should befall that persecuting monk
Was fixed before you came: no cruelty,
No nicely measured torture, weight for weight
Of injury, no luscious-toothed revenge
That justifies the injurer by its joy.
I seek but rescue and security
For harmless men, and such security
Means death to vipers and inquisitors.
These fagots shall but innocently blaze
In sign of gladness, when this man is dead,
That one more torturer has left the earth.
'Tis not for infidels to burn live men
And ape the rules of Christian piety.
This hard oppressor shall not die by fire:
He mounts the gibbet, dies a speedy death,
That, like a transfixed dragon, he may cease
To vex mankind. Quick, guards, and clear the path!

[As well-trained hounds that hold their fleetness tense
In watchful, loving fixity of dark eyes,
And move with movement of their master's will,
The Gypsies with a wavelike swiftness met
Around the Father, and in wheeling course
Passed beyond Silva to the gibbet's foot,
Behind their chieftain. Sudden left alone
With weapon bare, the multitude aloof,
Silva was mazed in doubtful consciousness,
As one who slumbering in the day awakes
From striving into freedom, and yet feels
His sense half captive to intangible things;
Then with a flush of new decision sheathed

His futile naked weapon, and strode quick
 To Zarca, speaking with a voice new-toned,
 The struggling soul's hoarse, suffocated cry
 Beneath the grappling anguish of despair.]

DON SILVA.

You, Zíncalo, devil, blackest infidel!
 You cannot hate that man as you hate me!
 Finish your torture—take me—lift me up
 And let the crowd spit at me—every Moor
 Shoot reeds at me, and kill me with slow death
 Beneath the mid-day fervor of the sun—
 Or crucify me with a thieving hound—
 Slake your hate so, and I will thank it: spare me
 Only this man!

ZARCA.

Madman, I hate you not,
 But if I did, my hate were poorly served
 By my device, if I should strive to mix
 A bitterer misery for you than to taste
 With leisure of a soul in unharmed limbs
 The flavor of your folly. For my course,
 It has a goal, and takes no truant path
 Because of you. I am your chief: to me
 You're nought more than a Zíncalo in revolt.

DON SILVA.

No, I'm no Zíncalo! I here disown
 The name I took in madness. Here I tear
 This badge away. I am a Catholic knight,
 A Spaniard who will die a Spaniard's death!

[Hark! while he casts the badge upon the ground
 And tramples on it, Silva hears a shout:
 Was it a shout that threatened him? He looked
 From out the dizzying flames of his own rage



“ Down
Fell the great chief, and Silva staggering back,
Heard not the gypsies shriek.”— Page 229.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

In hope of adversaries—and he saw above
 The form of Father Isidor upswung
 Convulsed with martyr throes; and knew the shout
 For wonted exultation of the crowd
 When malefactors die—or saints, or heroes.
 And now to him that white-frocked murdered form
 Which hanging judged him as its murderer,
 Turned to a symbol of his guilt, and stirred
 Tremors till then unwaked. With sudden snatch
 At something hidden in his breast, he strode
 Right upon Zarca: at the instant, down
 Fell the great Chief, and Silva, staggering back,
 Heard not the Gypsies' shriek, felt not the fangs
 Of their fierce grasp—heard, felt but Zarca's words
 Which seemed his soul outleaping in a cry
 And urging men to run like rival waves
 Whose rivalry is but obedience.]

ZARCA (*as he falls*).

My daughter! call her! Call my daughter!

NADAR (*supporting ZARCA and crying to the Gypsies
 who have clutched SILVA*).

Stay!

Tear not the Spaniard, tie him to the stake:
 Hear what the Chief shall bid us—there is time!

[Swiftly they tied him, pleasing vengeance so
 With promise that would leave them free to watch
 Their stricken good, their Chief stretched helplessly
 Pillowed upon the strength of loving limbs.
 He heaved low groans, but would not spend his breath
 In useless words: he waited till *she* came,
 Keeping his life within the citadel
 Of one great hope. And now around him closed
 (But in wide circle, checked by loving fear)

His people all, holding their wails suppressed
 Lest Death believed-in should be over-bold:
 All life hung on their Chief—he would not die;
 His image gone, there were no wholeness left
 To make a world of for the Zíncali's thought.
 Eager they stood, but hushed; the outer crowd
 Spoke only in low murmurs, and some climbed
 And clung with legs and arms on perilous coigns,
 Striving to see where that colossal life
 Lay panting—lay a Titan struggling still
 To hold and give the precious hidden fire
 Before the stronger grappled him. Above
 The young bright-morning cast athwart white walls
 Her shadows blue, and with their clear-cut line,
 Mildly relentless as the dial-hand's,
 Measured the shrinking future of an hour
 Which held a shrinking hope. And all the while
 The silent beat of time in each man's soul
 Made aching pulses.

But the cry, "She comes!"

Parted the crowd like waters: and she came.
 Swiftly as once before, inspired with joy,
 She flashed across the space and made new light,
 Glowing upon the glow of evening,
 So swiftly now she came, inspired with woe,
 Strong with the strength of all her father's pain
 Thrilling her as with fire of rage divine
 And battling energy. She knew—saw all:
 The stake with Silva bound—her father pierced—
 To this she had been born: a second time
 Her father called her to the task of life.

She knelt beside him. Then he raised himself,
 And on her face there flashed from his the light
 As of a star that waned, but flames anew
 In mighty dissolution; 'twas the flame
 Of a surviving trust, in agony.
 He spoke the parting prayer that was command,
 Must sway her will, and reign invisibly.]

ZARCA.

My daughter, you have promised—you will live
 To save our people. In my garments here
 I carry written pledges from the Moor:
 He will keep faith in Spain and Africa.
 Your weakness may be stronger than my strength,
 Winning more love. . . . I cannot tell the end. . . .
 I held my people's good within my breast.
 Behold, now I deliver it to you.
 See, it still breathes unstrangled—if it dies,
 Let not your failing will be murderer. . . .
 Rise, tell our people now I wait in pain . . .
 I cannot die until I hear them say
 They will obey you.

[Meek, she pressed her lips
 With slow solemnity upon his brow,
 Sealing her pledges. Firmly then she rose,
 And met her people's eyes with kindred gaze,
 Dark-flashing, fired by effort strenuous
 Trampling on pain.]

FEDALMA.

Ye Zíncali all, who hear!
 Your Chief is dying: I his daughter live
 To do his dying will. He asks you now
 To promise me obedience as your Queen,
 That we may seek the land he won for us,
 And live the better life for which he toiled.
 Speak now, and fill my father's dying ear
 With promise that you will obey him dead,
 Obeying me his child.

[Straightway arose
 A shout of promise, sharpening into cries
 That seemed to plead despairingly with death.]

THE ZINCALI.

We will obey! Our chief shall never die!
 We will obey him—will obey our Queen!

[The shout unanimous, the concurrent rush
 Of many voices, quiring shook the air
 With multitudinous wave: now rose, now fell,
 Then rose again, the echoes following slow,
 As if the scattered brethren of the tribe
 Had caught afar and joined the ready vow.
 Then some could hold no longer, but must rush
 To kiss his dying feet, and some to kiss
 The hem of their Queen's garment. But she raised
 Her hand to hush them. "Hark! your Chief may speak
 Another wish." Quickly she kneeled again,
 While they upon the ground kept motionless,
 With head outstretched. They heard his words; for now,
 Grasping at Nadar's arm, he spoke more loud,
 As one who, having fought and conquered, hurls
 His strength away with hurling off his shield.]

ZARCA.

Let loose the Spaniard! give him back his sword:
 He cannot move to any vengeance more—
 His soul is locked 'twixt two opposing crimes.
 I charge you let him go unharmed and free
 Now through your midst. . . .

[With that he sank again—
 His breast heaved strongly tow'rd sharp sudden falls,
 And all his life seem'd needed for each breath:
 Yet once he spoke.]

My daughter, lay your arm
 Beneath my head . . . so . . . bend and breathe on me,
 I cannot see you more . . . the Night is come.
 Be strong . . . remember . . . I can only . . . die.

[His voice went into silence, but his breast
 Heaved long and moaned: its broad strength kept a life
 That heard nought, saw nought, save what once had been,
 And what might be in days and realms afar—
 Which now in pale procession faded on
 Toward the thick darkness. And she bent above
 In sacramental watch to see great Death,
 Companion of her future, who would wear
 For ever in her eyes her father's form.

And yet she knew that hurrying feet had gone
 To do the Chief's behest, and in her soul
 He who was once its lord was being jarred
 With loosening of cords, that would not loose
 The tightening torture of his anguish. This—
 Oh, she knew it!—knew it as martyrs knew
 The prongs that tore their flesh, while yet their tongues
 Refused the ease of lies. In moments high
 Space widens in the soul. And so she knelt,
 Clinging with piety and awed resolve
 Beside this altar of her father's life,
 Seeing long travel under solemn suns
 Stretching beyond it; never turned her eyes,
 Yet felt that Silva passed; beheld his face
 Pale, vivid, all alone, imploring her
 Across black waters fathomless.

And he passed.

The Gypsies made wide pathway, shrank aloof
 As those who fear to touch the thing they hate,
 Lest hate triumphant, mastering all the limbs,
 Should tear, bite, crush, in spite of hindering will.
 Slowly he walked, reluctant to be safe
 And bear dishonored life which none assailed:
 Walked hesitatingly, all his frame instinct
 With high-born spirit, never used to dread
 Or crouch for smiles, yet stung, yet quivering
 With helpless strength, and in his soul convulsed
 By visions where pale horror held a lamp
 Over wide-reaching crime. Silence hung round:

It seemed the Plaça hushed itself to hear
 His footsteps and the Chief's deep dying breath.
 Eyes quickened in the stillness, and the light
 Seemed one clear gaze upon his misery.
 And yet he could not pass her without pause:
 One instant he must pause and look at her;
 But with that glance at her averted head,
 New-urged by pain he turned away and went,
 Carrying for ever with him what he fled—
 Her murdered love—her love, a dear wronged ghost
 Facing him, beautiful, 'mid the throngs of hell.

O fallen and forsaken! were no hearts
 Amid that crowd, mindful of what had been?—
 Hearts such as wait on beggared royalty,
 Or silent watch by sinners who despair?

Silva had vanished. That dismissed revenge
 Made larger room for sorrow in fierce hearts;
 And sorrow filled them. For the Chief was dead.
 The mighty breast subsided slow to calm,
 Slow from the face the ethereal spirit waned,
 As wanes the parting glory from the heights,
 And leaves them in their pallid majesty.
 Fedalma kissed the marble lips, and said,
 "He breathes no more." And then a long loud wail,
 Poured out upon the morning, made her light
 Ghastly as smiles on some fair maniac's face
 Smiling unconscious o'er her bridegroom's corse.
 The wailing men in eager press closed round,
 And made a shadowing pall beneath the sun.
 They lifted reverent the prostrate strength,
 Sceptred anew by death. Fedalma walked
 Tearless, erect, following the dead—her cries
 Deep smothering in her breast, as one who guides
 Her children through the wilds, and sees and knows
 Of danger more than they, and feels more pangs,
 Yet shrinks not, groans not, bearing in her heart
 Their ignorant misery and their trust in her.



“ Their sails . . .
Like broad wings poised.”—Page 235.

Eliot—Spanish Gypsy.

BOOK V.

THE eastward rocks of Almería's bay
Answer long farewells of the travelling sun
With softest glow as from an inward pulse
Changing and flushing: all the Moorish ships
Seem conscious too, and shoot out sudden shadows;
Their black hulls snatch a glory, and their sails
Show variegated radiance, gently stirred
Like broad wings poised. Two galleys moored apart
Show decks as busy as a home of ants
Storing new forage; from their sides the boats,
Slowly pushed off, anon with flashing oar
Made transit to the quay's smooth-quarried edge,
Where thronging Gypsies are in haste to lade
Each as it comes with grandames, babes, and wives,
Or with dust-tinted goods, the company
Of wandering years. Nought seems to lie unmoved,
For 'mid the throng the lights and shadows play,
And make all surface eager, while the boats
Sway restless as a horse that heard the shouts
And surging hum incessant. Naked limbs
With beauteous ease bend, lift, and throw, or raise
High signalling hands. The black-haired mother steps
Athwart the boat's edge, and with opened arms,
A wandering Isis outcast from the gods,
Leans toward her lifted little one. The boat
Full-laden cuts the waves, and dirge-like cries
Rise and then fall within it as it moves
From high to lower and from bright to dark.
Hither and thither, grave white-turbaned Moors
Move helpfully, and some bring welcome gifts,
Bright stuffs and cutlery, and bags of seed

To make new waving crops in Africa.
Others aloof with folded arms slow-eyed
Survey man's labor, saying, "God is great;"
Or seek with question deep the Gypsies' root,
And whether their false faith, being small, will prove
Less damning than the copious false creeds
Of Jews and Christians: Moslem subtlety,
Found balanced reasons, warranting suspense
As to whose hell was deepest—'twas enough
That there was room for all. Thus the sedate.
The younger heads were busy with the tale
Of that great Chief whose exploits helped the Moor.
And, talking still, they shouldered past their friends
Following some lure which held their distant gaze
To eastward of the quay, where yet remained
A low black tent close guarded all around
By well-armed Gypsies. Fronting it above,
Raised by stone steps that sought a jutting strand,
Fedalma stood and marked with anxious watch
Each laden boat the remnant lessening
Of cargo on the shore, or traced the course
Of Nadar to and fro in hard command
Of noisy tumult; imaging oft anew
How much of labor still deferred the hour
When they must lift the boat and bear away
Her father's coffin, and her feet must quit
This shore for ever. Motionless she stood,
Black-crowned with wreaths of many-shadowed hair;
Black-robed, but bearing wide upon her breast
Her father's golden necklace and his badge.
Her limbs were motionless, but in her eyes
And in her breathing lip's soft tremulous curve
Was intense motion as of prisoned fire
Escaping subtly in outleaping thought.

She watches anxiously, and yet she dreams:
The busy moments now expand, now shrink
To narrowing swarms within the refluent space
Of changeful consciousness. For in her thought

Already she has left the fading shore,
Sails with her people, seeks an unknown land,
And bears the burning length of weary days
That parching fall upon her father's hope,
Which she must plant and see it wither only—
Wither and die. She saw the end begun.
The Gypsy hearts were not unfaithful: she
Was centre to the savage loyalty
Which vowed obedience to Zarca dead.
But soon their natures missed the constant stress
Of his command, that, while it fired, restrained
By urgency supreme, and left no play
To fickle impulse scattering desire.
They loved their Queen, trusted in Zarca's child,
Would bear her o'er the desert on their arms
And think the weight a gladsome victory;
But that great force which knit them into one,
The invisible passion of her father's soul,
That wrought them visibly into its will,
And would have bound their lives with permanonce,
Was gone. Already Hassan and two bands,
Drawn by fresh baits of gain, had newly sold
Their service to the Moors, despite her call,
Known as the echo of her father's will,
To all the tribe, that they should pass with her
Straightway to Telemsán. They were not moved
By worse rebellion than the wilful wish
To fashion their own service; they still meant
To come when it should suit them. But she said,
This is the cloud no bigger than a hand,
Sure-threatening. In a little while, the tribe
That was to be the ensign of the race,
And draw it into conscious union,
Itself would break in small and scattered bands
That, living on scant prey, would still disperse
And propagate forgetfulness. Brief years,
And that great purpose fed with vital fire
That might have glowed for half a century,
Subduing, quickening, shaping, like a sun—

Would be a faint tradition, flickering low
 In dying memories, fringing with dim light
 The nearer dark.

Far, far the future stretched

Beyond that busy present on the quay,
 Far her straight path beyond it. Yet she watched
 To mark the growing hour, and yet in dream
 Alternate she beheld another track,
 And felt herself unseen pursuing it
 Close to a wanderer, who with haggard gaze
 Looked out on loneliness. The backward years—
 Oh, she would not forget them—would not drink
 Of waters that brought rest, while he far off
 Remembered. “Father, I renounced the joy;
 You must forgive the sorrow.”

So she stood,

Her struggling life compressed into that hour,
 Yearning, resolving, conquering; though she seemed
 Still as a tutelary image sent
 To guard her people and to be the strength
 Of some rock-citadel.

Below her sat

Slim mischievous Hinda, happy, red-bedecked
 With rows of berries, grinning, nodding oft,
 And shaking high her small dark arm and hand
 Responsive to the black-maned Ismaël,
 Who held aloft his spoil, and clad in skins
 Seemed the Boy-prophet of the wilderness
 Escaped from tasks prophetic. But anon
 Hinda would backward turn upon her knees,
 And like a pretty loving hound would bend
 To fondle her Queen's feet, then lift her head
 Hoping to feel the gently pressing palm
 Which touched the deeper sense. Fedalma knew—
 From out the black robe stretched her speaking hand
 And shared the girl's content.

So the dire hours

Burdened with destiny—the death of hopes
 Darkening long generations, or the birth

Of thoughts undying—such hours sweep along
 In their aërial ocean measureless
 Myriads of little joys, that ripen sweet
 And soothe the sorrowful spirit of the world,
 Groaning and travailing with the painful birth
 Of slow redemption.

But emerging now
 From eastward fringing lines of idling men
 Quick Juan lightly sought the upward steps
 Behind Fedalma, and two paces off,
 With head uncovered, said in gentle tones,
 “Lady Fedalma!”—(Juan’s password now
 Used by no other), and Fedalma turned,
 Knowing who sought her. He advanced a step,
 And meeting straight her large calm questioning gaze,
 Warned her of some grave purport by a face
 That told of trouble. Lower still he spoke.

JUAN.

Look from me, lady, towards a moving form
 That quits the crowd and seeks the lonelier strand—
 A tall and gray-clad pilgrim. . . .

[Solemnly

His low tones fell on her, as if she passed
 Into religious dimness among tombs,
 And trod on names in everlasting rest.
 Lingeringly she looked, and then with voice
 Deep and yet soft, like notes from some long chord
 Responsive to thrilled air, said—]

FEDALMA.

It is he!

[Juan kept silence for a little space,
 With reverent caution, lest his lighter grief
 Might seem a wanton touch upon her pain.

But time was urging him with visible flight,
Changing the shadows: he must utter all.]

JUAN.

That man was young when last I pressed his hand—
In that dread moment when he left Bedmár.
He has aged since: the week has made him gray.
And yet I know him—knew the white-streaked hair
Before I saw his face, as I should know
The tear-dimmed writing of a friend. See now—
Does he not linger—pause?—perhaps expect . .

[Juan pled timidly: Fedalma's eyes
Flashed; and through all her frame there ran the shock
Of some sharp-wounding joy, like his who hastes
And dreads to come too late, and comes in time
To press a loved hand dying. She was mute
And made no gesture: all her being paused
In resolution, as some leonine wave
That makes a moment's silence ere it leaps.]

JUAN.

He came from Carthagená, in a boat
Too slight for safety; yon small two-oared boat
Below the rock; the fisher-boy within
Awaits his signal. But the pilgrim waits. . . .

FEDALMA.

Yes, I will go!—Father, I owe him this,
For loving me made all his misery.
And we will look once more—will say farewell
As in a solemn rite to strengthen us
For our eternal parting. Juan, stay
Here in my place, to warn me, were there need.
And, Hinda, follow me!

[All men who watched
Lost her regretfully, then drew content

From thought that she must quickly come again,
And filled the time with striving to be near.

She, down the steps, along the sandy brink
To where he stood, walked firm; with quickened step
The moment when each felt the other saw.
He moved at sight of her: their glances met;
It seemed they could no more remain aloof
Than nearing waters hurrying into one.
Yet their steps slackened and they paused apart,
Pressed backward by the force of memories
Which reigned supreme as death above desire.
Two paces off they stood and silently
Looked at each other. Was it well to speak?
Could speech be clearer, stronger, tell them more
Than that long gaze of their renouncing love?
They passed from silence hardly knowing how;
It seemed they heard each other's thought before.]

DON SILVA.

I go to be absolved, to have my life
Washed into fitness for an offering
To injured Spain. But I have nought to give
For that last injury to her I loved
Better than I loved Spain. I am accurst
Above all sinners, being made the curse
Of her I sinned for. Pardon? Penitence?
When they have done their utmost, still beyond
Out of their reach stands Injury unchanged
And changeless. I should see it still in heaven—
Out of my reach, for ever in my sight:
Wearing your grief, 'twould hide the smiling seraphs.
I bring no puling prayer, Fedalma—ask
No balm of pardon that may soothe my soul
For others' bleeding wounds: I am not come
To say, "Forgive me:" you must not forgive,
For you must see me ever as I am—
Your father's . . .

FEDALMA.

Speak it not! Calamity
 Comes like a deluge and o'erfloods our crimes,
 Till sin is hidden in woe. You—I—we two,
 Grasping we knew not what, that seemed delight,
 Opened the sluices of that deep.

DON SILVA.

We two?—

Fedalma, you were blameless, helpless.

FEDALMA.

No!

It shall not be that you did aught alone.
 For when we loved I willed to reign in you,
 And I was jealous even of the day
 If it could gladden you apart from me.
 And so, it must be that I shared each deed
 Our love was root of.

DON SILVA.

Dear! you share the woe—
 Nay, the worst dart of vengeance fell on you.

FEDALMA.

Vengeance! She does but sweep us with her skirts—
 She takes large space, and lies a baleful light
 Revolving with long years—sees children's children,
 Blights them in their prime. . . . Oh, if two lovers
 leaned
 To breathe one air and spread a pestilence,
 They would but lie two livid victims dead
 Amid the city of the dying. We
 With our poor petty lives have strangled one
 That ages watch for vainly.

DON SILVA.

Deep despair
 Fills all your tones as with slow agony.
 Speak words that narrow anguish to some shape:
 Tell me what dread is close before you?

FEDALMA.

None.

No dread, but clear assurance of the end.
 My father held within his mighty frame
 A people's life: great futures died with him
 Never to rise, until the time shall ripe
 Some other hero with the will to save
 The outcast Zíncali.

DON SILVA.

And yet their shout—
 I heard it—sounded as the plenteous rush
 Of full-fed sources, shaking their wild souls
 With power that promised sway.

FEDALMA.

Ah, yes, that shout
 Came from full hearts: they meant obedience.
 But they are orphaned: their poor childish feet
 Are vagabond in spite of love, and stray
 Forgetful after little lures. For me—
 I am but as the funeral urn that bears
 The ashes of a leader.

DON SILVA.

O great God!
 What am I but a miserable brand
 Lit by mysterious wrath? I lie cast down
 A blackened branch upon the desolate ground

Where once I kindled ruin. I shall drink
 No cup of purest water but will taste
 Bitter with thy lone hopelessness, Fedalma.

FEDALMA.

Nay, Silva, think of me as one who sees
 A light serene and strong on one sole path
 Which she will tread till death . . .
 He trusted me, and I will keep his trust:
 My life shall be its temple. I will plant
 His sacred hope within the sanctuary
 And die its priestess—though I die alone,
 A hoary woman on the altar-step,
 Cold 'mid cold ashes. That is my chief good.
 The deepest hunger of a faithful heart
 Is faithfulness. Wish me nought else. And you—
 You too will live. . . .

DON SILVA.

I go to Rome, to seek
 The right to use my knightly sword again;
 The right to fill my place and live or die
 So that all Spaniards shall not curse my name.
 I sate one hour upon the barren rock
 And longed to kill myself; but then I said,
 I will not leave my name in infamy,
 I will not be perpetual rottenness
 Upon the Spaniard's air. If I must sink
 At last to hell, I will not take my stand
 Among the coward crew who could not bear
 The harm themselves had done, which others bore.
 My young life yet may fill some fatal breach,
 And I will take no pardon, not my own,
 Not God's—no pardon idly on my knees;
 But it shall come to me upon my feet
 And in the thick of action, and each deed
 That carried shame and wrong shall be the sting
 That drives me higher up the steep of honor

In deeds of duteous service to that Spain
 Who nourished me on her expectant breast,
 The heir of highest gifts. I will not fling
 My earthly being down for carrion
 To fill the air with loathing: I will be
 The living prey of some fierce noble death
 That leaps upon me while I move. Aloud
 I said, "I will redeem my name," and then—
 I know not if aloud: I felt the words
 Drinking up all my senses—"She still lives.
 I would not quit the dear familiar earth
 Where both of us behold the self-same sun,
 Where there can be no strangeness 'twixt our thoughts
 So deep as their communion." Resolute
 I rose and walked.—Fedalma, think of me
 As one who will regain the only life
 Where he is other than apostate—one
 Who seeks but to renew and keep the vows
 Of Spanish knight and noble. But the breach
 Outside those vows—the fatal second breach—
 Lies a dark gulf where I have nought to cast,
 Not even expiation—poor pretence,
 Which changes nought but what survives the past,
 And raises not the dead. That deep dark gulf
 Divides us.

FEDALMA.

Yes, for ever. We must walk
 Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite
 Is our resolve that we will each be true
 To high allegiance, higher than our love.
 Our dear young love—its breath was happiness!
 But it had grown upon a larger life
 Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled—
 The larger life subdued us. Yet we are wed;
 For we shall carry each the pressure deep
 Of the other's soul. I soon shall leave the shore.
 The winds to-night will bear me far away.
 My lord, farewell!

He did not say "Farewell."

But neither knew that he was silent. She,
For one long moment, moved not. They knew nought
Save that they parted; for their mutual gaze
As with their soul's full speech forbade their hands
To seek each other—those oft-clasping hands
Which had a memory of their own, and went
Widowed of one dear touch for evermore.
At last she turned and with swift movement passed,
Beckoning to Hinda, who was bending low
And lingered still to wash her shells, but soon
Leaping and scampering followed, while her Queen
Mounted the steps again and took her place,
Which Juan rendered silently.

And now

The press upon the quay was thinned; the ground
Was cleared of cumbering heaps, the eager shouts
Had sunk, and left a murmur more restrained
By common purpose. All the men ashore
Were gathering into ordered companies,
And with less clamor filled the waiting boats,
As if the speaking light commanded them
To quiet speed: for now the farewell glow
Was on the topmost heights, and where far ships
Were southward tending, tranquil, slow, and white
Upon the luminous meadow toward the verge.
The quay was in still shadow, and the boats
Went sombrely upon the sombre waves.
Fedalma watched again; but now her gaze
Takes in the eastward bay, where that small bark
Which held the fisher-boy floats weightier
With one more life, that rests upon the oar
Watching with her. He would not go away
Till she was gone; he would not turn his face
Away from her at parting: but the sea
Should widen slowly 'twixt their seeking eyes.

The time was coming. Nadar had approached.

Was the Queen ready? Would she follow now
Her father's body? For the largest boat
Was waiting at the quay, the last strong band
Of Zíncali had ranged themselves in lines
To guard her passage and to follow her.
"Yes, I am ready;" and with action prompt
They cast aside the Gypsy's wandering tomb,
And fenced the space from curious Moors who pressed
To see Chief Zarca's coffin as it lay.
They raised it slowly, holding it aloft
On shoulders proud to bear the heavy load.
Bound on the coffin lay the chieftain's arms,
His Gypsy garments and his coat of mail.
Fedalma saw the burden lifted high,
And then descending followed. All was still.
The Moors aloof could hear the struggling steps
Beneath the lowered burden at the boat—
The struggling calls subdued, till safe released
It lay within, the space around it filled
By black-haired Gypsies. Then Fedalma stepped
From off the shore and saw it flee away—
The land that bred her helping the resolve
Which exiled her for ever.

It was night

Before the ships weighed anchor and gave sail:
Fresh Night emergent in her clearness, lit
By the large crescent moon, with Hesperus,
And those great stars that lead the eager host.
Fedalma stood and watched the little bark
Lying jet-black upon moon-whitened waves.
Silva was standing too. He too divined
A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
And eyes that sought him vanishing: he saw
The waters widen slowly, till at last
Straining he gazed, and knew not if he gazed
On aught but blackness overhung by stars.

NOTES.

P. 32. *Cactus.*

THE Indian fig (*Opuntia*), like the other *Uactaceæ*, is believed to have been introduced into Europe from South America; but every one who has been in the south of Spain will understand why the anachronism has been chosen.

P. 117. *Marranos.*

The name given by the Spanish Jews to the multitudes of their race converted to Christianity at the end of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth. The lofty derivation from *Maran-atha*, the Lord cometh, seems hardly called for, seeing that *marrano* is Spanish for *pig*. The "old Christians" learned to use the word as a term of contempt for the "new Christians," or converted Jews and their descendants; but not too monotonously, for they often interchanged it with the fine old crusted opprobrium of the name *Jew*. Still, many *Marranos* held the highest secular and ecclesiastical prizes in Spain, and were respected accordingly.

P. 133. *Celestial Baron.*

The Spaniards conceived their patron Santiago (St. James), the great captain of their armies, as a knight and baron: to them, the incongruity would have lain in conceiving him simply as a Galilean fisherman. And their legend was adopted with respect by devout mediæval minds generally. Dante, in an elevated passage of the *Paradiso*—the memorable opening of *Canto xxv.*—chooses to introduce the Apostle James as *il barone*.

"Indi si mosse un lume verso noi
Di quella schiera, ond 'uscì la primizia
Che lasciò Cristo de' vicari suoi.
E la mia Donna piena de letizia
Mi disse: Mira, mira, ecco 'l barone
Per cui laggiù si visita Galizia."

P. 134. *The Seven Parts.*

Las Siete Partidas (The Seven Parts) is the title given to the code of laws compiled under Alfonso the Tenth, who reigned in the latter half

of the thirteenth century—1252–1284. The passage in the text is translated from *Partida II., Ley II.* The whole preamble is worth citing in its old Spanish:—

“*Como deden ser escogidos los caballeros.*”

“Antiguamente para facer caballeros escogien de los venadores de monte, que son homes que sufren grande laceria, et carpinteros, et ferros, et pedreros, porque usan mucho a ferir et son fuerte de manos; et otrosi de los carniceros, por razon que usan matar las cosas vivas et esparcer la sangre dellas: et aun cataban otra cosa en escogiendolos que fuesen bien faccionadas de miembros para ser recios, et fuertes et ligeros. Et esta manera de escoger usaron los antiguos muy grant tiempo; mas porque despues vieron muchas vegadas que estos atales non habiendo vergüenza olvidaban todas estas cosas sobredichas, et en lugar de vincer sus enemigos vencíense ellos, tovieron por bien los sabidores destas cosas que catasen homes para esto que hobiesen naturalmiente en sí vergüenza. Et sobresto dixo un sabio que habie nombre VEGECIO que fabló de la órden de caballería, que la vergüenza vieda al caballero que non fuya de la batalla, et por ende ella le face ser vencedor; ca mucho tovieron que era mejor el homo flaco et sofridor, que el fuerte et ligero para foir. Et por esto sobre todas las otras cosas cataron que fuesen homes porque se guardasen de facer cosa por que podiesen caer en vergüenza: et porque estos fueron escogidos de buenos logares et algo, que quiere tanto decir en language de España como bien, por eso los llamaron *fijosdalgo*, que muestra atanto como fijos de bien. Et en algunos otros logares los llamaron *gentiles*, et tomaron este nombre de gentileza que muestra atanto como nobleza de bondat, porque los gentiles fueron nobles homes et buenos, et vevieron mas ordenadamente que las otras gentes. Et esta gentileza aviene en tres maneras; la una por linage, la segunda por saber, et la tercera por bondat de armas et de costumbres et de maneras. Et comoquier que estos que la ganan por su sabiduría ó por su bondat, son con derecho llamados nobles et gentiles, mayormiente lo son aquellos que la han por linage antiguamente, et facen buena vida porque les viene de lueñe como por hereditat: et por ende son mas encargados de facer bien et guardarse de yerro et de malestanzia; ca non tan solamiente quando lo facen resciben daño et vergüenza ellos mismos, ma aun aquellos onde ellos vienen.”

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things,
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine:
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world:
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage
hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,

But dark as pines that autumn never sears
His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the same,
Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face.
A copy of the brand no wit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold;
And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves:
They labored gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her palm the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poisèd butterfly,
Or little burdened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil;
For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple
will.

Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries.
And fetched and held before the glazed eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.

The generations stood around those twain
 Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
 Parted the press, and said, "He will not wake;
 This is the endless sleep, and we must make
 A bed deep down for him beneath the sod;
 For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
 Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
 I fled from out His land in vain!—'tis He
 Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
 This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
 By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
 Which any moment may some dear one kill.
 Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
 We and all ours shall die like summers past.
 This is Jehovah's will, and he is strong;
 I thought the way I travelled was too long
 For Him to follow me: my thought was vain!
 He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
 Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come again!"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
 The race of Cain: soft idlesse was no more,
 But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
 Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair
 Who folding to her breast a dying child
 Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.
 Death was now lord of Life, and at his word
 Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
 With measured wing now audibly arose
 Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
 Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
 And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
 It seemed the light was never loved before,
 Now each man said, "'Twill go and come no more."
 No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
 No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
 From the one thought that life must have an end;
 And the last parting now began to send
 Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,

Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
 Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
 That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
 Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
 And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
 No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
 Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
 With ready voice and eyes that understand,
 And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.
 Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed
 Of various life and action-shaping need.
 But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
 Of new ambition, and the force that springs
 In passion beating on the shores of fate.
 They said, "There comes a night when all too late
 The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
 The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
 And the last wishes to the mute lips press
 Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
 Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
 And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
 Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
 And rule above our graves, and power divide
 With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
 As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
 Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
 When we shall lie in darkness silently,
 As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
 Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
 By that one image of him pale and still."

For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race:
 Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face
 The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
 Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
 But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
 That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
 Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;
 Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,

His urgent limbs like rounded granite grew,
Such granite as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.
Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
Of elemental life with fulness teem;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them, till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.

Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
 He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
 And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
 Till the small race with hope and terror clung
 About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
 Remoter from the memories of the wood,
 More glad discerned their common home with man.
 This was the work of Jabal: he began
 The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
 Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
 O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
 And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
 Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
 And made it roar in prisoned servitude
 Within the furnace, till with force subdued
 It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
 Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
 The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
 And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
 Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
 That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
 He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
 All breathing as with life that he could beat
 With thundering hammer, making it obey
 His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
 Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
 Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
 (The soul without still helps the soul within,
 And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
 Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
 And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
 Then spring with wandering triumphant cry,
 And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
 Would rush to labor with that plastic zeal
 Which all the passion of our life can steal
 For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
 Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,

Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spikèd wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain;
And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say,
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white discs; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to—some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.

Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
 And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
 Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
 Of some external soul that spoke for him :
 The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
 Like light that makes wide spiritual room
 And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
 To Jubal such enlargèd passion brought
 That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
 Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
 Concords and discords, cadences and cries
 That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
 Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
 Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
 For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
 To the far woods he wandered, listening,
 And heard the birds their little stories sing
 In notes whose rise and fall seemed melted speech—
 Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
 More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
 And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
 Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
 The fluctuant changes of the spoken word :
 The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
 Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
 Next leaping upward to defiant stand
 Or downward beating like the resolute hand ;
 The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
 The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high ;
 The suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
 That timid browsing cattle homeward brought ;
 The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing ;
 And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.
 Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
 Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him :
 For as the delicate stream of odor wakes
 The thought-wed sentience and some image makes

From out the mingled fragments of the past,
 Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
 So streamed as from the body of each sound
 Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
 All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
 Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
 And in creative vision wandered free.

Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
 And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
 As had some manifested god been there.

It was his thought he saw: the presence fair
 Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
 The struggling unborn spirit that doth ask
 With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
 Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, "Were now those mighty tones and cries
 That from the giant soul of earth arise,
 Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
 Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
 Those sounds which vary with the varying form
 Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
 Fill the wide space with tremors: were these wed
 To human voices with such passion fed
 As does but glimmer in our common speech,
 But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
 Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
 With fuller union, finer difference—

Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
 As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
 Wrought into solid form and living sound,
 Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
 Then—Nay, I Jubal will that work begin!
 The generations of our race shall win
 New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
 As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
 From out the dull unknown of unwoke energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
 Of coming ages waited through the night,



“ Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song.”—Page 259.

Eliot—Legend of Jubal.

Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervor that could fill the earthly round
With throngèd joys of form-begotten sound
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labors through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first to lands which others win.
Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And, yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.
He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense
And all desire bends toward obedience.

Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song—
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong
As radiance streams from smallest things that burn,
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His wingèd song; then with adoring pride
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found,
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
And like the morning gladden common space:
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill."

So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent—
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance blent

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too—
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swaying as of flower-beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jabal sat climbed on by a playful ring
Of children, lambs and whelps, whose gambolling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entrancèd whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creature sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Felt that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve

Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
 Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
 Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
 The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
 The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
 Till all the gazing elders rose and stood
 With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
 Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
 Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
 The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
 And diligent hammer, witting nought of this—
 This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
 Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
 With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
 And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
 It seemed the stars were shining with delight
 And that no night was ever like this night.
 All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
 That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
 Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,
 The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat:
 'Twas easy following where invention trod—
 All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
 Music their larger soul, where woe and weal
 Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
 Moved with a wider-wingèd utterance.
 Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
 Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
 Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
 "Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
 And I will get me to some far-off land,
 Where higher mountains under heaven stand
 And touch the blue at rising of the stars,

Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there,
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each
year."

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.
It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth; and Jubal said:
"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,
And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And, sowing music, made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood—
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,

And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
 Nought but a wider earth; until one height
 Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
 And he could hear its multitudinous roar,^a
 Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
 Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
 And where the sky bends is no solid peak
 To give me footing, but instead, this main—
 Myriads of maddened horses thundering o'er the plain.

"New voices come to me where'er I roam,
 My heart too widens with its widening home:
 But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
 For lack of voice or fingers that can wake
 The lyre's full answer; nay, its chords were all
 Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
 The former songs seem little, yet no more
 Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
 Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
 The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
 My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
 Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
 Will pour my strains with all the early truth
 Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
 But only in the soul, the will that stands
 Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
 Will cry ' 'Tis he!' and run to greet me, welcoming."

The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
 And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
 While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
 Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
 When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
 Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
 For still he hoped to find the former things,
 And the warm gladness recognition brings.

His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when nought besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days;
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the self-same insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers—to hear
The self-same cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said, "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,

Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
 And seem ashamed to met the staring day.
 His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
 His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
 Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;
 The little city that once nestled low
 As buzzing groups about some central glow,
 Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
 Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
 His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
 Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
 Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
 Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar wood.
 The morning sun was high; his rays fell hot
 On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
 On the dry-withered grass and withered man.
 That wondrous frame where melody began
 Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
 He listened until wonder silenced fear
 And gladness wonder; for the broadening stream
 Of sound advancing was his early dream,
 Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer;
 As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
 Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
 Quick with the various strains of life to be.
 He listened: the sweet mingled difference
 With charm alternate took the meeting sense;
 Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
 Sudden and near the trumpet's notes out-spread,
 And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
 Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
 Its incense audible; could see a train
 From out the street slow-winding on the plain
 With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
 While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
 With various throat, or in succession poured,
 Or in full volume mingled. But one word

Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
 As when the multitudes adoring call
 On some great name divine, their common soul,
 The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

The word was "Jubal!" . . . "Jubal" filled the air
 And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
 Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
 That grateful rolled itself to him again.
 The aged man adust upon the bank—
 Whom no eye saw—at first with rapture drank
 The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
 Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
 The universal joy once born in him.
 But when the train, with living face and limb
 And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
 The longing grew that they should hold him dear;
 Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
 The breathing Jubal, him, to whom their love was due.
 All was forgotten but the burning need
 To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
 That lived away from him, and grew apart,
 While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
 Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,
 Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
 What though his song should spread from man's small race
 Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
 And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire?—
 Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
 Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
 This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
 This little pulse of self that, having glowed
 Through thrice three centuries, and divinely stowed
 The light of music through the vague of sound,
 Ached with its smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
 Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
 Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie

While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
 His flesh cried out to live with living men
 And join that soul which to the inward ken
 Of all the hymning train was present there.
 Strong passion's daring sees not ought to dare:
 The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
 His voice's penury of tones long spent,
 He felt not; all his being leaped in flame
 To meet his kindred as they onward came
 Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face:
 He rushed before them to the glittering space,
 And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
 Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
 Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
 Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
 To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
 Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
 They spread along the train from front to wake
 In one great storm of merriment, while he
 Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
 And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
 Of passionate music came with that dream-pain
 Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing
 And all appearance is mere vanishing.
 But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
 Anger in front saw profanation near;
 Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
 For glorious power untouched by that slow death
 Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the spot,
 And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
 Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
 Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
 In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,
 And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little need;
 He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,



“ He sought the screen of
Thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.”—Page 269.

Eliot—Legend of Jubal.

As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
 That urged his body, serving so the mind
 Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
 Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
 The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
 While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
 He said within his soul, "This is the end:
 O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
 And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
 I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
 The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
 As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
 So of my mighty years nought comes to me again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
 From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
 Enclose me all around—no, not above—
 Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
 Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
 Yea—art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
 In long-remembered summers; that calm light
 Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
 That past unchangeable, from change still wrought.
 And gentlest tones were with the vision blent:
 He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
 Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to see,
 Was but one undivided ecstasy:
 The raptured senses melted into one,
 And parting life a moment's freedom won
 From in and outer, as a little child
 Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
 Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
 And knoweth nought save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
 The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
 I am the angel of thy life and death,

Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
 Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
 Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
 Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, **nor take**
 Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
 Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
 Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
 Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
 In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
 Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god—
 Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
 Or thundered through the skies—**ought else for share**
 Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
 The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
 Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
 No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
 Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
 Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
 Was human music's self incorporate:
 Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
 Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life.
 And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
 With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
 Buried within thee, as the purple light
 Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
 But thy expanding joy was still to give,
 And with the generous air in song to live,
 Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
 Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
 And on the mountains in thy wandering
 Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring
 That turns the leafless wood to love's glad **home**,
 For with thy coming Melody was come.
 This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
 And that immeasurable life to know
 From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, **dead**,
 A seed primeval that has forests bred.
 It is the glory of the heritage
 Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:

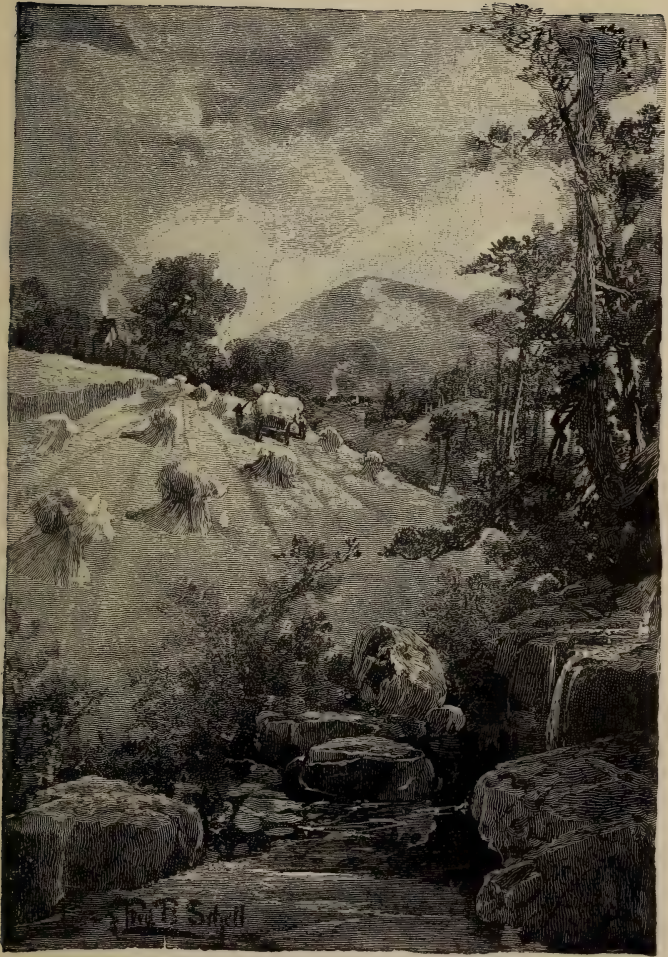
Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
Who found and gave new passion and new joy
That nought but Earth's destruction can destroy.
Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."—

The words seemed melting into symphony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
Was floating him the heavenly space along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave.

1869.

AGATHA.

COME with me to the mountain, not where rocks
Soar harsh above the troops of hurrying pines,
But where the earth spreads soft and rounded breasts
To feed her children; where the generous hills
Lift a green isle betwixt the sky and plain
To keep some Old World things aloof from change.
Here too 'tis hill and hollow: new-born streams
With sweet enforcement, joyously compelled
Like laughing children, hurry down the steeps,
And make a dimpled chase athwart the stones;
Pine woods are black upon the heights, the slopes
Are green with pasture, and the bearded corn
Fringes the blue above the sudden ridge:
A little world whose round horizon cuts
This isle of hills with heaven for a sea,
Save in clear moments when southwestward gleams
France by the Rhine, melting anon to haze.
The monks of old chose here their still retreat,
And called it by the Blessed Virgin's name,
Sancta Maria, which the peasant's tongue,
Speaking from out the parent's heart that turns
All loved things into little things, has made
Sanct Märgen,—Holy little Mary, dear
As all the sweet home things she smiles upon,
The children and the cows, the apple-trees,
The cart, the plough, all named with that caress
Which feigns them little, easy to be held,
Familiar to the eyes and hand and heart.
What though a Queen! She puts her crown away
And with her little Boy wears common clothes,



“Come with me to the mountain

Where earth spreads soft and rounded breasts to feed her children,”

Page 272.

Eliot—Agatha.

Caring for common wants, remembering
That day when good Saint Joseph left his work
To marry her with humble trust sublime.
The monks are gone, their shadows fall no more
Tall-frocked and cowed athwart the evening fields
At milking-time; their silent corridors
Are turned to homes of bare-armed, aproned men,
Who toil for wife and children. But the bells,
Peeling on high from two quaint convent towers,
Still ring the Catholic signals, summoning
To grave remembrance of the larger life
That bears our own, like perishable fruit
Upon its heaven-wide branches. At their sound
The shepherd boy far off upon the hill,
The workers with the saw and at the forge,
The triple generation round the hearth,—
Grandames and mothers and the flute-voiced girls,—
Fall on their knees and send forth prayerful cries
To the kind Mother with the little Boy,
Who pleads for helpless men against the storm,
Lightning and plagues and all terrific shapes
Of power supreme.

Within the prettiest hollow of these hills,
Just as you enter it, upon the slope
Stands a low cottage neighbored cheerily
By running water, which, at farthest end
Of the same hollow, turns a heavy mill,
And feeds the pasture for the miller's cows,
Blanchi and Nægeli, Veilchen and the rest,
Matrons with faces as Griselda mild,
Coming at call. And on the farthest height
A little tower looks out above the pines
Where mounting you will find a sanctuary
Open and still; without, the silent crowd
Of heaven-planted, incense-mingling flowers;
Within, the altar where the Mother sits
'Mid votive tablets hung from far-off years
By peasants succored in the peril of fire,
Fever, or flood, who thought that Mary's love,

Willing but not omnipotent, had stood
 Between their lives and that dread power which slew
 Their neighbor at their side. The chapel bell
 Will melt to gentlest music ere it reach
 That cottage on the slope, whose garden gate
 Has caught the rose-tree boughs and stands ajar;
 So does the door, to let the sunbeams in;
 For in the slanting sunbeams angels come
 And visit Agatha who dwells within,—
 Old Agatha, whose cousins Kate and Nell
 Are housed by her in Love and Duty's name,
 They being feeble, with small withered wits,
 And she believing that the higher gift
 Was given to be shared. So Agatha
 Shares her one room, all neat on afternoons,
 As if some memory were sacred there
 And everything within the four low walls
 An honored relic.

One long summer's day

An angel entered at the rose-hung gate,
 With skirts pale blue, a brow to quench the pearl,
 Hair soft and blonde as infants', plenteous
 As hers who made the wavy lengths once speak
 The grateful worship of a rescued soul.
 The angel paused before the open door
 To give good day. "Come in," said Agatha.
 I followed close, and watched and listened there.
 The angel was a lady, noble, young,
 Taught in all seemliness that fits a court,
 All lore that shapes the mind to delicate use,
 Yet quiet, lowly, as a meek white dove
 That with its presence teaches gentleness.
 Men called her Countess Linda; little girls
 In Freiburg town, orphans whom she caressed,
 Said Mamma Linda: yet her years were few,
 Her outward beauties all in budding time,
 Her virtues the aroma of the plant
 That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,
 And waits not ripeness.



"Fair Countess Linda sat upon the bench
Close fronting the old knitter."— Page 275.

Eliot—Agatha.

“Sit,” said Agatha.

Her cousins were at work in neighboring homes
But yet she was not lonely; all things round
Seemed filled with noiseless yet responsive life,
As of a child at breast that gently clings:
Not sunlight only or the breathing flowers
Or the swift shadows of the birds and bees,
But all the household goods, which, polished fair
By hands that cherished them for service done,
Shone as with glad content. The wooden beams
Dark and yet friendly, easy to be reached,
Bore three white crosses for a speaking sign;
The walls had little pictures hung a-row,
Telling the stories of Saint Ursula,
And Saint Elizabeth, the lowly queen;
And on the bench that served for table too,
Skirting the wall to save the narrow space,
There lay the Catholic books, inherited
From those old times when printing still was young
With stout-limbed promise, like a sturdy boy.
And in the farthest corner stood the bed
Where o'er the pillow hung two pictures wreathed
With fresh-plucked ivy: one the Virgin's death,
And one her flowering tomb, while high above
She smiling bends and lets her girdle down
For ladder to the soul that cannot trust
In life which outlasts burial. Agatha
Sat at her knitting, aged, upright, slim,
And spoke her welcome with mild dignity.
She kept the company of kings and queens
And mitred saints who sat below the feet
Of Francis with the ragged frock and wounds;
And Rank for her meant Duty, various,
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.
Command was service; humblest service done
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

Fair Countess Linda sat upon the bench,
Close fronting the old knitter, and they talked
With sweet antiphony of young and old.

AGATHA.

You like our valley, lady? I am glad
 You thought it well to come again. But rest—
 The walk is long from Master Michael's inn.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Yes, but no walk is prettier.

AGATHA.

It is true:
 There lacks no blessing here, the waters all
 Have virtues like the garments of the Lord,
 And heal much sickness; then, the crops and cows
 Flourish past speaking, and the garden flowers,
 Pink, blue, and purple, 'tis a joy to see
 How they yield honey for the singing bees.
 I would the whole world were as good a home.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And you are well off, Agatha?—your friends
 Left you a certain bread: is it not so?

AGATHA.

Not so at all, dear lady. I had nought,
 Was a poor orphan; but I came to tend
 Here in this house, an old afflicted pair,
 Who wore out slowly; and the last who died,
 Full thirty years ago, left me this roof
 And all the household stuff. It was great wealth;
 And so I had a home for Kate and Nell.

COUNTESS LINDA.

But how, then, have you earned your daily bread
 These thirty years?

AGATHA.

O, that is easy earning.

We help the neighbors, and our bit and sup
 Is never failing: they have work for us
 In house and field, all sorts of odds and ends,
 Patching and mending, turning o'er the hay,
 Holding sick children,—there is always work;
 And they are very good,—the neighbors are:
 Weigh not our bits of work with weight and scale,
 But glad themselves with giving us good shares
 Of meat and drink; and in the big farm-house
 When cloth comes home from weaving, the good wife
 Cuts me a piece,—this very gown,—and says:
 “Here, Agatha, you old maid, you have time
 To pray for Hans who is gone soldiering:
 The saints might help him, and they have much to do,
 'Twere well they were besought to think of him.”
 She spoke half jesting, but I pray, I pray
 For poor young Hans. I take it much to heart
 That other people are worse off than I,—
 I ease my soul with praying for them all.

COUNTESS LINDA.

That is your way of singing, Agatha;
 Just as the nightingales pour forth sad songs,
 And when they reach men's ears they make men's hearts
 Feel the more kindly.

AGATHA.

Nay, I cannot sing:
 My voice is hoarse, and oft I think my prayers
 Are foolish, feeble things; for Christ is good
 Whether I pray or not,—the Virgin's heart
 Is kinder far than mine; and then I stop
 And feel I can do nought toward helping men,
 Till out it comes, like tears that will not hold,
 And I must pray again for all the world.

'Tis good to me,—I mean the neighbors are:
To Kate and Nell too. I have money saved
To go on pilgrimage the second time.

COUNTESS LINDA.

And do you mean to go on pilgrimage
With all your years to carry, Agatha?

AGATHA.

The years are light, dear lady: 'tis my sins
Are heavier than I would. And I shall go
All the way to Einsiedeln with that load:
I need to work it off.

COUNTESS LINDA.

What sort of sins,
Dear Agatha? I think they must be small.

AGATHA.

Nay, but they may be greater than I know;
'Tis but dim light I see by. So I try
All ways I know of to be cleansed and pure.
I would not sink where evil spirits are.
There's perfect goodness somewhere: so I strive.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You were the better for that pilgrimage
You made before? The shrine is beautiful;
And then you saw fresh country all the way.

AGATHA.

Yes, that is true. And ever since that time
The world seems greater, and the Holy Church
More wonderful. The blessed pictures all,
The heavenly images with books and wings,
Are company to me through the day and night.
The time! the time! It never seemed far back,

Only to father's father and his kin
 That lived before him. But the time stretched out
 After that pilgrimage: I seemed to see
 Far back, and yet I knew time lay behind,
 As there are countries lying still behind
 The highest mountains, there in Switzerland.
 O, it is great to go on pilgrimage!

COUNTESS LINDA.

Perhaps some neighbors will be pilgrims too,
 And you can start together in a band.

AGATHA.

Not from these hills: people are busy here,
 The beasts want tendance. One who is not missed
 Can go and pray for others who must work.
 I owe it to all neighbors, young and old;
 For they are good past thinking,—lads and girls
 Given to mischief, merry naughtiness,
 Quiet it, as the hedgehogs smooth their spines,
 For fear of hurting poor old Agatha.
 'Tis pretty: why, the cherubs in the sky
 Look young and merry, and the angels play
 On citherns, lutes, and all sweet instruments.
 I would have young things merry. See the Lord!
 A little baby playing with the birds;
 And how the Blessed Mother smiles at him.

COUNTESS LINDA.

I think you are too happy, Agatha,
 To care for heaven. Earth contents you well.

AGATHA.

Nay, nay, I shall be called, and I shall go
 Right willingly. I shall get helpless, blind,
 Be like an old stalk to be plucked away:
 The garden must be cleared for young spring plants.

'Tis home beyond the grave, the most are there,
 All those we pray to, all the Church's lights,—
 And poor old souls are welcome in their rags:
 One sees it by the pictures. Good Saint Ann,
 The Virgin's mother, she is very old,
 And had her troubles with her husband too.
 Poor Kate and Nell are younger far than I,
 But they will have this roof to cover them.
 I shall go willingly; and willingness
 Makes the yoke easy and the burden light.

COUNTESS LINDA.

When you go southward in your pilgrimage,
 Come to see me in Freiburg, Agatha.
 Where you have friends you should not go to inns.

AGATHA.

Yes, I will gladly come to see you, lady.
 And you will give me sweet hay for a bed,
 And in the morning I shall wake betimes
 And start when all the birds begin to sing.

COUNTESS LINDA.

You wear your smart clothes on the pilgrimage,
 Such pretty clothes as all the women here
 Keep by them for their best: a velvet cap
 And collar golden-broidered? They look well
 On old and young alike.

AGATHA.

Nay, I have none,—
 Never had better clothes than these you see.
 Good clothes are pretty, but one sees them best
 When others wear them, and I somehow thought
 'Twas not worth while. I had so many things
 More than some neighbors, I was partly shy

Of wearing better clothes than they, and now
 I am so old and custom is so strong
 'Twould hurt me sore to put on finery.

COUNTESS LINDA.

Your gray hair is a crown, dear Agatha.
 Shake hands; good-bye. The sun is going down,
 And I must see the glory from the hill.

I stayed among those hills; and oft heard more
 Of Agatha. I liked to hear her name,
 As that of one half grandame and half saint,
 Uttered with reverent playfulness. The lads
 And younger men all called her mother, aunt,
 Or granny, with their pet diminutives,
 And bade their lasses and their brides behave
 Right well to one who surely made a link
 'Twixt faulty folk and God by loving both:
 Not one but counted service done by her,
 Asking no pay save just her daily bread.
 At feasts and weddings, when they passed in groups
 Along the vale, and the good country wine,
 Being vocal in them, made them quire along
 In quaintly mingled mirth and piety,
 They fain must jest and play some friendly trick
 On three old maids; but when the moment came
 Always they baited breath and made their sport
 Gentle as feather-stroke, that Agatha
 Might like the waking for the love it showed.
 Their song made happy music 'mid the hills,
 For nature tuned their race to harmony,
 And poet Hans, the tailor, wrote them songs
 That grew from out their life, as crocuses
 From out the meadow's moistness. 'Twas his song
 They oft sang, wending homeward from a feast,—
 The song I give you. It brings in, you see,
 Their gentle jesting with the three old maids.

Midnight by the chapel bell!

Homeward, homeward all, farewell!

I with you, and you with me,
Miles are short with company.

*Heart of Mary, bless the way,
Keep us all by night and day!*

Moon and stars at feast with night
Now have drunk their fill of light.
Home they hurry, making time
Trot apace, like merry rhyme.

*Heart of Mary, mystic rose,
Send us all a sweet repose!*

Swiftly through the wood down hill,
Run till you can hear the mill.
Toni's ghost is wandering now,
Shaped just like a snow-white cow.

*Heart of Mary, morning star,
Ward off danger, near or far!*

Toni's wagon with its load
Fell and crushed him in the road
'Twixt these pine-trees. Never fear!
Give a neighbor's ghost good cheer.

*Holy Babe, our God and Brother,
Bind us fast to one another!*

Hark! the mill is at its work,
Now we pass beyond the murk
To the hollow, where the moon
Makes her silvery afternoon.

*Good Saint Joseph, faithful spouse,
Help us all to keep our vows!*

Here the three old maidens dwell,
Agatha and Kate and Nell;
See, the moon shines on the thatch,
We will go and shake the latch.

*Heart of Mary, cup of joy,
Give us mirth without alloy!*

Hush, 'tis here, no noise, sing low,
Rap with gentle knuckles—so!
Like the little tapping birds,
On the door; then sing good words.
*Meek Saint Anna, old and fair,
Hallow all the snow-white hair!*

Little maidens old, sweet dreams!
Sleep one sleep till morning beams.
Mothers ye, who help us all,
Quick at hand, if ill befall.
*Holy Gabriel, lily-laden,
Bless the aged mother-maiden!*

Forward, mount the broad hillside
Swift as soldiers when they ride.
See the two towers how they peep,
Round-capped giants, o'er the steep.
*Heart of Mary, by thy sorrow,
Keep us upright through the morrow!*

Now they rise quite suddenly
Like a man from bended knee,
Now Saint Märgen is in sight,
Here the roads branch off—good night!
*Heart of Mary, by thy grace,
Give us with the saints a place!*

1868.

ARMGART.

SCENE I.

A Salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To FRÄULEIN WALPURGA, who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters GRAF DORNBERG at the opposite door in a travelling dress.

GRAF.

Good morning, Fräulein!

WALPURGA.

What, so soon returned?
I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

GRAF.

But now arrived! You see my travelling dress.
I hurried from the panting, roaring steam
Like any courier of embassy
Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

WALPURGA.

You know that Armgart sings to-night?

GRAF.

Has sung!

'Tis close on half-past nine. The *Orpheus*
 Lasts not so long. Her spirits—were they high?
 Was Leo confident?

WALPURGA.

He only feared
 Some tameness at beginning. Let the house
 Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

GRAF.

And Armgart?

WALPURGA.

She was stiller than her wont.
 But once, at some such trivial word of mine,
 As that the highest prize might yet be won
 By her who took the second—she was roused.
 "For me," she said, "I triumph or I fail.
 I never strove for any second prize."

GRAF.

Poor human-hearted singing-bird! She bears
 Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,
 And nought to still it with but quivering song!

WALPURGA.

I had not for the world been there to-night:
 Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
 Than any reasonable hope can warm.

GRAF.

You have a rare affection for your cousin;
 As tender as a sister's.

WALPURGA.

Nay, I fear
 My love is little more than what I felt
 For happy stories when I was a child.
 She fills my life that would be empty else,
 And lifts my nought to value by her side.

GRAF.

She is reason good enough, or seems to be,
 Why all were born whose being ministers
 To her completeness. Is it most her voice
 Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
 Informing each old strain with some new grace
 Which takes our sense like any natural good?
 Or most her spiritual energy
 That sweeps us in the current of her song?

WALPURGA.

I know not. Loosing either, we should lose
 That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,
 She often wonders what her life had been
 Without that voice for channel to her soul.
 She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs—
 Made her a Mænad—made her snatch a brand
 And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
 In crashing roaring flames through half a land,
 Leaving her still and patient for a while.
 "Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess—
 "The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
 I carry my revenges in my throat;
 I love in singing, and am loved again."

GRAF.

Mere mood! I cannot yet believe it more.
 Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
 But only for a while. Her nature hides
 One half its treasures by its very wealth,
 Taxing the hours to show it.



“ Place for the Queen of Song.”—Page 287.

Eliot—Armgar.

WALPURGA.

Hark! she comes.

Enter LEO with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for ARMGART, who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.

LEO.

Place for the queen of song!

GRAF (*advancing toward ARMGART, who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair*).

A triumph, then.

You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMGART.

O kind! you hastened your return for me.
I would you had been there to hear me sing!
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She has found
This night the region where her rapture breathes—
Pouring her passion on the air made live
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo, tell them
How I outsang your hope and made you cry
Because Gluck could not hear me. That was folly!
He sang, not listened: every linkèd note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.
Give me the wreath.

[*She crowns the bust of GLUCK.*

LEO (*sardonically*).

Ay, ay, but mark you this:
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!

ARMGART.

You were wrong—
 Dear Leo, you were wrong: the house was held
 As if a storm were listening with delight
 And hushed its thunder.

LEO.

Will you ask the house
 To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus* then,
 And sing in farces grown to operas,
 Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
 Is tickled with melodic impudence:
 Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
 Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
 And set the splendid compass of your voice
 To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
 To be an artist—lift your audience
 To see your vision, not trick forth a show
 To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

ARMGART (*taking up LEO's hand, and kissing it*).

Pardon, good Leo, I am penitent.
 I will do penance: sing a hundred trills
 Into a deep-dug grave, then burying them
 As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
 Of naughty exultation. O I trilled
 At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
 Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO.

I stop my ears.
 Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
 Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

GRAF.

Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
 The double drama: how the expectant house
 Took the first notes.

WALPURGA (*turning from her occupation of decking the room with the flowers*).

Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.
Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

LEO.

Not a sound.

She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see nought but what no man saw.
'Twas famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrient
Had done it better. But your blessed public
Had never any judgment in cold blood—
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.

ARMGART (*scornfully*).

I knew that!
The women whispered, "Not a pretty face!"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of limb:
She bears the chiton."—It were all the same
Were I the Virgin Mother and my stage
The opening heavens at the Judgment-day:
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the price
Of such a woman in the social mart.
What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong?

LEO.

Peace, now, peace!
I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of paraphrase, my sober tune
Made bass to rambling trebles, showering down
In endless demi-semi-quavers.

ARMGART (*taking a bon-bon from the table, uplifting it before putting it into her mouth, and turning away.*)

Mum!

GRAF.

Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the blame.

WALPURGA.

You first, dear Leo—what you saw and heard;
Then Armgart—she must tell us what she felt.

LEO.

Well! The first notes came clearly firmly forth.
And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
As if she had been new-created there
And found her voice which found a melody.
The minx! Gluck had not written, nor I taught:
Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
The silence tremble now, now poise itself
With added weight of feeling, till at last
Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
Till expectation kept it pent awhile
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! He was changed:
My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
Backward the rising tear.

ARMGART (*advancing, but then turning away, as if to check her speech*).

I was a bride
As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO.

Ay, my lady,
That moment will not come again: applause
May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!
(*Snaps his fingers.*)

Music has sounds for it—I know no words.
I felt it once myself when they performed
My overture to Sintram. Well! 'tis strange,
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMGART (*turning quickly*).

Oh, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls,
And when full Being comes must call on pain
To lend it liberal space.

WALPURGA.

I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.

LEO.

No, 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I thank the artist's star,
His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame toward climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.

ARMGART (*her hand on LEO's arm*).

Now, now, confess the truth:
I sang still better to the very end—

All save the trill; I give that up to you,
 To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
 Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
 That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO (*shaking his finger*).

I was raving.

ARMGART.

I am not glad with that mean vanity
 Which knows no good beyond its appetite
 Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad,
 Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
 Glad of the proof that I myself have part
 In what I worship! At the last applause—
 Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
 The handkerchiefs and many-colored flowers,
 Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
 Think you I felt myself a *prima donna*?
 No, but a happy spiritual star
 Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
 Of light in Paradise, whose only self
 Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,
 Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
 With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO (*with a shrug*).

I thought it was a *prima donna* came
 Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
 To find the bouquet from the royal box
 Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
 A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,
 Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
 Ambition has five senses, and a self
 That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
 Plump down from ecstasy.

ARMGART.

Own it? why not?

Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
 Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
 I sing to living men and my effect
 Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
 Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
 Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
 That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
 Before I sink to winter.

GRAF.

Ecstasies

Are short—most happily! We should but lose
 Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
 Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose,
 She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
 Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
 Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
 Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

ARMGART (*taking out the gem and looking at it*).

This little star! I would it were the seed
 Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
 Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
 At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
 From splendors which flash out the glow I make,
 And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
 Of half a Continent? No, may it come,
 That splendor! May the day be near when men
 Think much to let my horses draw me home,
 And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
 Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
 Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
 Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
 In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!
 And blasphemy besides. For what is fame

But the benignant strength of One, transformed
 To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
 As necessary breathing of such joy;
 And may they come to me!

GRAF.

The auguries
 Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
 To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
 As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
 Or has the taste of fame already turned
 The Woman to a Muse . . .

LEO (*going to the table*).

Who needs no supper.
 I am her priest, ready to eat her share
 Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALPURGA.

Armgart, come.
 Graf, will you come?

GRAF.

Thanks, I play trunt here,
 And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
 But will the Muse receive a votary
 At any hour to-morrow?

ARMGART.

Any hour
 After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II.

The same Salon, morning. ARMGART seated, in her bonnet and walking dress. The GRAF standing near her against the piano.

GRAF.

Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so versatile, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said—

ARMGART.

The truth, I hope: he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It lives in wholeness if it live at all,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF.

He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.
He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus,

Serene negation has free gift of all,
 Panting achievement struggles, is denied,
 Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgart?
 Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through—
 I think this sarcasm came from out its core
 Of bitter irony.

ARMGART.

It is the truth
 Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
 Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.
 The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
 Using my name to blight another's deed.
 I sing for love of song and that renown
 Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
 Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
 Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.
 I cannot bear to think what life would be
 With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims
 Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,
 A self sunk down to look with level eyes
 At low achievement, doomed from day to day
 To distaste of its consciousness. But I—

GRAF.

Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.
 And I too glory in this issue; yet,
 The public verdict has no potency
 To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:
 My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
 If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
 And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
 Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
 With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
 Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARMGART (*rising*).

Oh, you are good! But why will you rehearse
 The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes

Explore the secrets of the rubbish-heap?
 I hate your epigrams and pointed saws
 Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
 Confess your friend was shallow.

GRAF.

I confess

Life is not rounded in an epigram,
 And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
 I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
 That high success has terrors when achieved—
 Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
 Hangs perilous on slight observances:
 Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
 Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
 Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
 You said you dared not think what life had been
 Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
 How you will bear the poise of eminence
 With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
 As an unchecked and glorious career,
 'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
 You bear to excellence, the very fate
 Of human powers, which tread at every step
 On possible verges.

ARMGART.

I accept the peril.

I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
 Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
 I am an artist as you are a noble:
 I ought to bear the burden of my rank.

GRAF.

Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares
 To catch the mind with seeming argument—
 Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.

Men rise the higher as their task is high,
 The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
 Lies in the fulness of her womanhood;
 Therein alone she is royal.

ARMGART.

Yes, I know
 The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
 Shall be that all superlatives on earth
 Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
 To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
 To do aught best save pure subservience:
 Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
 Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice
 Such as she only gives a woman child,
 Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
 That sense transcendent which can taste the joy -
 Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
 For such achievement, needed excellence,
 As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
 Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
 "'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
 She is a woman"—and then to add,
 "Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
 Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
 I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.

GRAF.

No!
 How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
 The magic of your nature-given art
 As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
 Which, being to my choice the best, must find
 The best of utterance. But this I say:
 Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
 A strain of lyric passion for a life
 Which in the spending is a chronicle
 With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me;

Ambition exquisite as yours which soars
 Toward something quintessential you call fame,
 Is not robust enough for this gross world
 Whose fame is dense with false and foolish breath.
 Ardor, a-twin with nice refining thought,
 Prepares a double pain. Pain had been saved,
 Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
 As woman only, holding all your art
 As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
 Concentring your power in home delights
 Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMGART.

What! leave the opera with my part ill-sung
 While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
 Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
 My husband reading news? Let the world hear
 My music only in his morning speech
 Less stammering than most honorable men's?
 No, tell me that my song is poor, my art
 The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—
 That were fit proem to your argument.
 Till then, I am an artist by my birth—
 By the same warrant that I am a woman:
 Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
 Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
 Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
 Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
 Oh, I am happy! The great masters write
 For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
 I need not crush myself within a mould
 Of theory called Nature: I have room
 To breathe and grow unstunted.

GRAF.

Armgart, hear me.

I meant not that our talk should hurry on
 To such collision. Foresight of the ills

Thick shadowing your path, drew on my speech
 Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
 A great renunciation, but not this
 Toward which my words at first perversely strayed,
 As if in memory of their earlier suit,
 Forgetful
 Armgart, do you remember too? the suit
 Had but postponement, was not quite disdained—
 Was told to wait and learn—what it has learned—
 A more submissive speech.

ARMGART (*with some agitation*).

Then it forgot

Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
 'Twas not to speak save to the artist crowned,
 Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.

GRAF.

Nor will it, Armgart. I come not to seek
 Any renunciation save the wife's,
 Which turns away from other possible love
 Future and worthier, to take his love
 Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
 Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
 May come without suspicion now to seek
 Armgart applauded.

ARMGART (*turning toward him*).

Yes, without suspicion

Of aught save what consists with faithfulness
 In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf—
 I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me—
 To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
 Grasps but a living present which may grow
 Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
 And have a high career; just now you said
 'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks

Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be
 More than a husband, but could not rejoice
 That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
 You choosing me with much persistency
 As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
 Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
 To share renunciation or demand it.
 Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
 As in a nation's need both man and wife
 Do public services, or one of us
 Must yield that something else for which each lives
 Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
 That premiss of superior claims perforce
 Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."

GRAF.

But if I say I have considered this
 With strict prevision, counted all the cost
 Which that great good of loving you demands—
 Questioned my stores of patience, half resolved
 To live resigned without a bliss whose threat
 Touched you as well as me—and finally,
 With impetus of undivided will
 Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;
 Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
 My love will give your freedom"—then your words
 Are hard accusal.

ARMGART.

Well, I accuse myself.
 My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF.

Again—my will?

ARMGART.

Oh, your unspoken will.
 Your silent tolerance would torture me,

And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.

GRAF.

Then I am the man
Whom you would love?

ARMGART.

Whom I refuse to love!
No; I will live alone and pour my pain
With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF.

Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love—as union
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends
Formal agreement.

ARMGART.

It lies deep enough
To chafe the union. If many a man
Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,
Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears
Are little serpents biting at his heel,—
How shall a woman keep her steadfastness
Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes
Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.

GRAF.

Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will.

ARMGART.

She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will.
The man who marries me must wed my Art—
Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF.

The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as nought with you against his love.

ARMGART.

Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF.

Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him?

ARMGART.

You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all good, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, nor any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF.

And happily, for the world.

ARMGART.

Yes, happily.

Let it excuse me that my kind is rare:
Commonness is its own security.

GRAF.

Armgar, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.

ARMGART.

Oh, I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.

GRAF.

May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?

ARMGART.

I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

SCENE III.

A YEAR LATER.

The same Salon. WALPURGA is standing looking toward the
window with an air of uneasiness. DOCTOR GRAHN.

DOCTOR.

Where is my patient, Fräulein?

WALPURGA.

Fled! escaped!

Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?

DOCTOR.

No, no; her throat is cured. I only came
To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?

WALPURGA.

No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,
"The Doctor has a right to my first song."
Her gratitude was full of little plans,
But all were swept away like gathered flowers
By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—
It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale,
Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,
"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none
Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"
Then rushed down-stairs.

DOCTOR (*looking at his watch*).

And this, not long ago?

WALPURGA.

Barely an hour.

DOCTOR.

I will come again,
Returning from Charlottenburg at one.

WALPURGA.

Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.
Are you quite easy?

DOCTOR.

She can take no harm.

'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.

It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;

I had to use strong remedies, but—well!

At one, dear Fräulein, we shall met again.

SCENE IV.

TWO HOURS LATER.

WALPURGA starts up, looking toward the door. ARMGART enters, followed by LEO. She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back toward the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything. WALPURGA casts a questioning terrified look at LEO. He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind ARMGART, who sits like a helpless image, while WALPURGA takes off her hat and mantle.

WALPURGA.

Armgart, dear Armgart (*kneeling and taking her hands*),
only speak to me,

Your poor Walpurga. Oh, your hands are cold.

Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.

(ARMGART looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair, WALPURGA rising and standing near.)

(DOCTOR GRAHN enters.)

DOCTOR.

News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.



“ Armgart, dear Armgart, only speak to me.”—Page 306.

Eliot—Armgart.

ARMGART (*starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*).

Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!
 Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
 And kept me living.
 You never told me that your cruel cures
 Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—
 A lava-mud to crust and bury me,
 Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
 Crying unheard for ever! Oh, your cures
 Are devil's triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
 And keep a hell on the other side your cure
 Where you can see your victim quivering
 Between the teeth of torture—see a soul
 Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
 Once known and gone! (*Turns and sinks back on her
 chair.*)

O misery, misery!
 You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
 After my happy day and wake—not here!
 In some new unremembered world,—not here,
 Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
 Banners all meaningless—exulting words
 Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
 Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCTOR (*after a moment's silence*).

A sudden check has shaken you, poor child!
 All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,
 From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat
 You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo:
 'Tis not such utter loss.

(LEO, *with a shrug, goes quietly out.*)

The freshest bloom
 Merely, has left the fruit; the fruit itself . . .

ARMGART.

Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide
 Away from scorn or pity. Oh, you stand
 And look compassionate now, but when Death came
 With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
 I did not choose to live and have your pity.
 You never told me, never gave me choice
 To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
 Or live what you would make me with your cures—
 A self accursed with consciousness of change,
 A mind that lives in nought but members lopped,
 A power turned to pain—as meaningless
 As letters fallen asunder that once made
 A hymn of rapture. Oh, I had meaning once,
 Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
 The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
 Why should I be, do, think? 'Tis thistle-seed,
 That grows and grows to feed the rubbish-heap.
 Leave me alone!

DOCTOR.

Well, I will come again;
 Send for me when you will, though but to rate me.
 That is medicinal—a letting blood.

ARMGART.

Oh, there is one physician, only one,
 Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
 He comes readily.

DOCTOR (*to WALPURGA*).

One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE V.

ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARMGART.

Walpurga, have you walked this morning?

WALPURGA.

No.

ARMGART.

Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.

WALPURGA.

I will not leave you.

ARMGART.

Will not, at my wish?

WALPURGA.

Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.

ARMGART.

The Doctor gave it you?

It is an anodyne. Put it away.
He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALPURGA (*setting down the glass*).

Then you must see a future in your reach,
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.

ARMGART.

Oh, you intone
That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALPURGA.

No; I would not console you, but rebuke.

ARMGART.

That is more bearable. Forgive me, dear.
Say what you will. But now I want to write.
(*She rises and moves toward a table.*)

WALPURGA.

I say then, you are simply fevered, mad;
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay, on good refused
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours,
Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMGART.

Not me, not me.
He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that All unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. Oh, a man's love!

Think you he loves a woman's inner self
 Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers
 Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
 Within their misformed offspring?

WALPURGA.

But the Graf

Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
 That you should never seek for any fame
 But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
 And therefore you rejected him; but now—

ARMGART.

Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,

(She takes up a hand-mirror.)

Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
 An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl,
 Who, if some meaning flash from out her words,
 Shocks as a disproportioned thing—a Will
 That, like an arm stretch and broken off,
 Has nought to hurl—the torso of a soul.
 I sang him into love of me: my song
 Was consecration, lifted me apart
 From the crowd chiselled like me, sister forms.
 But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
 Was half that I could win fame yet renounce!
 A wife with glory possible absorbed
 Into her husband's actual.

WALPURGA.

For shame!

Armgart, you slander him. What would you say
 If now he came to you and asked again
 That you would be his wife?

ARMGART.

No, and thrice no!
 It would be pitying constancy, not love,
 That brought him to me now. I will not be
 A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
 Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
 If he were generous—I am generous too.

WALPURGA.

Proud, Armgart, but not generous.

ARMGART.

He will not know until—
 Say no more.

WALPURGA.

He knows already.

ARMGART (*quickly*).

Is he come back?

WALPURGA.

Yes, and will soon be here.
 The doctor had twice seen him and would go
 From hence again to see him.

ARMGART.

It is all one.
 Well, he knows.

WALPURGA.

What if he were outside?
 I hear a footstep in the ante-room.

ARMGART (*raising herself and assuming calmness*).

Why let him come, of course. I shall behave
 Like what I am, a common personage
 Who looks for nothing but civility.
 I shall not play the fallen heroine,
 Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
 For a beseeching lover.

WALPURGA.

Some one raps.

(*Goes to the door.*)

A letter—from the Graf.

ARMGART.

Then open it.

(*WALPURGA still offers it.*)

Nay, my head swims. Read it. I cannot see.

(*WALPURGA opens it, reads and pauses.*)

Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.

WALPURGA (*reads in a low, hesitating voice*).

“I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation: who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I cannot depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the Government with business which may be of long duration.”

(*WALPURGA sits down dejectedly.*)

ARMGART (*after a slight shudder, bitterly*).

The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.

He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.

What I like least is that consoling hope—

That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"

Handed me as a cordial for despair.

(*Slowly and dreamily*) Time—what a word to fling as
charity!

Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—

Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them.

(*She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her
mantle round her. WALPURGA leaves the room.*)

Why, this is but beginning. (*WALP. re-enters.*) Kiss me,
dear.

I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.

Say you will never wound me any more

With such cajolery as nurses use

To patients amorous of a crippled life.

Flatter the blind: I see.

WALPURGA.

Well, I was wrong.

In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers merely.

Believe me, I will flatter you no more.

ARMGART.

Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot

As soberly as if it were a tale

Writ by a creeping feuilletonist and called

"The Woman's Lot: a Tale of Everyday":

A middling woman's, to impress the world

With high superfluosness; her thoughts a crop

Of chick-weed errors or of pot-herb facts,

Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.

"Genteel?" "O yes, gives lessons; not so good

As any man's would be, but cheaper far."

"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit

For good society. Poor thing, she sews
 Both late and early, turns and alters all
 To suit the changing mode. Some widower
 Might do well, marrying her; but in these days! . . .
 Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
 By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
 And droschkies in the rain. They print her things
 Often for charity."—Oh, a dog's life!
 A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
 Voted a nuisance! I am going now.

WALPURGA.

Not now, the door is locked!

ARMGART.

Give me the key!

WALPURGA.

Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key:
 She is gone on errands.

ARMGART.

What, you dare to keep me
 Your prisoner?

WALPURGA.

And have I not been yours?
 Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
 Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
 With far-off scorn

ARMGART.

I paint what I must be!
 What is my soul to me without the voice
 That gave it freedom?—gave it one grand touch
 And made it nobly human?—Prisoned now,

Prisoned in all the petty mimeries
 Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world
 As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do nought
 Better than what a million women do—
 Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life
 Beating upon the world without response,
 Beating with passion through an insect's horn
 That moves a millet-seed laboriously
 If I *would* do it!

WALPURGA (*coldly*).

And why should you not?

ARMGART (*turning quickly*).

Because Heaven made me royal—wrought me out
 With subtle finish toward pre-eminence,
 Made every channel of my soul converge
 To one high function, and then flung me down,
 That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.
 An inborn passion gives a rebel's right:
 I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
 Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,
 Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
 Hunger not satisfied but kept alive
 Breathing in languor half a century.
 All the world now is but a rack of threads
 To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
 And basely feigned content, the placid mask
 Of women's misery.

WALPURGA (*indignantly*).

Ay, such a mask
 As the few born like you to easy joy,
 Cradled in privilege, take for natural
 On all the lowly faces that must look
 Upward to you! What revelation now
 Shows you the mask or gives presentiment

Of sadness hidden? You who every day
 These five years saw me limp to wait on you
 And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
 The girl without pretension to be aught,
 A splendid cousin for my happiness:
 To watch the night through when her brain was fired
 With too much gladness—listen, always listen
 To what *she* felt, who having power had right
 To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
 The souls around her with the poured-out flood
 Of what must be ere she were satisfied!
 That was feigned patience, was it? Why not love,
 Love nurtured even with that strength of self
 Which found no room save in another's life?
 Oh, such as I know joy by negatives,
 And all their deepest passion is a pang
 Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
 And meekly live from out the general store
 Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
 Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
 Of natures you call royal, who can live
 In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
 Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMGART (*tremulously*).

Nay, Walpurga,

I did not make a palace of my joy
 To shut the world's truth from me. All my good
 Was that I touched the world and made a part
 In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss;
 It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
 Which pours out day and sees the day is good.
 Now I am fallen dark; I sit in gloom,
 Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth;
 I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
 As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
 Not looking at his face.

WALPURGA.

Oh, I but stand
 As a small symbol for the mighty sum
 Of claims unpaid to needy myriads;
 I think you never set your loss beside
 That mighty deficit. Is your work gone—
 The prouder queenly work that paid itself
 And yet was overpaid with men's applause?
 Are you no longer chartered, privileged,
 But sunk to simple woman's penury,
 To ruthless Nature's chary average—
 Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
 Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
 But what is he who flings his own load off
 And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's right?
 Say rather, the deserter's. Oh, you smiled
 From your clear height on all the million lots
 Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMGART.

I was blind
 With too much happiness: true vision comes
 Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
 This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
 And needing me for comfort in her pang—
 Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALPURGA.

One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
 But your act touches them. We touch afar.
 For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
 Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
 Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?
 But you can find the sufferer you need
 With touch less subtle,

ARMGART.

Who has need of me?

WALPURGA.

Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.

ARMGART.

Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
 You humored all my wishes till to-day,
 When fate has blighted me.

WALPURGA.

You would not hear
 The "chant of consolation": words of hope
 Only embittered you. Then hear the truth—
 A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
 For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:
 "Were she gross-grained she could not be endured."
 A word of truth from her had startled you;
 But you—you claimed the universe; nought less
 Than all existence working in sure tracks
 Toward your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
 A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
 But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
 The seething atoms through the firmament
 Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
 For what is it to you that women, men,
 Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
 Of aught but fellowship? Save that you spurn
 To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
 Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the crowd:
 Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
 Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
 Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
 Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.

ARMGART.

O no! Hark! Some one knocks. Come in!—come in!
(*Enter LEO.*)

LEO.

See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.

ARMGART.

Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone
(*WALPURGA goes out.*)

LEO (*hesitatingly*).

You mean to walk?

ARMGART.

No, I shall stay within.
(*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately. After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to LEO.*)
How old are you?

LEO.

Threescore and five.

ARMGART.

That's old.

I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO (*raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip*).

No!

Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came

That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMGART.

Do you think yours will live when you are dead?

LEO.

Pfui! The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
And found it heady, while my blood was young:
Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"

ARMGART.

Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.

LEO.

Yes, child, yes:
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;
Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMGART.

Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed for ever.
Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense

Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO.

Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage,
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?

ARMGART.

I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only, action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
Glowing into rage, becomes a warring god
And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
Oh, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I declaim?
As monsters write with feet instead of hands.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my frame—and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Good Leo, advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing—what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?

(She pauses with a sob in her voice.)

LEO.

Yes, yes, dear child!
 And it were well, perhaps, to change the place—
 Begin afresh as I did when I left
 Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMGART (*roused by surprise*).

You?

LEO.

Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
 No matter! We must bury our dead joys
 And live above them with a living world.
 But whither, think you, you would like to go?

ARMGART.

To Freiburg.

LEO.

In the Breisgau? And why there?
 It is too small.

ARMGART.

Walpurga was born there,
 And loves the place. She quitted it for me
 These five years past. Now I will take her there.
 Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO.

Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
 Another's living child.

ARMGART.

Oh, it is hard
 To take the little corpse, and lay it low,

And say, "None misses it but me."
She sings . . .
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO.

Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

1870.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

Six hundred years ago, in Dante's time,
Before his cheek was furrowed by deep rhyme—
When Europe fed afresh from Eastern story,
Was like a garden tangled with the glory
Of flowers hand-planted and of flowers air-sown,
Climbing and trailing, budding and full-blown,
Where purple bells are tossed amid pink stars,
And springing blades, green troops in innocent wars,
Crowd every shady spot of teeming earth,
Making invisible motion visible birth—
Six hundred years ago, Palermo town
Kept holiday. A deed of great renown,
A high revenge, had freed it from the yoke
Of hated Frenchmen, and from Calpe's rock
To where the Bosphorus caught the earlier sun.
'Twas told that Pedro, King of Aragon,
Was welcomed master of all Sicily,
A royal knight, supreme as kings should be
In strength and gentleness that make high chivalry.

Spain was the favorite home of knightly grace,
Where generous men rode steeds of generous race;
Both Spanish, yet half Arab, both inspired
By mutual spirit, that each motion fired
With beauteous response, like minstrelsy
Afresh fulfilling fresh expectancy.
So when Palermo made high festival,
The joy of matrons and of maidens all
Was the mock terror of the tournament,
Where safety, with the glimpse of danger blent,

Took exaltation as from epic song,
 Which greatly tells the pains that to great life belong.
 And in all eyes King Pedro was the king
 Of cavaliers: as in a full-gemmed ring
 The largest ruby, or as that bright star
 Whose shining shows us where the Hyads are.
 His the best jennet, and he sat it best;
 His weapon, whether tilting or in rest,
 Was worthiest watching, and his face once seen
 Gave to the promise of his royal mien
 Such rich fulfilment as the opened eyes
 Of a loved sleeper, or the long-watched rise
 Of vernal day, whose joy o'er stream and meadow flies.

But of the maiden forms that thick enwreathed
 The broad piazza and sweet witchery breathed,
 With innocent faces budding all arow
 From balconies and windows high and low,
 Who was it felt the deep mysterious glow,
 The impregnation with supernal fire
 Of young ideal love—transformed desire,
 Whose passion is but worship of that Best
 Taught by the many-mingled creed of each young breast?
 'Twas gentle Lisa, of no noble line,
 Child of Bernardo, a rich Florentine,
 Who from his merchant-city hither came
 To trade in drugs; yet kept an honest fame,
 And had the virtue not to try and sell
 Drugs that had none. He loved his riches well,
 But loved them chiefly for his Lisa's sake,
 Whom with a father's care he sought to make
 The bride of some true honorable man:—
 Of Perdicone (so the rumor ran),
 Whose birth was higher than his fortunes were;
 For still your trader likes a mixture fair
 Of blood that hurries to some higher strain
 Than reckoning money's loss and money's gain.
 And of such mixture good may surely come:
 Lords' scions so may learn to cast a sum,

A trader's grandson bear a well-set head,
And have less conscious manners, better bred;
Nor, when he tries to be polite, be rude instead.

'Twas Perdicone's friends made overtures
To good Bernardo: so one dame assures
Her neighbor dame who notices the youth
Fixing his eyes on Lisa; and in truth
Eyes that could see her on this summer day
Might find it hard to turn another way.
She had a pensive beauty, yet not sad;
Rather, like minor cadences that glad
The hearts of little birds amid spring boughs;
And oft the trumpet or the joust would rouse
Pulses that gave her cheek a finer glow,
Parting her lips that seemed a mimic bow
By chiselling Love for play in coral wrought,
Then quickened by him with the passionate thought,
The soul that trembled in the lustrous night
Of slow long eyes. Her body was so slight,
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,
And with the angelic choir made symphony;
But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark
Of kinship to her generous mother earth,
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees birth.
She saw not Perdicone; her young mind
Dreamed not that any man had ever pined
For such a little simple maid as she:
She had but dreamed how heavenly it would be
To love some hero noble, beauteous, great,
Who would live stories worthy to narrate,
Like Roland, or the warriors of Troy,
The Cid, or Amadis, or that fair boy
Who conquered everything beneath the sun,
And somehow, some time, died at Babylon
Fighting the Moors. For heroes all were good
And fair as that archangel who withstood
The Evil One, the author of all wrong—

That Evil One who made the French so strong;
 And now the flower of heroes must be he
 Who drove those tyrants from dear Sicily,
 So that her maids might walk to vespers tranquilly.

Young Lisa saw this hero in the king,
 And as wood-lilies that sweet odors bring
 Might dream the light that opes their modest eyne
 Was lily-odored,—and as rites divine,
 Round turf-laid altars, or 'neath roofs of stone,
 Draw sanctity from out the heart alone
 That loves and worships, so the miniature
 Perplexed of her soul's world, all virgin pure,
 Filled with heroic virtues that bright form,
 Raona's royalty, the finished norm
 Of horsemanship—the half of chivalry:
 For how could generous men avengers be,
 Save as God's messengers on coursers fleet?—
 These, scouring earth, made Spain with Syria meet
 In one self world where the same right had sway,
 And good must grow as grew the blessed day.
 No more; great Love his essence had endued
 With Pedro's form, and entering subdued
 The soul of Lisa, fervid and intense,
 Proud in its choice of proud obedience
 To hardship glorified by perfect reverence.

Sweet Lisa homeward carried that dire guest,
 And in her chamber through the hours of rest
 The darkness was alight for her with sheen
 Of arms, and plumèd helm, and bright between
 Their commoner gloss, like the pure living spring
 'Twixt porphyry lips, or living bird's bright wing
 'Twixt golden wires, the glances of the king
 Flashed on her soul, and waked vibrations there
 Of known delights love-mixed to new and rare:
 The impalpable dream was turned to breathing flesh,
 Chill thought of summer to the warm close mesh
 Of sunbeams held between the citron-leaves,

Clothing her life of life. Oh, she believes
 That she could be content if he but knew
 (Her poor small self could claim no other due)
 How Lisa's lowly love had highest reach
 Of wingèd passion, whereto wingèd speech
 Would be scorched remnants left by mounting flame.
 Though, had she such lame message, were it blame
 To tell what greatness dwelt in her, what rank
 She held in loving? Modest maidens shrank
 From telling love that fed on selfish hope;
 But love, as hopeless as the shattering song
 Wailed for loved beings who have joined the throng
 Of mighty dead ones. . . . Nay, but she was weak—
 Knew only prayers and ballads—could not speak
 With eloquence save what dumb creatures have,
 That with small cries and touches small boons crave.
 She watched all day that she might see him pass
 With knights and ladies; but she said, "Alas!"
 Though he should see me, it were all as one
 He saw a pigeon sitting on the stone
 Of wall or balcony: some colored spot
 His eye just sees, his mind regardeth not.
 I have no music-touch that could bring nigh
 My love to his soul's hearing. I shall die,
 And he will never know who Lisa was—
 The trader's child, whose soaring spirit rose
 As hedge-born aloe-flowers that rarest years disclose.

"For were I now a fair deep-breasted queen
 A-horseback, with blonde hair, and tunic green
 Gold-bordered, like Costanza, I should need
 No change within to make me queenly there;
 For they the royal-hearted women are
 Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace
 For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,
 Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,
 The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.
 My love is such, it cannot choose but soar
 Up to the highest; yet for evermore,

Though I were happy, throned beside the king,
 I should be tender to each little thing
 With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell
 Its inward pang, and I would soothe it well
 With tender touch and with a low soft moan
 For company: my dumb love-pang is lone,
 Prisoned as topaz-beam within a rough-garbed stone."

So, inward-wailing, Lisa passed her days.
 Each night the August moon with changing phase
 Looked broader, harder on her unchanged pain;
 Each noon the heat lay heavier again
 On her despair; until her body frail
 Shrank like the snow that watchers in the vale
 See narrowed on the height each summer morn;
 While her dark glance burnt larger, more forlorn,
 As if the soul within her all on fire
 Made of her being one swift funeral pyre.
 Father and mother saw with sad dismay
 The meaning of their riches melt away:
 For without Lisa what would sequins buy?
 What wish were left if Lisa were to die?
 Through her they cared for summers still to come,
 Else they would be as ghosts without a home
 In any flesh that could feel glad desire.
 They pay the best physicians, never tire
 Of seeking what will soothe her, promising
 That aught she longed for, though it were a thing
 Hard to be come at as the Indian snow,
 Or roses that on alpine summits blow—
 It should be hers. She answers with low voice,
 She longs for death alone—death is her choice;
 Death is the King who never did think scorn,
 But rescues every meanest soul to sorrow born.

Yet one day, as they bent above her bed
 And watched her brief sleep, her drooping head
 Turned gently, as the thirsty flowers that feel
 Some moist revival through their petals steal,

And little flutterings of her lids and lips
 Told of such dreamy joy as sometimes dips
 A skyey shadow in the mind's poor pool.
 She oped her eyes, and turned their dark gems full
 Upon her father, as in utterance dumb
 Of some new prayer that in her sleep had come.
 "What is it, Lisa?" "Father, I would see
 Minuccio, the great singer; bring him me."
 For always, night and day, her unstilled thought,
 Wandering all o'er its little world, had sought
 How she could reach, by some soft pleading touch,
 King Pedro's soul, that she who loved so much
 Dying, might have a place within his mind—
 A little grave which he would sometimes find
 And plant some flower on it—some thought, some mem-
 ory kind.

Till in her dream she saw Minuccio
 Touching his viola, and chanting low
 A strain that, falling on her brokenly,
 Seemed blossoms lightly blown from off a tree,
 Each burdened with a word that was a scent—
 Raona, Lisa, love, death, tournament;
 Then in her dream she said, "He sings of me—
 Might be my messenger; ah, now I see
 The king is listening—" Then she awoke,
 And, missing her dear dream, that new-born longing
 spoke.

She longed for music: that was natural;
 Physicians said it was medicinal;
 The humors might be schooled by true consent
 Of a fine tenor and fine instrument;
 In brief, good music, mixed with doctor's stuff,
 Apollo with Asklepios—enough!
 Minuccio, entreated, gladly came.
 (He was a singer of most gentle fame—
 A noble, kindly spirit, not elate
 That he was famous, but that song was great—
 Would sing as finely to this suffering child

As at the court where princes on him smiled.)
 Gently he entered and sat down by her,
 Asking what sort of strain she would prefer—
 The voice alone, or voice with viol wed;
 Then, when she chose the last, he preluded
 With magic hand, that summoned from the strings
 Aërial spirits, rare yet vibrant wings
 That fanned the pulses of his listener,
 And waked each sleeping sense with blissful stir.
 Her cheek already showed a slow faint blush,
 But soon the voice, in pure full liquid rush,
 Made all the passion, that till now she felt,
 Seem but cool waters that in warmer melt.
 Finished the song, she prayed to be alone
 With kind Minuccio; for her faith had grown
 To trust him as if missioned like a priest
 With some high grace, that when his singing ceased
 Still made him wiser, more magnanimous
 Than common men who had no genius.

So laying her small hand within his palm,
 She told him how that secret glorious harm
 Of loftiest loving had befallen her;
 That death, her only hope, most bitter were,
 If when she died her love must perish too
 As songs unsung and thoughts unspoken do,
 Which else might live within another breast.
 She said, "Minuccio, the grave were rest,
 If I were sure, that lying cold and lone,
 My love, my best of life, had safely flown
 And nestled in the bosom of the king;
 See, 'tis a small weak bird, with unfledged wing.
 But you will carry it for me secretly,
 And bear it to the king, then come to me
 And tell me it is safe, and I shall go
 Content, knowing that he I love my love doth know."

Then she wept silently, but each large tear
 Made pleading music to the inward ear

Of good Minuccio. "Lisa, trust in me,"
 He said, and kissed her fingers loyally;
 "It is sweet law to me to do your will,
 And ere the sun his round shall thrice fulfil,
 I hope to bring you news of such rare skill
 As amulets have, that aches in trusting bosoms still."

He needed not to pause and first devise
 How he should tell the king; for in nowise
 Were such love-message worthily bested
 Save in fine verse by music renderèd.
 He sought a poet-friend, a Siennese,
 And "Mico, mine," he said, "full oft to please
 Thy whim of sadness I have sung thee strains
 To make thee weep in verse: now pay my pains,
 And write me a canzòn divinely sad,
 Sinlessly passionate and meekly mad
 With young despair, speaking a maiden's heart
 Of fifteen summers, who would fain depart
 From ripening life's new-urgent mystery—
 Love-choice of one too high her love to be—
 But cannot yield her breath till she has poured
 Her strength away in this hot-bleeding word
 Telling the secret of her soul to her soul's lord."

Said Mico, "Nay, that thought is poesy,
 I need but listen as it sings to me.
 Come thou again to-morrow." The third day,
 When linkèd notes had perfected the lay,
 Minuccio had his summons to the court
 To make, as he was wont, the moments short
 Of ceremonious dinner to the king.
 This was the time when he had meant to bring
 Melodious message of young Lisa's love:
 He waited till the air had ceased to move
 To ringing silver, till Falernian wine
 Made quickened sense with quietude combine,
 And then with passionate descant made each ear incline.

*Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,
Laughing at chases vain, a happy child,
Till of thy countenance the alluring terror
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,
From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.*

*O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,
Taking this little isle to thy great sway,
See now, it is the honor of thy throne
That what thou gavest perish not away,
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone
By life that will be for the brief life gone :
Hear, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown—
Since every king is vassal unto thee,
My heart's lord needs must listen loyally—
O tell him I am waiting for my Death !*

*Tell him, for that he hath such royal power
'Twere hard for him to think how small a thing,
How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower
For one like me, the bride of that pale king
Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.
Go to my lord, and to his memory bring
That happy birthday of my sorrowing
When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,
Entering the bannered lists : 'twas then I had
The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.*

*Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,
No more than any little knot of thyme
That he with careless foot may often tread ;
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime
And cleave to things most high and hallowèd,
As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,
My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,
More blissful than if mine, in being his :
So shall I live in him and rest in Death.*

The strain was new. It seemed a pleading cry,
And yet a rounded perfect melody,
Making grief beauteous as the tear-filled eyes
Of little child at little miseries.
Trembling at first, then swelling as it rose,
Like rising light that broad and broader grows,
It filled the hall, and so possessed the air
That not one breathing soul was present there,
Though dullest, slowest, but was quivering
In music's grasp, and forced to hear her sing.
But most such sweet compulsion took the mood
Of Pedro (tired of doing what he would).
Whether the words which that strange meaning bore
Were but the poet's feigning or aught more,
Was bounden question, since their aim must be
At some imagined or true royalty.
He called Minuccio and bade him tell
What poet of the day had writ so well;
For though they came behind all former rhymes,
The verses were not bad for these poor times.
"Monsignor, they are only three days old,"
Minuccio said; "but it must not be told
How this song grew, save to your royal ear."
Eager, the king withdrew where none was near,
And gave close audience to Minuccio,
Who meetly told that love-tale meet to know.
The king had features pliant to confess
The presence of a manly tenderness—
Son, father, brother, lover, blent in one,
In fine harmonic exaltation—
The spirit of religious chivalry.
He listened, and Minuccio could see
The tender, generous admiration spread
O'er all his face, and glorify his head
With royalty that would have kept its rank
Though his brocaded robes to tatters shrank.
He answered without pause, "So sweet a maid,
In nature's own insignia arrayed,
Though she were come of unmixed trading blood

That sold and bartered ever since the Flood,
 Would have the self-contained and single worth
 Of radiant jewels born in darksome earth.
 Raona were a shame to Sicily,
 Letting such love and tears unhonored be:
 Hasten, Minuccio, tell her that the king
 To-day will surely visit her when vespers ring."

Joyful, Minuccio bore the joyous word,
 And told at full, while none but Lisa heard,
 How each thing had befallen, sang the song,
 And like a patient nurse who would prolong
 All means of soothing, dwelt upon each tone,
 Each look, with which the mighty Aragon
 Marked the high worth his royal heart assigned
 To that dear place he held in Lisa's mind.
 She listened till the draughts of pure content
 Through all her limbs like some new being went—
 Life, not recovered, but untried before,
 From out the growing world's unmeasured store
 Of fuller, better, more divinely mixed.
 'Twas glad reversed: she had so firmly fixed
 To die, already seemed to fall a veil
 Shrouding the inner glow from light of senses pale.

Her parents wondering see her half arise—
 Wondering, rejoicing, see her long dark eyes
 Brimful with clearness, not of 'scaping tears,
 But of some light ethereal that enspheres
 Their orbs with calm, some vision newly learnt
 Where strangest fires erewhile had blindly burnt.
 She asked to have her soft white robe and band
 And coral ornaments, and with her hand
 She gave her lock's dark length a backward fall,
 Then looked intently in a mirror small,
 And feared her face might perhaps displease the king;
 "In truth," she said, "I am a tiny thing;
 I was too bold to tell what could such visit bring."

Meanwhile the king, revolving in his thought
That virgin passion, was more deeply wrought
To chivalrous pity; and at vesper bell,
With careless mien which hid his purpose well,
Went forth on horseback, and as if by chance
Passing Bernardo's house, he paused to glance
At the fine garden of this wealthy man,
This Tuscan trader turned Palermitan:
But, presently dismounting, chose to walk
Amid the trellises, in gracious talk
With this same trader, deigning even to ask
If he had yet fulfilled the father's task
Of marrying that daughter whose young charms
Himself, betwixt the passages of arms,
Noted admiringly. "Monsignor, no,
She is not married; that were little woe,
Since she has counted barely fifteen years;
But all such hopes of late have turned to fears;
She droops and fades; though for a space quite brief—
Scarce three hours past—she finds some strange relief."
The king avised: "'Twere dole to all of us,
The world should lose a maid so beauteous;
Let me now see her; since I am her liege lord,
Her spirits must wage war with death at my strong word."
In such half-serious playfulness, he wends,
With Lisa's father and two chosen friends,
Up to the chamber where she pillowed sits
Watching the open door, that now admits
A presence as much better than her dreams,
As happiness than any longing seems.
The king advanced, and, with a reverent kiss
Upon her hand, said, "Lady, what is this?
You, whose sweet youth should others' solace be,
Pierce all our hearts, languishing piteously.
We pray you, for the love of us, be cheered,
Nor be too reckless of that life, endeared
To us who know your passing worthiness,
And count your blooming life as part of our life's bliss."
Those words, that touch upon her hand from him

Whom her soul worshipped, as far seraphim
Worship the distant glory, brought some shame
Quivering upon her cheek, yet thrilled her frame
With such deep joy she seemed in paradise,
In wondering gladness, and in dumb surprise
That bliss could be so blissful: then she spoke—
“ Signor, I was too weak to bear the yoke,
The golden yoke of thoughts too great for me;
That was the ground of my infirmity.
But now, I pray your grace to have belief
That I shall soon be well, nor any more cause grief.”

The king alone perceived the covert sense
Of all her words, which made one evidence
With her pure voice and candid loveliness,
That he had lost much honor, honoring less
That message of her passionate distress.
He stayed beside her for a little while
With gentle looks and speech, until a smile
As placid as a ray of early morn
On opening flower-cups o'er her lips was born.
When he had left her, and the tidings spread
Through all the town how he had visited
The Tuscan trader's daughter, who was sick,
Men said, it was a royal deed and catholic.

And Lisa? she no longer wished for death;
But as a poet, who sweet verses saith
Within his soul, and joys in music there,
Nor seeks another heaven, nor can bear
Disturbing pleasures, so was she content
Breathing the life of grateful sentiment.
She thought no maid betrothed could be more blest;
For treasure must be valued by the test
Of highest excellence and rarity,
And her dear joy was best as best could be;
There seemed no other crown to her delight
Now the high loved one saw her love aright.

Thus her soul thriving on that exquisite mood,
Spread like the May-time all its beauteous good
O'er the soft bloom of neck, and arms, and cheek,
And strengthened the sweet body, once so weak,
Until she rose and walked, and, like a bird
With sweetly rippling throat, she made her spring joys
heard.

The king, when he the happy change had seen,
Trusted the ear of Constance, his fair queen,
With Lisa's innocent secret, and conferred
How they should jointly, by their deed and word,
Honor this maiden's love, which, like the prayer
Of loyal hermits, never thought to share
In what it gave. The queen had that chief grace
Of womanhood, a heart that can embrace
All goodness in another woman's form;
And that same day, ere the sun lay too warm
On southern terraces, a messenger
Informed Bernardo that the royal pair
Would straightway visit him and celebrate
Their gladness at his daughter's happier state,
Which they were fain to see. Soon came the king
On horseback, with his barons, heralding
The advent of the queen in courtly state;
And all, descending at the garden gate,
Streamed with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,
Through the pleached alleys, till they, pausing, made
A lake of splendor 'mid the aloes gray—
When, meekly facing all their proud array,
The white-robed Lisa with her parents stood,
As some white dove before the gorgeous brood
Of dapple-breasted birds borne by the Colchian flood.

The king and queen, by gracious looks and speech,
Encouraged her, and thus their courtiers teach
How this fair morning they may courtliest be
By making Lisa pass it happily.
And soon the ladies and the barons all
Draw her by turns, as at a festival

Made for her sake, to easy, gay discourse,
 And compliment with looks and smiles enforce;
 A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;
 Soon there is Spanish dancing and the sound
 Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are pluckt;
 Till mindfully the king and queen conduct
 Lisa apart to where a trellised shade
 Made pleasant resting. Then King Pedro said—
 "Excellent maiden, that rich gift of love
 Your heart hath made us, hath a worth above
 All royal treasures, nor is fitly met
 Save when the grateful memory of deep debt
 Lies still behind the outward honors done:
 And as a sign that no oblivion
 Shall overflow that faithful memory,
 We while we live your cavalier will be,
 Nor will we ever arm ourselves for fight,
 Whether for struggle dire or brief delight
 Of warlike feigning, but we first will take
 The colors you ordain, and for your sake
 Charge the more bravely where your emblem is;
 Nor will we ever claim an added bliss
 To our sweet thoughts of you save one sole kiss.
 But there still rests the outward honor meet
 To mark your worthiness, and we entreat
 That you will turn your ear to proffered vows
 Of one who loves you, and would be your spouse.
 We must not wrong yourself and Sicily
 By letting all your blooming years pass by
 Unmated: you will give the world its due
 From beauteous maiden and become a matron true."

Then Lisa wrapt in virgin wonderment
 At her ambitious love's complete content,
 Which left no further good for her to seek
 Than love's obedience, said with accent meek—
 "Monsignor, I know well that were it known
 To all the world how high my love had flown,
 There would be few who would not deem me mad,

Or say my mind the falsest image had
 Of my condition and your lofty place.
 But heaven has seen that for no moment's space
 Have I forgotten you to be the king,
 Or me myself to be a lowly thing—
 A little lark, enamoured of the sky,
 That soared to sing, to break its breast, and die.
 But, as you better know than I, the heart
 In choosing chooseth not its own desert,
 But that great merit which attracteth it;
 'Tis law, I struggled, but I must submit,
 And having seen a worth all worth above,
 I loved you, love you, and shall always love.
 But that doth mean, my will is ever yours,
 Not only when your will my good insures,
 But if it wrought me what the world calls harm—
 Fire, wounds, would wear from your dear will a charm
 That you will be my knight is full content,
 And for that kiss—I pray, first for the queen's consent."

Her answer, given with such firm gentleness,
 Pleas'd the queen well, and made her bold no less
 Of Lisa's merit than the king had held.
 And so, all cloudy threats of grief dispell'd,
 There was betrothal made that very morn
 'Twixt Perdicone, youthful, brave, well-born,
 And Lisa, whom he loved; she loving well
 The lot that from obedience befell.
 The queen a rare betrothal ring on each
 Bestow'd, and other gems, with gracious speech.
 And that no joy might lack, the king who knew
 The youth was poor, gave him rich Ceffalù
 And Cataletta, large and fruitful lands—
 Adding much promise when he join'd their hands.
 As last he said to Lisa, with an air
 Gallant yet noble: "Now we claim our share
 From your sweet love, a share which is not small:
 For in the sacrament one crumb is all."
 Then taking her small face his hands between,

He kissed her on the brow with kiss serene,
Fit seal to that pure vision her young soul had seen.

Sicilians witnessed that King Pedro kept
His royal promise: Perdicone stept
To many honors honorably won,
Living with Lisa in true union.
Throughout his life the king still took delight
To call himself fair Lisa's faithful knight;
And never wore in field or tournament
A scarf or emblem save by Lisa sent.

Such deeds made subjects loyal in that land:
They joyed that one so worthy to command,
So chivalrous and gentle, had become
The king of Sicily, and filled the room
Of Frenchmen, who abused the Church's trust,
Till, in a righteous vengeance on their lust,
Messina rose, with God, and with the dagger's thrust

L'ENVOI.

*Reader, this story pleased me long ago
In the bright pages of Boccaccio,
And where the author of a good we know,
Let us not fail to pay the grateful thanks we owe.*

1869.

A MINOR PROPHET.

I HAVE a friend, a vegetarian seer,
By name Elias Baptist Butterworth,
A harmless, bland, disinterested man,
Whose ancestors in Cromwell's day believed
The Second Advent certain in five years,
But when King Charles the Second came instead,
Revised their date and sought another world:
I mean—not heaven but—America.

A fervid stock, whose generous hope embraced
The fortunes of mankind, not stopping short
At rise of leather, or the fall of gold,
Nor listening to the voices of the time
As housewives listen to a cackling hen,
With wonder whether she has laid her egg
On their own nest-egg. Still they did insist
Somewhat too wearisomely on the joys
Of their Millennium, when coats and hats
Would all be of one pattern, books and songs
All fit for Sundays, and the casual talk
As good as sermons preached extempore.

And in Elias the ancestral zeal
Breathes strong as ever, only modified
By Transatlantic air and modern thought.
You could not pass him in the street and fail
To note his shoulder's long declivity,
Beard to the waist, swan-neck, and large pale eyes;
Or, when he lifts his hat, to mark his hair
Brushed back to show his great capacity—

A full grain's length at the angle of the brow
 Proving him witty, while the shallower men
 Only seem witty in their repartees.
 Not that he's vain, but that his doctrine needs
 The testimony of his frontal lobe.
 On all points he adopts the latest views;
 Takes for the key of universal Mind
 The "levitation" of stout gentlemen;
 Believes the Rappings are not spirits' work,
 But the Thought-atmosphere's, a steam of brains
 In correlated force of raps, as proved
 By motion, heat, and science generally;
 The spectrum, for example, which has shown
 The self-same metals in the sun as here;
 So the Thought-atmosphere is everywhere:
 High truths that glimmered under other names
 To ancient sages, whence good scholarship
 Applied to Eleusinian mysteries—
 The Vedas—Tripitaka—Vendidad—
 Might furnish weaker proof for weaker minds
 That Thought was rapping in the hoary past,
 And might have edified the Greeks by raps
 At the greater Dionysia, if their ears
 Had not been filled with Sophoclean verse.
 And when all Earth is vegetarian—
 When, lacking butchers, quardrupeds die out,
 And less Thought-atmosphere is reabsorbed
 By nerves of insects parasitical,
 Those higher truths, seized now by higher minds
 But not expressed (the insects hindering)
 Will either flash out into eloquence,
 Or better still, be comprehensible
 By rappings simply, without need of roots.

'Tis on this theme—the vegetarian world—
 That good Elias willingly expands:
 He loves to tell in mildly nasal tones
 And vowels stretched to suit the widest views,
 The future fortunes of our infant earth—

When it will be too full of human kind
 To have the room for wilder animals.
 Saith he, Sahara will be populous
 With families of gentlemen retired
 From commerce in more Central Africa,
 Who order coolness as we order coal,
 And have a lobe anterior strong enough
 To think away the sand-storms. Science thus
 Will leave no spot on this terraqueous globe
 Unfit to be inhabited by man,
 The chief of animals: all meaner brutes
 Will have been smoked and elbowed out of life.
 No lions then shall lap Caffrarian pools,
 Or shake the Atlas with their midnight roar:
 Even the slow, slime-loving crocodile,
 The last of animals to take a hint,
 Will then retire for ever from a scene
 Where public feeling strongly sets against him.
 Fishes may lead carnivorous lives obscure,
 But must not dream of culinary rank
 Or being dished in good society.
 Imagination in that distant age,
 Aiming at fiction called historical,
 Will vainly try to reconstruct the times
 When it was men's preposterous delight
 To sit astride live horses, which consumed
 Materials for incalculable cakes;
 When there were milkmaids who drew milk from cows
 With udders kept abnormal for that end
 Since the rude mythopœic period
 Of Aryan dairymen, who did not blush
 To call their milkmaid and their daughter one—
 Helplessly gazing at the Milky Way,
 Nor dreaming of the astral cocoa-nuts
 Quite at the service of posterity.
 'Tis to be feared, though, that the duller boys,
 Much given to anachronisms and nuts,
 (Elias has confessed boys will be boys)
 May write a jocky for a centaur, **think**

Europa's suitor was an Irish bull,
 Æsop a journalist who wrote up Fox,
 And Bruin a chief swindler upon 'Change.
 Boys will be boys, but dogs will all be moral,
 With longer alimentary canals
 Suited to diet vegetarian.
 The uglier breeds will fade from memory,
 Or, being palæontological,
 Live but as portraits in large learned books,
 Distasteful to the feelings of an age
 Nourished on purest beauty. Earth will hold
 No stupid brutes, no cheerful queernesses,
 No naïve cunning, grave absurdity.
 Wart-pigs with tender and parental grunts,
 Wombats much flattened as to their contour,
 Perhaps from too much crushing in the ark,
 But taking meekly that fatality;
 The serious cranes, unstung by ridicule;
 Long-headed, short-legged, solemn-looking curs,
 (Wise, silent critics of a flippant age);
 The silly straddling foals, the weak-brained geese
 Hissing fallaciously at sound of wheels—
 All these rude products will have disappeared
 Along with every faulty human type.
 By dint of diet vegetarian
 All will be harmony of hue and line,
 Bodies and minds all perfect, limbs well-turned,
 And talk quite free from aught erroneous.

Thus far Elias in his seer's mantle:
 But at this climax in his prophecy
 My sinking spirits, fearing to be swamped,
 Urge me to speak. "High prospects these, my friend,
 Setting the weak carnivorous brain astretch;
 We will resume the thread another day."
 "To-morrow," cries Elias, "at this hour?"
 "No, not to-morrow—I shall have a cold—
 At least I feel some soreness—this endemic—
 Good-bye."

No tears are sadder than the smile
 With which I quit Elias. Bitterly
 I feel that every change upon this earth
 Is bought with sacrifice. My yearnings fail
 To reach that high apocalyptic mount
 Which shows in bird's-eye view a perfect world,
 Or enter warmly into other joys
 Than those of faulty, struggling human kind.
 That strain upon my soul's too feeble wing
 Ends in ignoble floundering: I fall
 Into short-sighted pity for the men
 Who living in those perfect future times
 Will not know half the dear imperfect things
 That move my smiles and tears—will never know
 The fine old incongruities that raise
 My friendly laugh; the innocent conceits
 That like a needless eyeglass or black patch
 Give those who wear them harmless happiness;
 The twists and cracks in our poor earthenware,
 That touch me to more conscious fellowship
 (I am not myself the finest Parian)
 With my coevals. So poor Colin Clout,
 To whom raw onion gives prospective zest,
 Consoling hours of dampest wintry work,
 Could hardly fancy any regal joys
 Quite unimpregnate with the onion's scent:
 Perhaps his highest hopes are not all clear
 Of waftings from that energetic bulb:
 'Tis well that onion is not heresy.
 Speaking in parable, I am Colin Clout.
 A clinging flavor penetrates my life—
 My onion is imperfectness: I cleave
 To nature's blunders, evanescent types
 Which sages banish from Utopia.
 "Not worship beauty?" say you. **Patience, friend!**
 I worship in the temple with the rest;
 But by my hearth I keep a sacred nook
 For gnomes and dwarfs, duck-footed waddling elves
 Who stitched and hammered for the weary man

In days of old. And in that piety
I clothe ungainly forms inherited
From toiling generations, daily bent
At desk, or plough, or loom, or in the mine,
In pioneering labors for the world.
Nay, I am apt when floundering confused
From too rash flight, to grasp at paradox,
And pity future men who will not know
A keen experience with pity blent,
The pathos exquisite of lovely minds
Hid in harsh forms—not penetrating them
Like fire divine within a common bush
Which glows transfigured by the heavenly guest,
So that men put their shoes off; but engaged
Like a sweet child within some thick-walled cell,
Who leaps and fails to hold the window-bars,
But having shown a little dimpled hand
Is visited thenceforth by tender hearts
Whose eyes keep watch about the prison walls.
A foolish, nay, a wicked paradox!
For purest pity is the eye of love
Melting at sight of sorrow; and to grieve
Because it sees no sorrow, shows a love
Warped from its truer nature, turned to love
Of merest habit, like the miser's greed.
But I am Colin still: my prejudice
Is for the flavor of my daily food.
Not that I doubt the world is growing still
As once it grew from Chaos and from Night;
Or have a soul too shrunken for the hope
Which dawned in human breasts, a double morn,
With earliest watchings of the rising light
Chasing the darkness; and through many an age
Has raised the vision of a future time
That stands an Angel with a face all mild
Spearing the demon I too rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in puny blossoms now,

But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

Yet, see the patched and plodding citizen
Waiting upon the pavement with the throng
While some victorious world-hero makes
Triumphal entry, and the peal of shouts
And flash of faces 'neath uplifted hats
Run like a storm of joy along the streets!
He says, "God bless him!" almost with a sob,
As the great hero passes; he is glad
The world holds mighty men and mighty deeds;
The music stirs his pulses like strong wine,
The moving splendor touches him with awe—
'Tis glory shed around the common weal,
And he will pay his tribute willingly,
Though with the pennies earned by sordid toil.
Perhaps the hero's deeds have helped to bring
A time when every honest citizen
Shall wear a coat unpatched. And yet he feels
More easy fellowship with neighbors there
Who look on too; and he will soon relapse
From noticing the banners and the steeds
To think with pleasure there is just one bun
Left in his pocket, that may serve to tempt
The wide-eyed lad, whose weight is all too much
For that young mother's arms: and then he falls
To dreamy picturing of sunny days
When he himself was a small big-cheeked lad
In some far village where no heroes came,
And stood a listener 'twixt his father's legs
In the warm fire-light, while the old folk talked
And shook their heads and looked upon the floor;
And he was puzzled, thinking life was fine—
The bread and cheese so nice all through the year
And Christmas sure to come. Oh that good time!
He, could he choose, would have those days again
And see the dear old-fashioned things once more.
But soon the wheels and drums have all passed by

And tramping feet are heard like sudden rain:
 The quiet startles our good citizen;
 He feels the child upon his arms, and knows
 He is with the people making holiday
 Because of hopes for better days to come.
 But Hope to him was like the brilliant west
 Telling of sunrise in a world unknown,
 And from that dazzling curtain of bright hues
 He turned to the familiar face of fields
 Lying all clear in the calm morning land.
 Maybe 'tis wiser not to fix a lens
 Too scrutinizing on the glorious times
 When Barbarossa shall arise and shake
 His mountain, good King Arthur come again,
 And all the heroes of such giant soul
 That, living once to cheer mankind with hope,
 They had to sleep until the time was ripe
 For greater deeds to match their greater thought.
 Yet no! the earth yields nothing more Divine
 Than high prophetic vision—than the Seer
 Who fasting from man's meaner joy beholds
 The paths of beauteous order, and constructs
 A fairer type, to shame our low content.
 But prophecy is like potential sound
 Which turned to music seems a voice sublime
 From out the soul of light; but turns to noise
 In scannel pipes, and makes all ears averse.

The faith that life on earth is being shaped
 To glorious ends, that order, justice, love
 Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
 As roundness in the dew-drop—that great faith
 Is but the rushing and expanding stream
 Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.
 Our finest hope is finest memory,
 As they who love in age think youth is blest
 Because it has a life to fill with love.
 Full souls are double mirrors, making still
 An endless vista of fair things before

Repeating things behind: so faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we shrink.
It comes when music stirs us, and the chords
Moving on some grand climax shake our souls
With influx new that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds—
At labors of the master-artist's hand
Which, trembling, touches to a finer end,
Trembling before an image seen within.
It comes in moments of heroic love,
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us—
In conscious triumph of the good within
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.
Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;
As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.

Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one:
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

I.

I CANNOT choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran,
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest.

If he said "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath;
Wherever he said "Come!" I stepped in faith.

II.

Long years have left their writing on my brow,
But yet the freshness and the dew-fed beam
Of those young mornings are about me now,
When we two wandered toward the far-off stream

With rod and line. Our basket held a store
Baked for us only, and I thought with joy
That I should have my share, though he had more,
Because he was the elder and a boy.



“ Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound.”—Page 353.

Eliot—Brother and Sister.

'The firmaments of daisies since to me
 Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,
 The bunchèd cowslip's pale transparency
 Carries that sunshine of sweet memories,

And wild-rose branches take their finest scent
 From those blest hours of infantine content.

III.

Our mother bade us keep the trodden ways,
 Stroked down my tippet, set my brother's frill,
 Then with the benediction of her gaze
 Clung to us lessening, and pursued us still

Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
 Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound,
 So rich for us, we counted them as realms
 With varied products: here were earth-nuts found,

And here the Lady-fingers in deep shade;
 Here sloping toward the Moat the rushes grew,
 The large to split for pith, the small to braid:
 While over all the dark rooks cawing flew,

And made a happy strange solemnity,
 A deep-toned chant from life unknown to me.

IV.

Our meadow-path had memorable spots:
 One where it bridged a tiny rivulet,
 Deep hid by tangled blue Forget-me-nots;
 And all along the waving grasses met

My little palm, or nodded to my cheek,
 When flowers with upturned faces gazing drew
 My wonder downward, seeming all to speak
 With eyes of souls that dumbly heard and knew.

Then came the copse, where wild things rushed unseen,
 And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
 Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
 Me and each hidden distance of the road.

A gypsy once had startled me at play,
 Blotting with her dark smile my sunny day.

v.

Thus rambling we were schooled in deepest lore,
 And learned the meanings that give words a soul,
 The fear, the love, the primal passionate store,
 Whose shaping impulses make manhood whole.

Those hours were seed to all my after good;
 My infant gladness, through eye, ear, and touch,
 Took easily as warmth a various food
 To nourish the sweet skill of loving much.

For who in age shall roam the earth and find
 Reasons for loving that will strike out love
 With sudden rod from the hard year-pressed mind?
 Were reasons sown as thick as stars above,

'Tis love must see them, as the eye sees light:
 Day is but Number to the darkened sight.

vi.

Our brown canal was endless to my thought;
 And on its banks I sat in dreamy peace,
 Unknowing how the good I loved was wrought,
 Untroubled by the fear that it would cease.

Slowly the barges floated into view
 Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime
 With some Unknown beyond it, whither flew
 The parting cuckoo toward a fresh spring time.

The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
 The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
 The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
 With white robe sweeping on the shadeless noon,

Were but my growing self, are part of me,
 My present Past, my root of piety.

VII.

Those long days measured by my little feet
 Had chronicles which yield me many a text;
 Where irony still finds an image meet
 Of full-grown judgments in this world perplex.

One day my brother left me in high charge,
 To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
 And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
 Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
 For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
 Till sky and earth took on a strange new light
 And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

A fair pavilioned boat for me alone
 Bearing me onward through the vast unknown.

VIII.

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow,
 Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
 And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
 Upon the imperilled line, suspended high,

A silver perch! My guilt that won the prey,
 Now turned to merit, had a guerdon rich
 Of hugs and praises, and made merry play,
 Until my triumph reached its highest pitch

When all at home were told the wondrous feat,
 And how the little sister had fished well.
 In secret, though my fortune tasted sweet,
 I wondered why this happiness befell.

“The little lass had luck,” the gardener said:
 And so I learned, luck was with glory wed.

IX.

We had the self-same world enlarged for each
 By loving difference of girl and boy:
 The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach
 He plucked for me, and oft he must employ

A measuring glance to guide my tiny shoe
 Where lay firm stepping-stones, or call to mind
 “This thing I like my sister may not do
 For she is little, and I must be kind.”

Thus boyish Will the nobler mastery learned
 Where inward vision over impulse reigns,
 Widening its life with separate life discerned,
 A Like unlike, a Self that self restrains.

His years with others must the sweeter be
 For those brief days he spent in loving me.

X.

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
 Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
 My doll seemed lifeless and no girlish toy
 Had any reason when my brother came.

I knelt with him at marbles, marked his fling
 Cut the ringed stem and make the apple drop,
 Or watched him winding close the spiral string
 That looped the orbits of the humming top.

Grasped by such fellowship my vagrant thought
Ceased with dream-fruit dream-wishes to fulfil;
My aëry-picturing fantasy was taught
Subjection to the harder, truer skill

That seeks with deeds to grave a thought-tracked line,
And by "What is," "What will be" to define.

XI.

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled
Like scents from varying roses that remain
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.

Yet the twin habit of that early time
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue:
We had been natives of one happy clime,
And its dear accents to our utterance clung.

Till the dire years whose awful name is Change
Had grasped our souls still yearning in divorce,
And pitiless shaped them in two forms that range
Two elements which sever their life's course.

But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

STRADIVARIUS.

YOUR soul was lifted by the wings to-day
Hearing the master of the violin:
You praised him, praised the great Sebastian too
Who made that fine Chaconne; but did you think
Of old Antonio Stradivari?—him
Who a good century and half ago
Put his true work in that brown instrument
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use.
Not Bach alone, helped by fine precedent
Of genius gone before, nor Joachim
Who holds the strain afresh incorporate
By inward hearing and notation strict
Of nerve and muscle, made our joy to-day:
Another soul was living in the air
And swaying it to true deliverance
Of high invention and responsive skill:—
That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery.

No simpler man than he: he never cried,
“Why was I born to this monotonous task

Of making violins?" or flung them down
 To suit with hurling act a well-hurled curse
 At labor on such perishable stuff.
 Hence neighbors in Cremona held him dull,
 Called him a slave, a mill-horse, a machine,
 Begged him to tell his motives or to lend
 A few gold pieces to a loftier mind.
 Yet he had pithy words full fed by fact;
 For Fact, well-trusted, reasons and persuades,
 Is gnomic, cutting, or ironical,
 Draws tears, or is a tocsin to arouse—
 Can hold all figures of the orator
 In one plain sentence; has her pauses too—
 Eloquent silence at the chasm abrupt
 Where knowledge ceases. Thus Antonio
 Made answers as Fact willed, and made them strong.

Naldo, a painter of eclectic school,
 Taking his dicers, candlelight and grins
 From Caravaggio, and in holier groups
 Combining Flemish flesh with martyrdom—
 Knowing all tricks of style at thirty-one,
 And weary of them, while Antonio
 At sixty-nine wrought placidly his best
 Making the violin you heard to-day—
 Naldo would tease him oft to tell his aims.
 "Perhaps thou hast some pleasant vice to feed—
 The love of louis d'ors in heaps of four,
 Each violin a heap—I've nought to blame;
 My vices waste such heaps. But then, why work
 With painful nicety? Since fame once earned
 By luck or merit—oftenest by luck—
 (Else why do I put Bonifazio's name
 To work that '*pinxit Naldo*' would not sell?)
 Is welcome index to the wealthy mob
 Where they should pay their gold, and where they pay
 There they find merit—take your tow for flax,
 And hold the flax unlabelled with your name,
 Too coarse for sufferance."

Antonio then :

“I like the gold—well, yes—but not for meals.

And as my stomach, so my eye and hand,

And inward sense that works alone with both,

Have hunger that can never feed on coin.

Who draws a line and satisfies his soul,

Making it crooked where it should be straight?

An idiot with an oyster-shell may draw

His lines along the sand, all wavering,

Fixing no point or pathway to a point;

An idiot one remove may choose his line,

Straggle and be content; but God be praised,

Antonio Stradivari has an eye

That winces at false work and loves the true,

With hand and arm that play upon the tool

As willingly as any singing bird

Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,

Because he likes to sing and likes the song.”

Then Naldo: “’Tis a petty kind of fame

At best, that comes of making violins;

And saves no masses, either. Thou wilt go

To purgatory none the less.”

But he :

“’Twere puragtory here to make them ill;

And for my fame—when any master holds

’Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,

He will be glad that Stradivari lived,

Made violins, and made them of the best.

The masters only know whose work is good:

They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill

I give them instruments to play upon,

God choosing me to help Him.”

“What! were God

At fault for violins, thou absent?”

“Yes;

He were at fault for Stradivari’s work.”

“Why, many hold Giuseppe’s violins

As good as thine.”

“May be: they are different.

His quality declines: he spoils his hand
 With over-drinking. But were his the best,
 He could not work for two. My work is mine,
 And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
 I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
 Leaving a blank instead of violins.
 I say, not God Himself can make man's best
 Without best men to help Him. I am one best
 Here in Cremona, using sunlight well
 To fashion finest maple till it serves
 More cunningly than throats for harmony.
 'Tis rare delight: I would not change my skill
 To be the Emperor with bungling hands
 And lose my work, which comes as natural
 As self at waking.”

“Thou art little more
 Than a deft potter's wheel, Antonio;
 Turning out work by mere necessity
 And lack of varied function. Higher arts
 Subsist on freedom—eccentricity—
 Uncounted inspirations—influence
 That comes with drinking, gambling, talk turned wild,
 Then moody misery and lack of food—
 With every dithyrambic fine excess:
 These make at last a storm which flashes out
 In lightning revelations. Steady work
 Turns genius to a loom; the soul must lie
 Like grapes beneath the sun till ripeness comes
 And mellow vintage. I could paint you now
 The finest Crucifixion; yesternight
 Returning home I saw it on a sky
 Blue-black, thick-starred. I want two louis d'ors
 To buy the canvas and the costly blues—
 Trust me a fortnight.”

“Where are those last two
 I lent thee for thy Judith?—her thou saw'st
 In saffron gown, with Holofernes' head
 And beauty all complete?”

“She is but sketched:

I lack the proper model—and the mood.

A great idea is an eagle's egg,

Craves time for hatching; while the eagle sits

Feed her.”

“If thou wilt call thy pictures eggs

I call the hatching, Work. 'Tis God gives skill,

But not without men's hands: He could not make

Antonio Stradivari's violins

Without Antonio. Get thee to thy easel.”

A COLLEGE BREAKFAST-PARTY.

YOUNG Hamlet, not the hesitating Dane,
But one named after him, who lately strove
For honors at our English Wittenberg,—
Blond, metaphysical, and sensuous,
Questioning all things and yet half convinced
Credulity were better; held inert
'Twixt fascinations of all opposites,
And half suspecting that the mightiest soul
(Perhaps his own?) was union of extremes,
Having no choice but choice of everything:
As, drinking deep to-day for love of wine,
To-morrow half a Brahmin, scorning life
As mere illusion, yearning for that True
Which has no qualities; another day
Finding the fount of grace in sacraments,
And purest reflex of the light divine
In gem-bossed pyx and brodered chasuble,
Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast
With arms extended, waiting ecstasy;
But getting cramps instead, and needing change,
A would-be pagan next:—

Young Hamlet sat

A guest with five of somewhat riper age
At breakfast with Horatio, a friend
With few opinions, but of faithful heart,
Quick to detect the fibrous spreading roots
Of character that feed men's theories,
Yet cloaking weaknesses with charity

And ready in all service save rebuke.
 With ebb of breakfast and the cider-cup
 Came high debate: the others seated there
 Were Osric, spinner of fine sentences,
 A delicate insect creeping over life
 Feeding on molecules of floral breath,
 And weaving gossamer to trap the sun;
 Laertes ardent, rash, and radical;
 Discursive Rosencranz, grave Guildenstern,
 And he for whom the social meal was made—
 The polished priest, a tolerant listener,
 Disposed to give a hearing to the lost,
 And breakfast with them ere they went below.

From alpine metaphysic glaciers first
 The talk sprang copious; the themes were old,
 But so is human breath, so infant eyes,
 The daily nurslings of creative light.
 Small words held mighty meanings: Matter, Force,
 Self, Not-self, Being, Seeming, Space and Time—
 Plebeian toilers on the dusty road
 Of daily traffic, turned to Genii
 And cloudy giants darkening sun and moon.
 Creation was reversed in human talk:
 None said, "Let Darkness be," but Darkness was;
 And in it welted with Teutonic ease,
 An argumentative Leviathan,
 Blowing cascades from out his element,
 The thunderous Rosencranz, till

"Truce, I beg!"

Said Osric, with nice accent. "I abhor
 That battling of the ghosts, that strife of terms
 For utmost lack of color, form, and breath,
 That tasteless squabbling called Philosophy:
 As if a blue-winged butterfly afloat
 For just three days above the Italian fields,
 Instead of sipping at the heart of flowers,
 Poising in sunshine, fluttering toward its bride,
 Should fast and speculate, considering

What were if it were not? or what now is
 Instead of that which seems to be itself?
 Its deepest wisdom surely were to be
 A sipping, marrying, blue-winged butterfly;
 Since utmost speculation on itself
 Were but a three days' living of worse sort—
 A bruising struggle all within the bounds
 Of butterfly existence."

"I protest,"

Burst in Laertes, "against arguments
 That start with calling me a butterfly,
 A bubble, spark, or other metaphor
 Which carries your conclusions as a phrase
 In quibbling law will carry property.
 Put a thin sucker for my human lips
 Fed at a mother's breast, who now needs food
 That I will earn for her; put bubbles blown
 From frothy thinking, for the joy, the love,
 The wants, the pity, and the fellowship
 (The ocean deeps I might say, were I bent
 On bandying metaphors) that make a man—
 Why, rhetoric brings within your easy reach
 Conclusions worthy of—a butterfly.
 The universe, I hold, is no charade,
 No acted pun unriddled by a word,
 Nor pain a decimal diminishing
 With hocus-pocus of a dot or nought.
 For those who know it, pain is solely pain:
 Not any letters of the alphabet
 Wrought syllogistically pattern-wise,
 Nor any cluster of fine images,
 Nor any missing of their figured dance
 By blundering molecules. Analysis
 May show you the right physic for the ill,
 Teaching the molecules to find their dance,
 But spare me your analogies, that hold
 Such insight as the figure of a crow
 And bar of music put to signify
 A crowbar."

Said the Priest, "There I agree—
 Would add that sacramental grace is grace
 Which to be known must first be felt, with all
 The strengthening influxes that come by prayer.
 I note this passingly—would not delay
 The conversation's tenor, save to hint
 That taking stand with Rosencranz one sees
 Final equivalence of all we name
 Our Good and Ill—their difference meanwhile
 Being inborn prejudice that plumps you down
 An Ego, brings a weight into your scale
 Forcing a standard. That resistless weight
 Obstinate, irremovable by thought,
 Persisting through disproof, an ache, a need
 That spaceless stays where sharp analysis
 Has shown a plenum filled without it—what
 If this, to use your phrase, were just that Being
 Not looking solely, grasping from the dark,
 Weighing the difference you call Ego? This
 Gives you persistence, regulates the flux
 With strict relation rooted in the All.
 Who is he of your late philosophers
 Takes the true name of Being to be Will?
 I—nay, the Church objects nought, is content:
 Reason has reached its utmost negative,
 Physic and metaphysic meet in the inane
 And backward shrink to intense prejudice,
 Making their absolute and homogene
 A loaded relative, a choice to be
 Whatever is—supposed: a What is not.
 The Church demands no more, has standing room
 And basis for her doctrine: this (no more)—
 That the strong bias which we name the Soul,
 Though fed and clad by dissoluble waves,
 Has antecedent quality, and rules
 By veto or consent the strife of thought,
 Making arbitrament that we call faith."
 Here was brief silence, till young Hamlet spoke.
 "I crave direction, Father, how to know

The sign of that imperative whose right
 To sway my act in face of thronging doubts
 Were an oracular gem in price beyond
 Urim and Thummin lost to Israel.
 That bias of the soul, that conquering die
 Loaded with golden emphasis of Will—
 How find it where resolve, once made, becomes
 The rash exclusion of an opposite
 Which draws the stronger as I turn aloof."

"I think I hear a bias in your words,"
 The Priest said mildly,—“that strong natural bent
 Which we call hunger. What more positive
 Than appetite?—of spirit or of flesh,
 I care not—‘sense of need’ were truer phrase.
 You hunger for authoritative right,
 And yet discern no difference of tones,
 No weight of rod that marks imperial rule?
 Laertes granting, I will put your case
 In analogic form: the doctors hold
 Hunger which gives no relish—save caprice
 That tasting venison fancies mellow pears—
 A symptom of disorder, and prescribe
 Strict discipline. Were I physician here
 I would prescribe that exercise of soul
 Which lies in full obedience: you ask,
 Obedience to what? The answer lies
 Within the word itself; for how obey
 What has no rule, asserts no absolute claim?
 Take inclination, taste—why, that is you,
 No rule above you. Science, reasoning
 On nature’s order—they exist and move
 Solely by disputation, hold no pledge
 Of final consequence, but push the swing
 Where Epicurus and the Stoic sit
 In endless see-saw. One authority,
 And only one, says simply this, Obey:
 Place yourself in that current (test it so!)
 Of spiritual order where at least

Lies promise of a high communion,
 A Head informing members, Life that breathes
 With gift of forces over and above
 The *plus* of arithmetic interchange.
 'The Church too has a body,' you object,
 'Can be dissected, put beneath the lens
 And shown the merest continuity
 Of all existence else beneath the sun.'
 I grant you; but the lens will not disprove
 A presence which eludes it. Take your wit,
 Your highest passion, widest-reaching thought:
 Show their conditions if you will or can,
 But though you saw the final atom-dance
 Making each molecule that stands for sign
 Of love being present, where is still your love?
 How measure that, how certify its weight?
 And so I say, the body of the Church
 Carries a Presence, promises and gifts
 Never disproved—whose argument is found
 In lasting failure of the search elsewhere
 For what it holds to satisfy man's need.
 But I grow lengthy: my excuse must be
 Your question, Hamlet, which has probed right through
 To the pith of our belief. And I have robbed
 Myself of pleasure as a listener.
 'Tis noon, I see; and my appointment stands
 For half-past twelve with Voltimand. Good-bye."

Brief parting, brief regret—sincere, but quenched
 In fumes of best Havannah, which consoles
 For lack of other certitude. Then said,
 Mildly sarcastic, quiet Guildenstern:
 "I marvel how the Father gave new charm
 To weak conclusions: I was half convinced
 The poorest reasoner made the finest man,
 And held his logic lovelier for its limp."

"I fain would hear," said Hamlet, "how you find
 A stronger footing than the Father gave.

How base your self-resistance save on faith
 In some invisible Order, higher Right
 Than changing impulse. What does Reason bid?
 To take a fullest rationality
 What offers best solution: so the Church.
 Science, detecting hydrogen aflame
 Outside our firmament, leaves mystery
 Whole and untouched beyond; nay, in our blood
 And in the potent atoms of each germ
 The Secret lives—envelops, penetrates
 Whatever sense perceives or thought divines.
 Science, whose soul is explanation, halts
 With hostile front at mystery. The Church
 Takes mystery as her empire, brings its wealth
 Of possibility to fill the void
 'Twixt contradictions—warrants so a faith
 Defying sense and all its ruthless train
 Of arrogant 'Therefores.' Science with her lens
 Dissolves the Forms that made the other half
 Of all our love, which thenceforth widowed lives
 To gaze with maniac stare at what is not.
 The Church explains not, governs—feeds resolve
 By vision fraught with heart-experience
 And human yearning."

"Ay," said Guildenstern
 With friendly nod, "the Father, I can see,
 Has caught you up in his air-chariot.
 His thought takes rainbow-bridges, out of reach
 By solid obstacles, evaporates
 The coarse and common into subtilities,
 Insists that what is real in the Church
 Is something out of evidence, and begs
 (Just in parenthesis) you'll never mind
 What stares you in the face and bruises you.
 Why, by his method I could justify
 Each superstition and each tyranny
 That ever rode upon the back of man,
 Pretending fitness for his sole defence
 Against life's evil. How can aught subsist

That holds no theory of gain or good?
 Despots with terror in their red right hand
 Must argue good to helpers and themselves,
 Must let submission hold a core of gain
 To make their slaves choose life. Their theory,
 Abstracting inconvenience of racks,
 Whip-lashes, dragonnades and all things coarse
 Inherent in the fact or concrete mass,
 Presents the pure idea—utmost good
 Secured by Order only to be found
 In strict subordination, hierarchy
 Of forces where, by nature's law, the strong
 Has rightful empire, rule of weaker proved
 Mere dissolution. What can you object?
 The Inquisition—if you turn away
 From narrow notice how the scent of gold
 Has guided sense of damning heresy—
 The Inquisition is sublime, is love
 Hindering the spread of poison in men's souls:
 The flames are nothing: only smaller pain
 To hinder greater, or the pain of one
 To save the many, such as throbs at heart
 Of every system born into the world.
 So of the Church as high communion
 Of Head with members, fount of spirit force
 Beyond the calculus, and carrying proof
 In her sole power to satisfy man's need:
 That seems ideal truth as clear as lines
 That, necessary though invisible, trace
 The balance of the planets and the sun—
 Until I find a hitch in that last claim.
 'To satisfy man's need.' Sir, that depends:
 We settle first the measure of man's need
 Before we grant capacity to fill.
 John, James, or Thomas, you may satisfy:
 But since you choose ideals I demand
 Your Church shall satisfy ideal man,
 His utmost reason and his utmost love.
 And say these rest a-hungred—find no scheme

Content them both, but hold the world accursed,
 A Calvary where Reason mocks at Love,
 And Love forsaken sends out orphan cries
 Hopeless of answer; still the soul remains
 Larger, diviner than your half-way Church,
 Which racks your reason into false consent,
 And soothes your Love with sops of selfishness."

"There I am with you," cried Laertes. "What
 To me are any dictates, though they came
 With thunders from the Mount, if still within
 I see a higher Right, a higher Good
 Compelling love and worship? Though the earth
 Held force electric to discern and kill
 Each thinking rebel—what is martyrdom
 But death-defying utterance of belief,
 Which being mine remains my truth supreme
 Though solitary as the throb of pain
 Lying outside the pulses of the world?
 Obedience is good: ay, but to what?
 And for what ends? For say that I rebel
 Against your rule as devilish, or as rule
 Of thunder-guiding powers that deny
 Man's highest benefit: rebellion then
 Were strict obedience to another rule
 Which bids me flout your thunder."

"Lo you now!"

Said Osric, delicately, "how you come,
 Laertes mine, with all your warring zeal
 As Python-slayer of the present age—
 Cleansing all social swamps by darting rays
 Of dubious doctrine, hot with energy
 Of private judgment and disgust for doubt—
 To state my thesis, which you most abhor
 When sung in Daphnis-notes beneath the pines
 To gentle rush of waters. Your belief—
 In essence what is it but simply Taste?
 I urge with your exemption from all claims
 That come from other than my proper will,

An Ultimate within to balance yours,
 A solid meeting you, excluding you,
 Till you show fuller force by entering
 My spiritual space and crushing Me
 To a subordinate complement of You:
 Such ultimate must stand alike for all.
 Preach your crusade, then: all will join **who like**
 The hurly-burly of aggressive creeds;
 Still your unpleasant Ought, your itch to choose
 What grates upon the sense, is simply **Taste**,
 Differs, I think, from mine (permit the word,
 Discussion forces it) in being bad."

The tone was too polite to breed offence,
 Showing a tolerance of what was "bad"
 Becoming courtiers. Louder Rosencranz
 Took up the ball with rougher movement, wont
 To show contempt for doting reasoners
 Who hugged some reasons with a preference,
 As warm Laertes did: he gave five puffs
 Intolerantly sceptical, then said,
 "Your human good, which you would **make supreme**,
 How do you know it? Has it shown its face
 In adamant type, with features clear,
 As this republic, or that monarchy?
 As federal grouping, or municipal?
 Equality, or finely shaded lines
 Of social difference? ecstatic whirl
 And draught intense of passionate joy and pain,
 Or sober self-control that starves its youth
 And lives to wonder what the world calls joy?
 Is it in sympathy that shares men's pangs
 Or in cool brains that can explain them well?
 Is it in labor or in laziness?
 In training for the tug of rivalry
 To be admired, or in the admiring soul?
 In risk or certitude? In battling rage
 And hardy challenges of Protean luck,
 Or in a sleek and rural apathy

Full fed with sameness? Pray define your Good
 Beyond rejection by majority;
 Next, how it may subsist without the Ill
 Which seems its only outline. Show a world
 Of pleasure not resisted; or a world
 Of pressure equalized, yet various
 In action formative; for that will serve
 As illustration of your human good—
 Which at its perfecting (your goal of hope)
 Will not be straight extinct, or fall to sleep
 In the deep bosom of the Unchangeable.
 What will you work for, then, and call it good
 With full and certain vision—good for aught
 Save partial ends which happen to be yours?
 How will you get your stringency to bind
 Thought or desire in demonstrated tracks
 Which are but waves within a balanced whole?
 Is 'relative' the magic word that turns
 Your flux mercurial of good to gold?
 Why, that analysis at which you rage
 As anti-social force that sweeps you down
 The world in one cascade of molecules,
 Is brother 'relative'—and grins at you
 Like any convict whom you thought to send
 Outside society, till this enlarged
 And meant New England and Australia too.
 The Absolute is your shadow, and the space
 Which you say might be real were you milled
 To curves pellicular, the thinnest thin,
 Equation of no thickness, is still you."

"Abstracting all that makes him clubbable,"
 Horatio interposed. But Rosencranz,
 Deaf as the angry turkey-cock whose ears
 Are plugged by swollen tissues when he scolds
 At men's pretensions: "Pooh, your 'Relative'
 Shuts you in, hopeless, with your progeny
 As in a Hunger-tower; your social good,
 Like other deities by turn supreme,

Is transient reflex of a prejudice,
Anthology of causes and effects
To suit the mood of fanatics who lead
The mood of tribe or nations. I admit
If you could show a sword, nay, chance of sword
Hanging conspicuous to their inward eyes
With edge so constant threatening as to sway
All greed and lust by terror; and a law
Clear-writ and proven as the law supreme
Which that dread sword enforces—then your Right,
Duty, or social Good, were it once brought
To common measure with the potent law,
Would dip the scale, would put unchanging marks
Of wisdom or of folly on each deed,
And warrant exhortation. Until then,
Where is your standard or criterion?
'What always, everywhere, by all men'—why,
That were but Custom, and your system needs
Ideals never yet incorporate,
The imminent doom of Custom. Can you find
Appeal beyond the sentience in each man?
Frighten the blind with scarecrows? raise an awe
Of things unseen where appetite commands
Chambers of imagery in the soul
At all its avenues?—You chant your hymns
To Evolution, on your altar lay
A sacred egg called Progress: have you proved
A Best unique where all is relative,
And where each change is loss as well as gain?
The age of healthy Saurians, well supplied
With heat and prey, will balance well enough
A human age where maladies are strong
And pleasures feeble; wealth a monster gorged
Mid hungry populations; intellect
Aproned in laboratories, bent on proof
That *this* is *that* and both are good for nought
Save feeding error through a weary life;
While Art and Poesy struggle like poor ghosts
To hinder cock-crow and the dreadful light,

Lurking in darkness and the charnel-house,
 Or like two stalwart graybeards, imbecile
 With limbs still active, playing at belief
 That hunt the slipper, foot-ball, hide-and-seek,
 Are sweetly merry, donning pinafores
 And lisping emulously in their speech.
 O human race! Is this then all thy gain?—
 Working at disproof, playing at belief,
 Debate or causes, distaste of effects,
 Power to transmute all elements, and lack
 Of any power to sway the fatal skill
 And make thy lot aught else than rigid doom?
 The Saurians were better.—Guildenstern,
 Pass me the taper. Still the human curse
 Has mitigation in the best cigars.”

Then swift Laertes, not without a glare
 Of leonine wrath, “I thank thee for that word:
 That one confession, were I Socrates,
 Should force you onward till you ran your head
 At your own image—flatly gave the lie
 To all your blasphemy of that human good
 Which bred and nourished you to sit at ease
 And learnedly deny it. Say the world
 Groans ever with the pangs of doubtful births:
 Say, life’s a poor donation at the best—
 Wisdom a yearning after nothingness—
 Nature’s great vision and the thrill supreme
 Of thought-fed passion but a weary play—
 I argue not against you. Who can prove
 Wit to be witty when with deeper ground
 Dulness intuitive declares wit dull?
 If life is worthless to you—why, it is.
 You only know how little love you feel
 To give you fellowship, how little force
 Responsive to the quality of things.
 Then end your life, throw off the unsought yoke.
 If not—if you remain to taste cigars,
 Choose racy diction, perorate at large

With tacit scorn of meaner men who win
 No wreath or tripos—then admit at least
 A possible Better in the seeds of earth;
 Acknowledge debt to that laborious life
 Which, sifting evermore the mingled seeds,
 Testing the Possible with patient skill,
 And daring ill in presence of a good
 For futures to inherit, made your lot
 One you would choose rather than end it, nay,
 Rather than, say, some twenty million lots
 Of fellow-Britons toiling all to make
 That nation, that community, whereon
 You feed and thrive and talk philosophy.
 I am no optimist whose faith must hang
 On hard pretence that pain is beautiful
 And agony explained for men at ease
 By virtue's exercise in pitying it.
 But this I hold: that he who takes one gift
 Made for him by the hopeful work of man,
 Who tastes sweet bread, walks where he will unarmed,
 His shield and warrant the invisible law,
 Who owns a hearth and household charities,
 Who clothes his body and his sentient soul
 With skill and thoughts of men, and yet denies
 A human good worth toiling for, is cursed
 With worse negation than the poet feigned
 In Mephistopheles. The Devil spins
 His wire-drawn argument against all good
 With sense of brimstone as his private lot,
 And never drew a solace from the Earth."

Laertes fuming paused, and Guildenstern
 Took up with cooler skill the fusillade:
 "I meet your deadliest challenge, Rosencranz:—
 Where get, you say, a binding law, a rule
 Enforced by sanction, an Ideal throned
 With thunder in its hand? I answer, there
 Whence every faith and rule has drawn its force
 Since human consciousness awaking owned

An Outward, whose unconquerable sway
Resisted first and then subdued desire
By pressure of the dire Impossible
Urging to possible ends the active soul
And shaping so its terror and its love.
Why, you have said it—threats and promises
Depend on each man's sentience for their force:
All sacred rules, imagined or revealed,
Can have no form or potency apart
From the percipient and emotive mind.
God, duty, love, submission, fellowship,
Must first be framed in man, as music is,
Before they live outside him as a law.
And still they grow and shape themselves anew,
With fuller concentration in their life
Of inward and of outward energies
Blending to make the last result called Man,
Which means, not this or that philosopher
Looking through beauty into blankness, not
The swindler who has sent his fruitful lie
By the last telegram: it means the tide
Of needs reciprocal, toil, trust, and love—
The surging multitude of human claims
Which make 'a presence not to be put by'
Above the horizon of the general soul.
Is inward Reason shrunk to subtleties,
And inward wisdom pining passion-starved?—
The outward Reason has the world in store,
Regenerates passion with the stress of want,
Regenerates knowledge with discovery,
Shows sly rapacious Self a blunderer,
Widens dependence, knits the social whole
In sensible relation more defined.
Do Boards and dirty-handed millionaires
Govern the planetary system?—sway
The pressure of the Universe?—decide
That man henceforth shall retrogress to ape,
Emptied of every sympathetic thrill
The All has wrought in him? dam up henceforth

The flood of human claims as private force
 To turn their wheels and make a private hell
 For fish-pond to their mercantile domain?
 What are they but a parasitic growth
 On the vast real and ideal world
 Of man and nature blent in one divine?
 Why, take your closing dirge—say evil grows
 And good is dwindling; science mere decay,
 Mere dissolutions of ideal wholes
 Which through the ages past alone have made
 The earth and firmament of human faith;
 Say, the small arc of Being we call man
 Is near its mergence, what seems growing life
 Nought but a hurrying change toward lower types,
 The ready rankness of degeneracy.
 Well, they who mourn for the world's dying good
 May take their common sorrows for a rock,
 On it erect religion and a church,
 A worship, rites, and passionate piety—
 The worship of the Best though crucified
 And God-forsaken in its dying pangs;
 The sacramental rites of fellowship
 In common woe; visions that purify
 Through admiration and despairing love
 Which keep their spiritual life intact
 Beneath the murderous clutches of disproof
 And feed a martyr-strength."

"Religion high!"

(Rosencranz here) "but with communicants
 Few as the cedars upon Lebanon—
 A child might count them. What the world demands
 Is faith coercive of the multitude."

"Tush, Guildenstern, you granted him too much,"
 Burst in Laertes; "I will never grant
 One inch of law to feeble blasphemies
 Which hold no higher ratio to life—
 Full vigorous human life that peopled earth

And wrought and fought and loved and bravely died—
Than the sick morning glooms of debauchees.
Old nations breed old children, wizened babes
Whose youth is languid and incredulous,
Weary of life without the will to die;
Their passions visionary appetites
Of bloodless spectres wailing that the world
For lack of substance slips from out their grasp;
Their thoughts the withered husks of all things dead,
Holding no force of germs instinct with life,
Which never hesitates but moves and grows.
Yet hear them boast in screams their godlike ill,
Excess of knowing! Fie on you, Rosencranz!
You lend your brains and fine-dividing tongue
For bass-notes to this shrivelled crudity,
This immature decrepitude that strains
To fill our ears and claim the prize of strength
For mere unmanliness. Out on them all!—
Wits, puling minstrels, and philosophers,
Who living softly prate of suicide,
And suck the commonwealth to feed their ease
While they vent epigrams and threnodies,
Mocking or wailing all the eager work
Which makes that public store whereon they feed.
Is wisdom flattened sense and mere distaste?
Why, any superstition warm with love,
Inspired with purpose, wild with energy
That streams resistless through its ready frame,
Has more of human truth within its life
Than souls that look through color into nought,—
Whose brain, too unimpassioned for delight,
Has feeble ticklings of a vanity
Which finds the universe beneath its mark,
And scorning the blue heavens as merely blue,
Can only say, 'What then?'—pre-eminent
In wondrous want of likeness to their kind,
Founding that worship of sterility
Whose one supreme is vacillating Will
Which makes the Light, then says, ' 'Twere better not, ' "

Here rash Laertes brought his Händel-strain
 As of some angry Polypheme, to pause;
 And Osric, shocked at ardors out of taste,
 Relieved the audience with a tenor voice
 And delicate delivery.

“For me,

I range myself in line with Rosencranz
 Against all schemes, religious or profane,
 That flaunt a Good as pretext for a lash
 To flog us all who have the better taste,
 Into conformity, requiring me
 At peril of the thong and sharp disgrace
 To care how mere Philistines pass their lives;
 Whether the English pauper-total grows
 From one to two before the noughts; how far
 Teuton will outbreed Roman; if the class
 Of proletaires will make a federal band
 To bind all Europe and America,
 Throw, in their wrestling, every government,
 Snatch the world's purse and keep the guillotine:
 Or else (admitting these are casualties)
 Driving my soul with scientific hail
 That shuts the landscape out with particles;
 Insisting that the Palingenesis
 Means telegraphs and measure of the rate
 At which the stars move—nobody knows where.
 So far, my Rosencranz, we are at one.
 But not when you blaspheme the life of Art,
 The sweet perennial youth of Poesy,
 Which asks no logic but its sensuous growth,
 No right but loveliness; which fearless strolls
 Betwixt the burning mountain and the sea,
 Reckless of earthquake and the lava stream,
 Filling its hour with beauty. It knows nought
 Of bitter strife, denial, grim resolve,
 Sour resignation, busy emphasis
 Of fresh illusions named the new-born True,
 Old Error's latest child; but as a lake
 Images all things, yet within its depths

Dreams them all lovelier—thrills with sound
And makes a harp of plenteous liquid chords—
So Art or Poesy: we its votaries
Are the Olympians, fortunately born
From the elemental mixture: 'tis our lot
To pass more swiftly than the Delian God,
But still the earth breaks into flowers for us,
And mortal sorrows when they reach our ears
Are dying falls to melody divine.
Hatred, war, vice, crime, sin, those human storms,
Cyclones, floods, what you will—outbursts of force—
Feed art with contrast, give the grander touch
To the master's pencil and the poet's song,
Serve as Vesuvian fires or navies tossed
On yawning waters, which when viewed afar
Deepen the calm sublime of those choice souls
Who keep the heights of poesy and turn
A fleckless mirror to the various world,
Giving its many-named and fitful flux
An imaged, harmless, spiritual life,
With pure selection, native to art's frame,
Of beauty only, save its minor scale
Of ill and pain to give the ideal joy
A keener edge. This is a mongrel globe;
All finer being wrought from its coarse earth
Is but accepted privilege: what else
Your boasted virtue, which proclaims itself
A good above the average consciousness?
Nature exists by partiality
(Each planet's poise must carry two extremes
With verging breadths of minor wretchedness):
We are her favorites and accept our wings.
For your accusal, Rosencranz, that art
Shares in the dread and weakness of the time,
I hold it null; since art or poesy pure,
Being blameless by all standards save her own,
Takes no account of modern or antique
In morals, science, or philosophy:
No dull elenchus makes a yoke for her,

Whose law and measure are the sweet consent
Of sensibilities that move apart
From rise or fall of systems, states, or creeds—
Apart from what Philistines call man's weal."

"Ay, we all know those votaries of the Muse
Ravished with singing till they quite forgot
Their manhood, sang, and gaped, and took no food,
Then died of emptiness, and for reward
Lived on as grasshoppers"—Laertes thus:
But then he checked himself as one who feels
His muscles dangerous, and Guildenstern
Filled up the pause with calmer confidence.

"You use your wings, my Osric, poise yourself
Safely outside all reach of argument,
Then dogmatize at will (a method known
To ancient women and philosophers,
Nay, to Philistines whom you most abhor);
Else, could an arrow reach you, I should ask
Whence came taste, beauty, sensibilities
Refined to preference infallible?
Doubtless, ye're gods—these odors ye inhale,
A sacrificial scent. But how, I pray,
Are odors made, if not by gradual change
Of sense or substance? Is your beautiful
A seedless, rootless flower, or has it grown
With human growth, which means the rising sum
Of human struggle, order, knowledge?—sense
Trained to a fuller record, more exact—
To truer guidance of each passionate force?
Get me your roseate flesh without the blood;
Get fine aromas without structure wrought
From simpler being into manifold:
Then and then only flaunt your Beautiful
As what can live apart from thought, creeds, states,
Which means life's structure. Osric, I beseech—
The infallible should be more catholic—
Join in a war-dance with the cannibals,

Hear Chinese music, love a face tattooed,
 Give adoration to a pointed skull,
 And think the Hindu Siva looks divine:
 'Tis art, 'tis poesy. Say you object:
 How came you by that lofty dissidence,
 If not through changes in the social man
 Widening his consciousness from Here and Now
 To larger wholes beyond the reach of sense;
 Controlling to a fuller harmony
 The thrill of passion and the rule of fact;
 And paling false ideals in the light
 Of full-rayed sensibilities which blend
 Truth and desire? Taste, beauty, what are they
 But the soul's choice toward perfect bias wrought
 By finer balance of a fuller growth—
 Sense brought to subtlest metamorphosis
 Through love, thought, joy—the general human store
 Which grows from all life's functions? As the plant
 Holds its corolla, purple, delicate,
 Solely as outflush of that energy
 Which moves transformingly in root and branch.”

Guildenstern paused, and Hamlet quivering
 Since Osric spoke, in transit imminent
 From catholic striving into laxity,
 Ventured his word. “Seems to me, Guildenstern,
 Your argument, though shattering Osric's point
 That sensibilities can move apart
 From social order, yet has not annulled
 His thesis that the life of poesy
 (Admitting it must grow from out the whole)
 Has separate functions, a transfigured realm
 Freed from the rigors of the practical,
 Where what is hidden from the grosser world—
 Stormed down by roar of engines and the shouts
 Of eager concourse—rises beauteous
 As voice of water-drops in sapphire caves;
 A realm where finest spirits have free sway
 In exquisite selection, uncontrolled

By hard material necessity
 Of cause and consequence. For you will grant
 The Ideal has discoveries which ask
 No test, no faith, save that we joy in them:
 A new-found continent with spreading lands
 Where pleasure charters all, where virtue, rank,
 Use, right, and truth have but one name, Delight.
 Thus Art's creations, when etherealized
 To least admixture of the grosser fact
 Delight may stamp as highest."

"Possible!"

Said Guildenstern, with touch of weariness.
 "But then we might dispute of what is gross,
 What high, what low."

"Nay," said Laertes, "ask
 The mightiest makers who have reigned, still reign
 Within the ideal realm. See if their thought
 Be drained of practice and the thick warm blood
 Of hearts that beat in action various
 Through the wide drama of the struggling world.
 Good-bye, Horatio."

Each now said "Good-bye."

Such breakfast, such beginning of the day
 Is more than half the whole. The sun was hot
 On southward branches of the meadow elms,
 The shadows slowly farther crept and veered
 Like changing memories, and Hamlet strolled
 Alone and dubious on the empurpled path
 Between the waving grasses of new June
 Close by the stream where well-compacted boats
 Were moored or moving with a lazy creak
 To the soft dip of oars. All sounds were light
 As tiny silver bells upon the robes
 Of hovering silence. Birds made twitterings
 That seemed but Silence self o'erfull of love.

'Twas invitation all to sweet repose;
And Hamlet, drowsy with the mingled draughts
Of cider and conflicting sentiments,
Chose a green couch and watched with half-closed eyes
The meadow-road, the stream and dreamy lights,
Until they merged themselves in sequence strange
With undulating ether, time, the soul,
The will supreme, the individual claim,
The social Ought, the lyrist's liberty,
Democritus, Pythagoras, in talk
With Anselm, Darwin, Comte, and Schopenhauer,
The poets rising slow from out their tombs
Summoned as arbiters—that border-world
Of dozing, ere the sense is fully locked.

And then he dreamed a dream so luminous
He woke (he says) convinced; but what it taught
Withholds as yet. Perhaps those graver shades
Admonished him that visions told in haste
Part with their virtues to the squandering lips
And leave the soul in wider emptiness.

April, 1874.

25

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal step:
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees;



“Two lovers by a moss-grown spring,
They leaned soft cheeks together there.”—Page 386.

Eliot—Two Lovers.

But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.

O voyage fast!

O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor

And made the space between them wide;

They drew their chairs up side by side,

Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"

O memories!

O past that is!

SELF AND LIFE.

SELF.

CHANGEFUL comrade, Life of mine,
Before we two must part,
I will tell thee, thou shalt say,
What thou hast been and art.
Ere I lose my hold of thee
Justify thyself to me.

LIFE.

I was thy warmth upon thy mother's knee
When light and love within her eyes were one;
We laughed together by the laurel-tree,
Culling warm daisies 'neath the sloping sun;
We heard the chickens' lazy croon,
Where the trellised woodbines grew,
And all the summer afternoon
Mystic gladness o'er thee threw.
Was it person? Was it thing?
Was it touch or whispering?
It was bliss and it was I:
Bliss was what thou knew'st me by.

SELF.

Soon I knew thee more by Fear
And sense of what was not,
Haunting all I held most dear—
I had a double lot:
Ardor, cheated with alloy,
Wept the more for dreams of joy.

LIFE.

Remember how thy ardor's magic sense
 Made poor things rich to thee and small things great;
 How hearth and garden, field and bushy fence,
 Were thy own eager love incorporate;
 And how the solemn, splendid Past
 O'er thy early widened earth
 Made grandeur, as on sunset cast
 Dark elms near take mighty girth.
 Hands and feet were tiny still
 When we knew the historic thrill,
 Breathed deep breath in heroes dead,
 Tasted the immortals' bread.

SELF.

Seeing what I might have been
 Reproved the thing I was,
 Smoke on heaven's clearest sheen,
 The speck within the rose.
 By revered ones' frailties stung
 Reverence was with anguish wrung.

LIFE.

But all thy anguish and thy discontent
 Was growth of mine, the elemental strife
 Towards feeling manifold with vision blent
 To wider thought: I was no vulgar life
 That, like the water-mirrored ape,
 Not discerns the thing it sees,
 Nor knows its own in others' shape,
 Railing, scorning, at its ease.
 Half man's truth must hidden lie
 If unlit by Sorrow's eye.
 I by Sorrow wrought in thee
 Willing pain of ministry.

SELF.

Slowly was the lesson taught
 Through passion, error, care;
 Insight was with loathing fraught
 And effort with despair.
 Written on the wall I saw
 "Bow!" I knew, not loved, the law.

LIFE.

But then I brought a love that wrote within
 The law of gratitude, and made thy heart
 Beat to the heavenly tune of seraphin
 Whose only joy in having is, to impart:
 Till thou, poor Self—despite thy ire,
 Wrestling 'gainst my mingled share,
 Thy faults, hard falls, and vain desire
 Still to be what others were—
 Filled, o'erflowed with tenderness
 Seeming more as thou wert less,
 Knew me through that anguish past
 As a fellowship more vast.

SELF.

Yea, I embrace thee, changeful Life!
 Far-sent, unchosen mate!
 Self and thou, no more at strife,
 Shall wed in hallowed state.
 Willing spousals now shall prove
 Life is justified by love.

**“SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO,
LOVE.”**

“La noche buena se viene,
La noche buena se va,
Y nosotros nos iremos
Y no volveremos mas.”

—Old *Villancico*.

SWEET evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore:
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name;
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heaven will shine:
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born:
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

MOSES, who spake with God as with his friend,
And ruled his people with the twofold power
Of wisdom that can dare and still be meek,
Was writing his last word, the sacred name
Unutterable of that Eternal Will
Which was and is and evermore shall be.
Yet was his task not finished, for the flock
Needed its shepherd and the life-taught sage
Leaves no successor; but to chosen men,
The rescuers and guides of Israel,
A death was given called the Death of Grace,
Which freed them from the burden of the flesh
But left them rulers of the multitude
And loved companions of the lonely. This
Was God's last gift to Moses, this the hour
When soul must part from self and be but soul.

God spake to Gabriel, the messenger
Of mildest death that draws the parting life
Gently, as when a little rosy child
Lifts up its lips from off the bowl of milk
And so draws forth a curl that dipped its gold
In the soft white—thus Gabriel draws the soul.
“Go bring the soul of Moses unto me!”
And the awe-stricken angel answered, “Lord,
How shall I dare to take his life who lives
Sole of his kind, not to be likened once
In all the generations of the earth?”

Then God called Michaël, him of pensive brow,
Snow-vest and flaming sword, who knows and acts:
"Go bring the spirit of Moses unto me!"
But Michaël with such grief as angels feel,
Loving the mortals whom they succor, pled:
"Almighty, spare me; it was I who taught
Thy servant Moses; he is part of me
As I of thy deep secrets, knowing them."

Then God called Zamaël, the terrible.
The angel of fierce death, of agony
That comes in battle and in pestilence
Remorseless, sudden or with lingering throes.
And Zamaël, his raiment and broad wings
Blood-tinctured, the dark lustre of his eyes
Shrouding the red, fell like the gathering night
Before the prophet. But that radiance
Won from the heavenly presence in the mount
Gleamed on the prophet's brow and dazzling pierced
Its conscious opposite: the angel turned
His murky gaze aloof and inly said:
"An angel this, deathless to angel's stroke."

But Moses felt the subtly nearing dark:—
"Who are thou? and what wilt thou?" Zamaël then:
"I am God's reaper; through the fields of life
I gather ripened and unripened souls
Both willing and unwilling. And I come
Now to reap thee." But Moses cried,
Firm as a seer who waits the trusted sign:
"Reap thou the fruitless plant and common herb—
Not him who from the womb was sanctified
To teach the law of purity and love."
And Zamaël baffled from his errand fled.

But Moses, pausing, in the air serene
Heard now that mystic whisper, far yet near,
The all-penetrating Voice, that said to him,
"Moses, the hour is come and thou must die."

"Lord, I obey; but thou rememberest
 How thou, Ineffable, didst take me once
 Within thy orb of light untouched by death."
 Then the voice answered, "Be no more afraid:
 With me shall be thy death and burial."
 So Moses waited, ready now to die.
 And the Lord came, invisible as a thought,
 Three angels gleaming on his secret track,
 Prince Michaël, Zagaël, Gabriel, charged to guard
 The soul-forsaken body as it fell
 And bear it to the hidden sepulchre
 Denied for ever to the search of man.
 And the Voice said to Moses: "Close thine eyes."
 He closed them. "Lay thine hand upon thine heart,
 And draw thy feet together." He obeyed.
 And the Lord said, "O spirit! child of mine!
 A hundred years and twenty thou hast dwelt
 Within this tabernacle wrought of clay.
 This is the end: come forth and flee to heaven."

But the grieved soul with plaintive pleading cried,
 "I love this body with a clinging love:
 The courage fails me, Lord, to part from it."

"O child, come forth! for thou shalt dwell with me
 About the immortal throne where seraphs joy
 In growing vision and in growing love."

Yet hesitating, fluttering, like the bird
 With young wing weak and dubious, the soul
 Stayed. But behold! upon the death-dewed lips
 A kiss descended, pure, unspeakable—
 The bodiless Love without embracing Love
 That lingered in the body, drew it forth
 With heavenly strength and carried it to heaven.

But now beneath the sky the watchers all,
 Angels that keep the homes of Israel
 Or on high purpose wander o'er the world

Leading the Gentiles, felt a dark eclipse:
The greatest ruler among men was gone.
And from the westward sea was heard a wail,
A dirge as from the isles of Javanim,
Crying, "Who is now left upon the earth
Like him to teach the right and smite the wrong?"
And from the East, far o'er the Syrian waste,
Came slowlier, sadlier, the answering dirge:
"No prophet like him lives or shall arise
In Israel or the world for evermore."
But Israel waited, looking toward the mount,
Till with the deepening eve the elders came
Saying, "His burial is hid with God.
We stood far off and saw the angels lift
His corpse aloft until they seemed a star
That burnt itself away within the sky."

The people answered with mute orphaned gaze
Looking for what had vanished evermore.
Then through the gloom without them and within
The spirit's shaping light, mysterious speech,
Invisible Will wrought clear in sculptured sound,
The thought-begotten daughter of the voice,
Thrilled on their listening sense: "He has no tomb.
He dwells not with you dead, but lives as Law."

ARION.

(HEROD.—I, 24.)

ARION, whose melodic soul
Taught the dithyramb to roll
 Like forest fires, and sing
 Olympian suffering,

Had carried his diviner lore
From Corinth to the sister shore
 Where Greece could largelier be,
 Branching o'er Italy.

Then weighted with his glorious name
And bags of gold, aboard he came
 'Mid harsh seafaring men
 To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought:
"The gold is good, the man is nought—
 And who shall track the wave
 That opens for his grave?"

With brawny arms and cruel eyes
They press around him where he lies
 In sleep beside his lyre,
 Hearing the Muses quire.

He waked and saw this wolf-faced Death
Breaking the dream that filled his breath
 With inspiration strong
 Of yet unchanted song.

“Take, take my gold and let me live!”
 He prayed, as kings do when they give
 Their all with royal will,
 Holding born kingship still.

To rob the living they refuse,
 One death or other he must choose,
 Either the watery pall
 Or wounds and burial.

“My solemn robe then let me don,
 Give me high space to stand upon,
 That dying I may pour
 A song unsung before.”

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
 To hear for nought how it might fare
 With men who paid their gold
 For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
 With inward fire, he neared the prow
 And took his god-like stand,
 The cithara in hand.

The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
 And feared this singer might be proof
 Against their murderous power,
 After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
 Fearless of death or other wrong,
 With full spondaic toll
 Poured forth his mighty soul:

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught,
 A nome with lofty passion fraught
 Such as makes battles won
 On fields of Marathon.

The last long vowels trembled then
As awe within those wolfish men:
 They said, with mutual stare,
 Some god was present there.

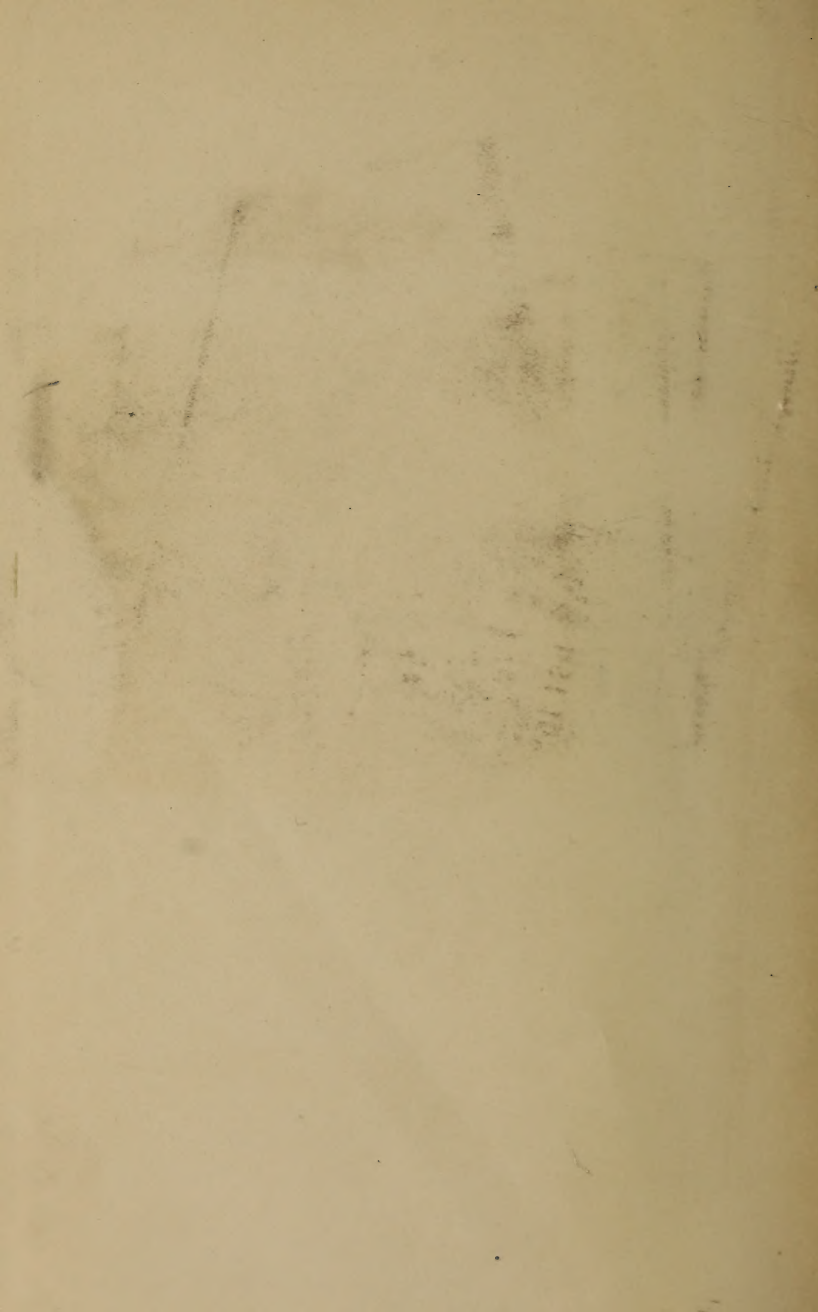
But lo! Arion leaped on high
Ready, his descant done, to die;
 Not asking, "Is it well?"
 Like a pierced eagle fell.

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR
INVISIBLE."

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—CICERO, ad Att., xii. 18.

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity.
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within



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